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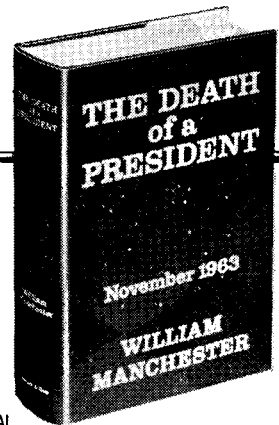
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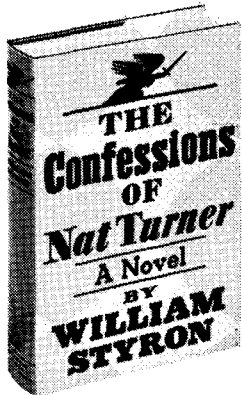
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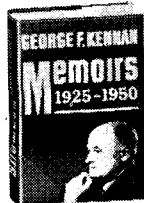
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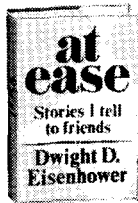
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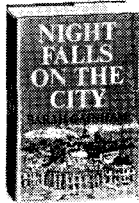
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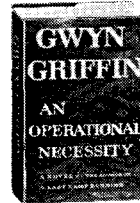
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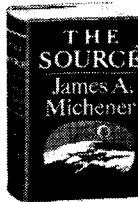
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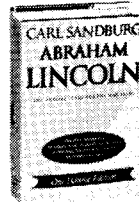
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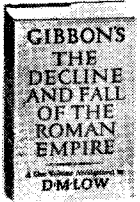
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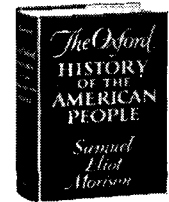
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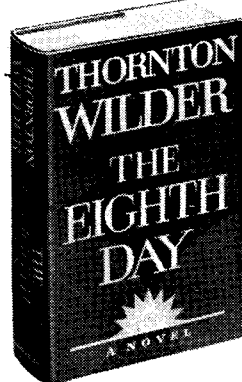
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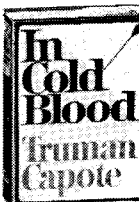
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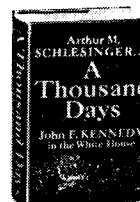
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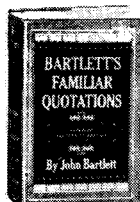
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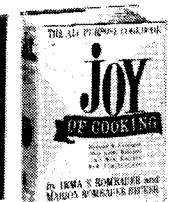
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reports

New Hampshire



The New Hampshire primary, the first great event of the presidential nominating season, is a somewhat implausible exercise in political deriding-do, myth, and commercialism. There is a certain frosty charm about it, but there is something of the old con game about it, too, and surely it is overrated as a test of candidates. Still, the New Hampshire primary is made important by the attention it receives. A small, tricky enclave of early voters can indeed have a disproportionate influence on the whole course of the nominating process.

On the second Tuesday in March, voters offer presidential preferences and elect delegates to the Democratic and Republican national conventions that will be held in August. As it is also town meeting day, the turnout may depend on the depth of snow, or the amount of interest in picking town selectmen and fixing potholes in the roads. Of the estimated 685,000 people in the state, 100,000 would be a good turnout for the Republican primary. That is not many votes in a nation where 27 million people voted Republican in 1964 (not a particularly good GOP year).

But 100,000 votes, or almost any fraction of them, will look impressive when the networks compute them

and spin them around their slot-machine dials; when they "project" them and bring all their high-priced analysis to bear on them in those otherworldly election studios. Based on the experience of 1964, the networks will spend between \$1 million and \$1.5 million just to gather and report the results of the Republican primary in New Hampshire. It does not take a computer to calculate, even at the smaller figure, that the network investment in vote counting comes to \$10 per vote.

For all the primary's electronic impact, the realistic allocations made by the Republican National Committee call for the state to elect a mere eight of 1333 delegates to the national nominating convention. On that basis, what happens in New Hampshire should have an impact of six tenths of one percent on the ultimate decision of the convention itself.

Crucial battleground?

The inflation of New Hampshire's reputation as a crucial battleground for Republican candidates has not been duplicated in the case of the Democrats. Senator Estes Kefauver of Tennessee went up there in his coonskin cap in 1952 and 1956 and won the primary over absentees. John F. Kennedy stepped across the Massachusetts line in 1960 and won it over nobody. President Johnson won it on write-ins in 1964 when nobody entered it. (The fact that there have been few conclusive confrontations between Democrats has probably encouraged the lingering myth that New Hampshire is a granite stronghold of Republicanism. We should keep in mind that Governor John King is a Democrat, as is United States Senator Thomas J. McIntyre; President Johnson

polled 63.6 percent of the state's vote in the 1964 general election.)

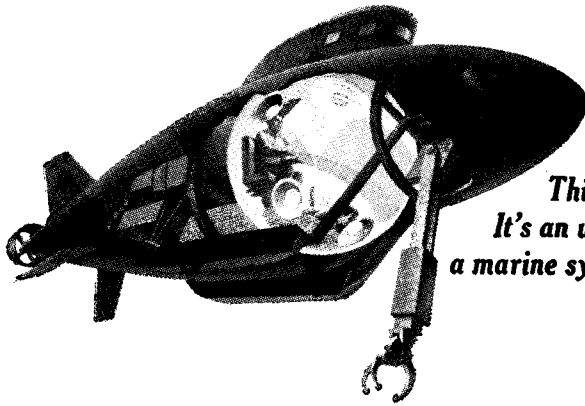
Although the Democrats have been wise or lucky enough not to dismember each other in the primary, the Republicans have had some rippers. They have had fewer of them, however, than myth might lead us to believe. Two is the correct number.

Republicans in New Hampshire have been choosing a few delegates-at-large by primary since early in this century, and the leanings of the delegates chosen did tend to forecast the party nominee. Then, in 1952, state law first provided for the voters to mark their preference for President directly. Ponderous news coverage of the primary also began in 1952. That was when Senator Robert A. Taft of Ohio personally went into New Hampshire for a showdown with General Dwight D. Eisenhower in absentia. And that was when the primary stopped being looked upon as a vaguely interesting straw poll and began to be looked upon as a serious influence on American politics. The general defeated Mr. Republican, 46,661 to 35,838, and the demise of the Taft candidacy can be said to have begun there as the Eisenhower skyrocket went up. It can be said, but it is arguable. Ike was actually a favored candidate for either party's nomination as early as 1948, and Taft's candidacy was still very much alive at the 1952 convention, until he lost some delegate contests in the credentials committee.

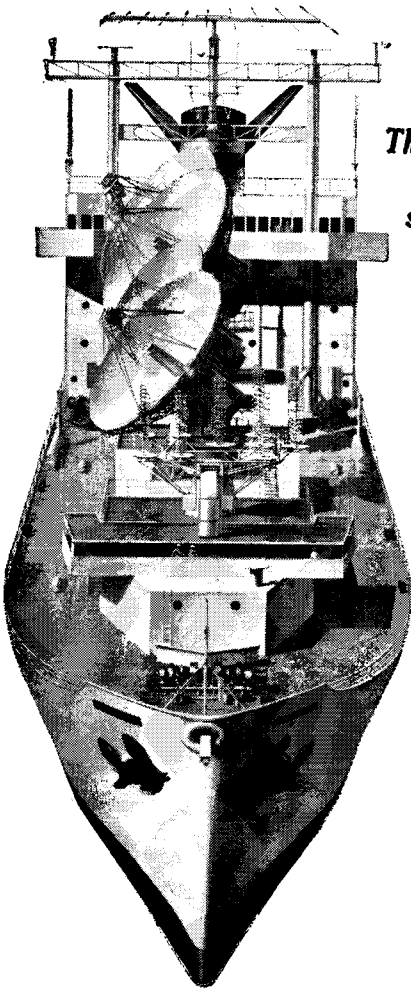
The importance of being coy

After 1952 there were two Republican walkovers: Eisenhower won without opposition in 1956, and Richard Nixon won the same way in





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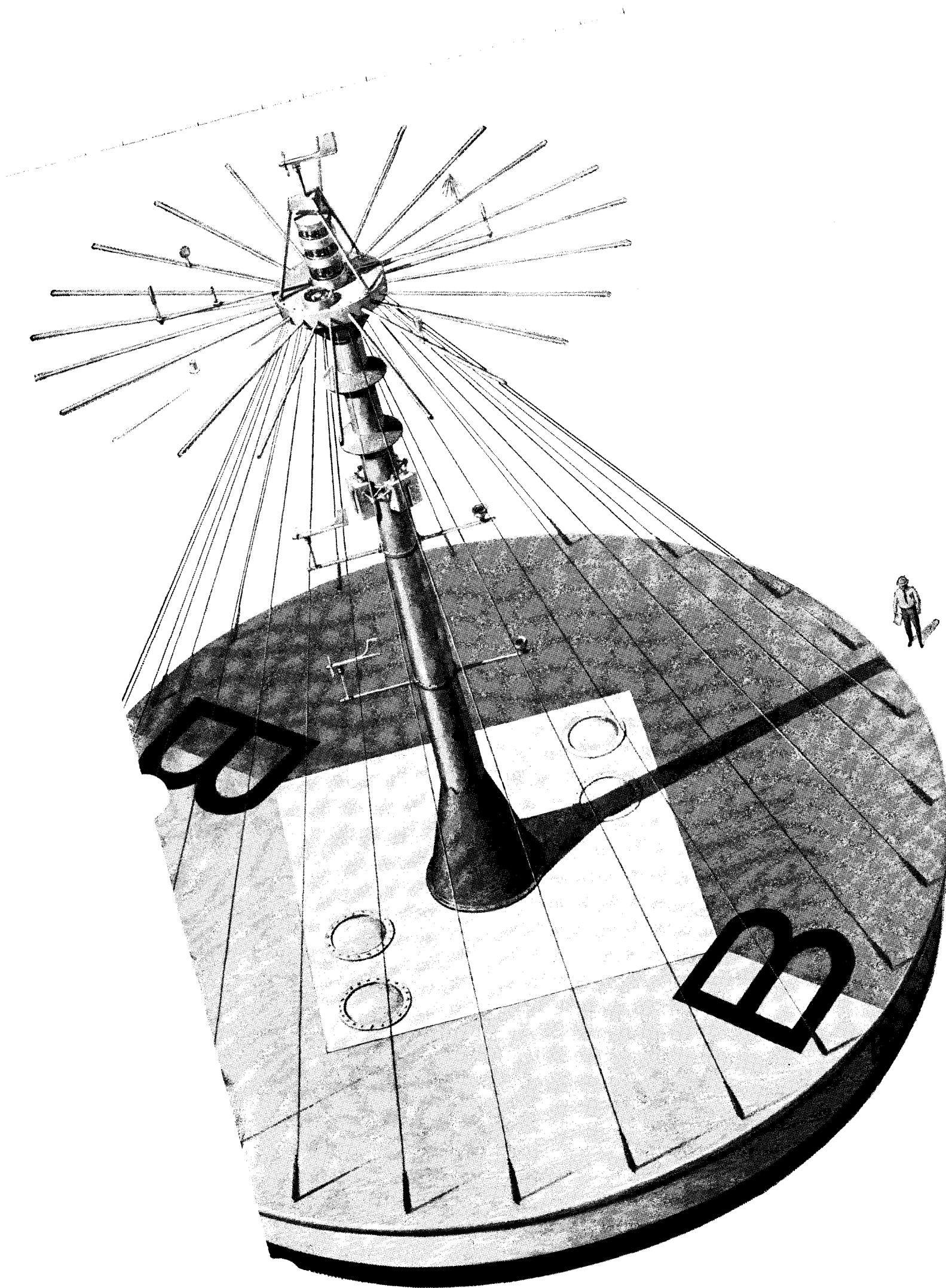
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New Hampshire

1960. The second important battle of New Hampshire occurred in 1964 when Senator Barry Goldwater of Arizona and Governor Nelson Rockefeller of New York fought it out in the snow — and Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge beat them both as a mail-order write-in candidate.

The most striking feature of the Eisenhower and Lodge victories was that neither hero went anywhere near New Hampshire during the primary. General Eisenhower stayed with his command in Paris, denying that he was a candidate. Ambassador Lodge, who managed the Eisenhower campaign for the nomination in 1952 and ran for Vice President on Nixon's ticket in 1960, stayed at the United States Embassy in Saigon, denying that he was a candidate. Fairly knowledgeable people still insist that the voters of New Hampshire want to see the candidates in person and judge the cut of their jibs. On the contrary, New Hampshire's voters have an apparent weakness for a coy noncandidate who is overseas under patriotic circumstances.

Surely Nixon and Governor George Romney know the risks of subjecting themselves personally to the traps and whimsies of this spring's primary. Yet established contenders — those with positions in the polls to consider — tend to be sucked in, as in the game of chicken. (In 1964, when his political base was in question and his fortunes low, Nixon managed to stay out. As a write-in candidate he received 15,600 votes, which left him only 5000 behind Senator Goldwater and 4000 behind Governor Rockefeller, both of whom had mushed up and down the state at tremendous expense.)

In 1968, watchful Republican waiters can gracefully stay out of New Hampshire and perhaps find ingenious reasons to go to distant lands. Should eager-beaver friends file petitions on their behalf, the potential contenders have a variety of opportunities to get in on the fun in New Hampshire without necessarily being overwhelmed by their friends. The primary ballot has two distinct sections — the so-called "beauty-contest" section where candidates are listed by name for the voters to mark their preference, and

the section where convention delegates are chosen. Any potential candidate can have his name kept off the beauty-contest section by so instructing the New Hampshire Secretary of State within ten days after being notified that proper petitions have been filed on his behalf. He can get his name off the ballot, but he still has the choice of encouraging, discouraging, or being neutral toward a write-in campaign.

The other section of the ballot offers a whole new set of possibilities. It is fairly simple for citizens of New Hampshire to file as candidates for delegate and to have the ballot indicate that they are "favorable" or "pledged" to a given presidential candidate. The potential presidential candidate has no ultimate control over this sort of thing. So a candidate could withdraw his name from one side of the ballot and see his delegate slate compete on the other.

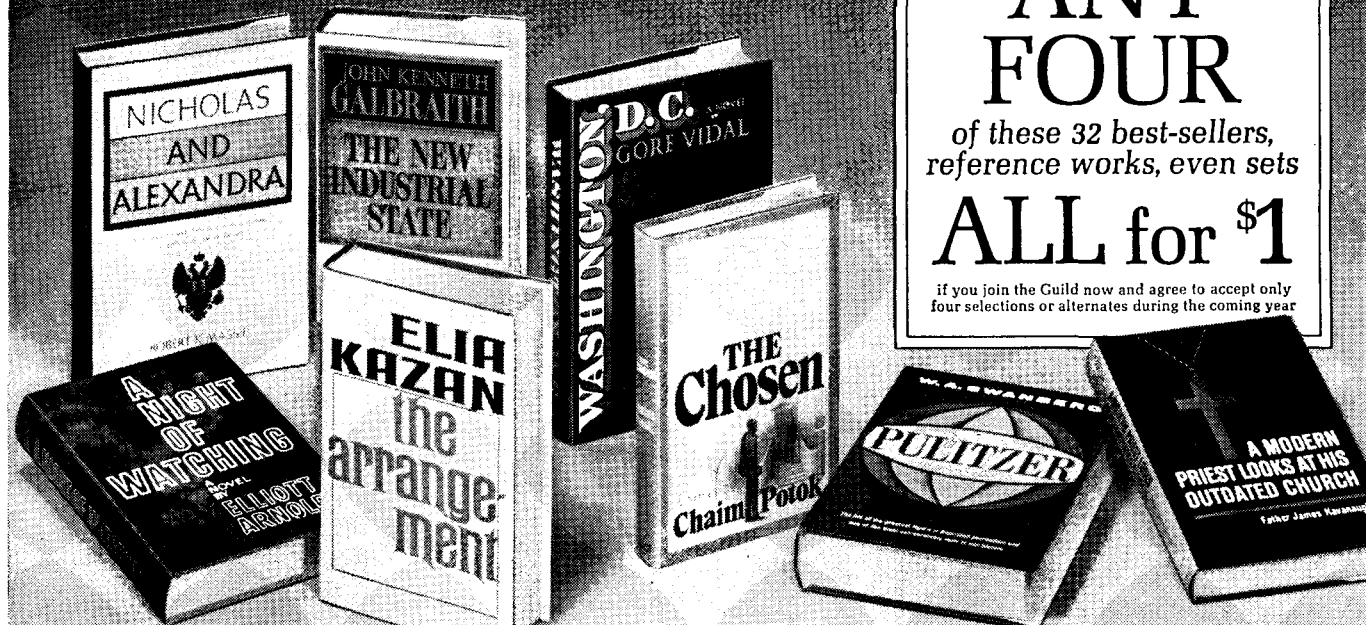
With its fascinating primary law, the New Hampshire legislature has done nearly everything it could think of to assure that the state will have a contest in March. Obviously the range of tactical skulduggery is broad, and so is the range of accidents that can befall the innocent to the advantage of the undeserving. Whatever happens, everyone can be sure only that the importance of the primary will be feverishly overplayed throughout the country.

"Too thoughtful . . ."

Senator Norris Cotton, the current patriarch of New Hampshire Republicanism, has been embroiled in presidential politics since the time of Coolidge, and he has played a prominent part in the two significant primaries, those of 1952 and 1964. He was an Eisenhower manager in 1952 and the Goldwater manager in 1964. Cotton is not one of those taciturn New Hampshiremen who keep turning up in fillers in the *Reader's Digest*. He is a big blustery man, outgoing, likable, and full of words. When I went to talk with him about the primary, Senator Cotton rocked forward in his chair, slammed his feet on the floor of his office, and boomed, "I wish to God I'd never heard of it. But the people of New Hampshire love it. They don't care if it destroys every politician in the United States."

When I asked him why his people were so fond of the thing, he replied,

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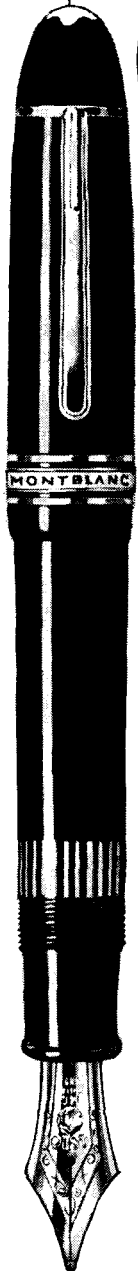
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New Hampshire

"For commercial reasons mainly. It's a heyday in the off-season between the skiing and the summer camping. Then there's all this national publicity. Here come the politicians and the television crews and the busloads of reporters spending money and filling up motels, and the people just love it, I tell you."

Is the primary a reasonably good test of New Hampshire's preference for President?

"No! You get no considered judgment of the people. The average voter in New Hampshire feels ten feet high. He is thinking how his vote will have this terrific meaning for the whole country. He gets too thoughtful and self-conscious."

Although many a politician might be uncomfortable running for reelection, as the forthright Cotton must do in 1968, after accusing his constituents of being too thoughtful, the point he was making had been demonstrated in 1964. Pondering the frailties of Goldwater and Rockefeller in the glare of national publicity, the voters shifted at the last minute to Lodge, who had kept his frailties in Vietnam. Some of them almost seemed to think this was necessary to keep their state from making a fool of itself before the nation. There was double-thinking of another kind: midway in the 1964 primary campaign, when Rockefeller was rising fast, I talked with a New Hampshire voter who said he preferred Rockefeller but had named Goldwater in a poll because the important thing was to keep the race close. At question-and-answer sessions with the candidates through that campaign, New Hampshire audiences sometimes sounded like *Meet the Press* panels, with everyone playing Lawrence Spivak.

"... sex life of a watermelon"

As Senator Cotton put it, "Oh, they become very critical and start throwing all kinds of questions. And there was poor old Goldwater. I like Barry and admire him, but there he was thinking he had to answer all their questions right now. If they asked him about the sex life of a watermelon, he thought he had to come up with a frank answer. Now you take even a real sharp fellow and you have six busloads of the best reporters in the country

following him around, and sooner or later he's going to put his foot in his mouth."

Cotton blamed a Democrat, the outlander Kefauver, for starting the practice of rambling all over the state, grabbing hands, patting children, and turning the primary into a carnival. Taft had not campaigned like that; he was reserved, like a New Hampshireman. When Taft lost to Eisenhower, the lesson that stuck with many stunned politicians was not that Taft had lost to a rival who did not campaign at all, but that he had campaigned too little and too stiffly.

Senator Cotton confessed to remembering the wrong lesson twelve years later when his man, Goldwater, took on Rockefeller. He said, "Rocky went in and started campaigning up and down the streets of every little town, so we sent our man in. We didn't have any better sense."

Mischief and madness

The New Hampshire campaign of 1964 exploded myths about the primary like strings of firecrackers and revealed its capacity for mischief and madness on a scale that made strong men wince. Goldwater, the throwback to an old conservatism, was inclined to accept the myth that New Hampshire Republicans were a flinty enclave of old conservatives waiting to be led to glory. So he met them face to face, spoke his sermons with candor, and appalled them. Foot in mouth, he sank awkwardly and steadily in the polls. Rockefeller used his superb research staff and the assembled facilities for national news coverage to destroy





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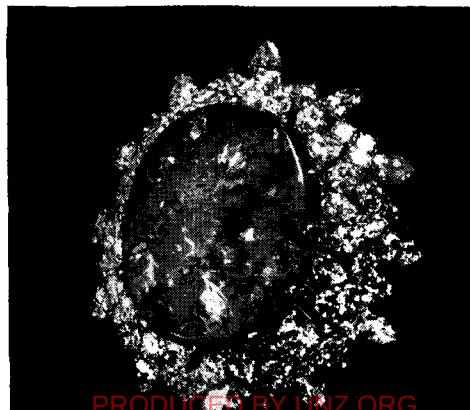
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New Hampshire

the naïve, befuddled Arizonian. He could destroy him in New Hampshire, however, without impeding Goldwater's rush to the nomination. There went the myth that a major candidate for the nomination cannot survive a crushing defeat in New Hampshire. (That myth had a large journalistic following, including me, in 1964. Even before the voting in New Hampshire, Joseph Alsop, who likes to be ahead of the news, had seen enough to write: "No serious Republican, even of the most Neanderthal type, any longer takes Goldwater seriously.")

While Senator Goldwater was thrashing around in the primary, F. Clifton White and other realists were organizing his convention majority elsewhere in a series of untelevised precinct and district and state convention coups all across the country.

They knew the truth about the New Hampshire primary: you do not have to win it, or even do well in it, to get nominated. Yet the truth did not help them much in the end

because New Hampshire haunted Barry Goldwater into November. Lyndon Johnson only had to use Nelson Rockefeller's New Hampshire "book" on Goldwater in the national campaign. The Goldwater people saw this as an example of New Hampshire's capacity for delayed mischief.

Fun and history

Rockefeller's people saw a more immediate example. Nelson Rockefeller, Dartmouth '30, put on the most active, zesty, and shrewdly calculated campaign in the history of the primary. Economically, heaven knows, it was the most benevolent. New Hampshire's hypocritical \$25,000 legal limit on a candidate's spending in the primary must still be sprained in spirit from the stretching Rockefeller gave it. He had problems, principally his divorce and remarriage, but he was doing remarkably well until a whimsical wrecking crew, little more than a merry band of pranksters, did him in. Rockefeller wound up third in New Hampshire, destroyed.

Four young freebooters from Massachusetts rented a run-down store-

front in Concord and cranked up a write-in campaign for Ambassador Lodge. They had worked together in his son George's campaign for the Senate against Edward Kennedy. They had lost, but it had been fun and they were looking for another sporting challenge. Staying out of the snow, they relied on a pitch by direct mail and an old television clip associating Lodge with General Eisenhower. They were so successful in their adventure that they pulled votes off Rockefeller by the thousands. They won the primary for Lodge, who was as remote as Buddha and about as likely to go on to win the nomination. The far-reaching impact of the New Hampshire primary — however temporary, unrealistic, and parochial the decision may have been — was promptly demonstrated. Henry Cabot Lodge shot to the top of Republican polls throughout the country.

The Lodge caper was good fun and all that, but it is possible that the mischief in it changed history rather importantly. Theodore White wrote in *The Making of the President: 1964*, "What would have happened had Henry Cabot Lodge's name not been entered in the New Hampshire race, no one can guess." Then he did guess: "It is this reporter's opinion that Nelson Rockefeller would have won by a flat majority, gone on to a larger majority in Oregon and then probably carried California to defeat Goldwater conclusively."

Instead, moderates dreamed for a while that the unblemished Lodge would come home, and then they watched Governor William W. Scranton of Pennsylvania audition for Hamlet, and then it was too late.

Everyone a loser?

On the record of past performance, at least four generalizations can be made about the importance of the New Hampshire primary. One: It can give a candidate a little help or a lot of trouble. Two: It does not necessarily offer a clue to who will win the nomination, but it has the power to kill off candidates who might. Three: It can reveal a man to be a hopeless candidate for President without doing much to stop him. Four: It has close kinship to a lottery, and the odds are quite good that everyone who gets in will be a loser.

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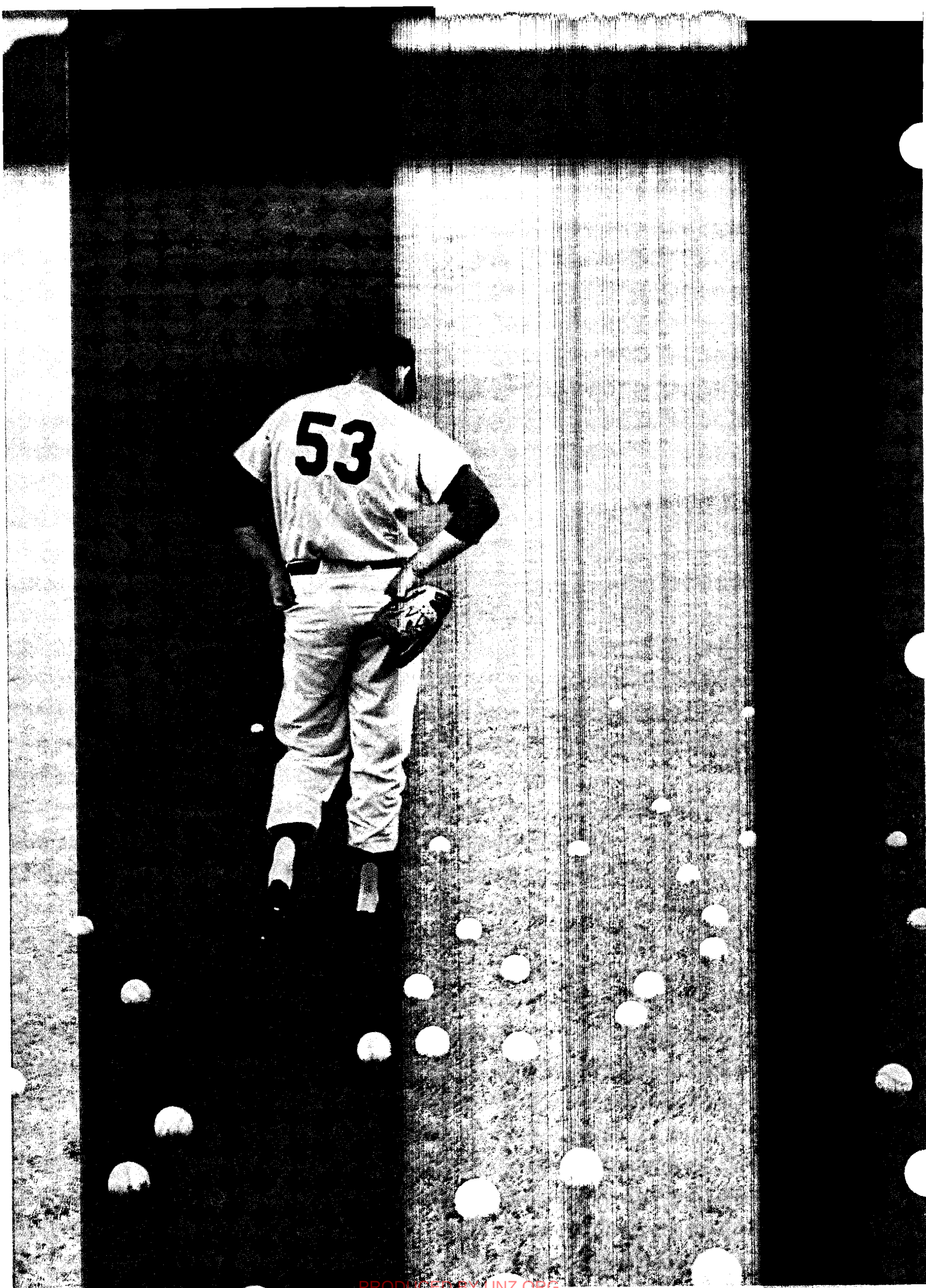
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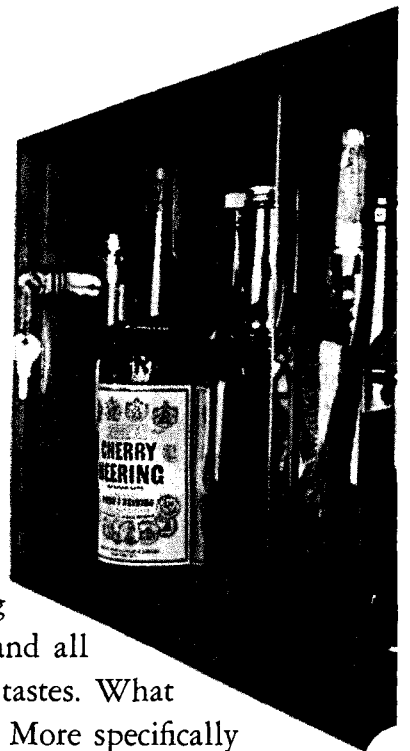
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New Hampshire

shire in 1968 fascinate politicians and cause them to tremble. In their early indications of full commitment to the primary, Nixon and Romney each seemed to accept the risk of disaster in exchange for a chance to stay whole and get ahead a little as a candidate. Governor Ronald Reagan of California has been enough of a dark horse to save his strength for later rounds.

Write-in votes and a Reagan slate could, however, boost him at Nixon's expense, splitting away Republican conservatives. Similarly, a free-lance effort for Rockefeller would be sure to hurt Romney, and it might hurt Rockefeller himself by testing him prematurely as the candidate many moderates hope a "brokered" convention would turn to in August. James M. Gavin of Massachusetts, the retired general who advocates a new approach to peace in Vietnam, would be gambling in New Hampshire, whether he ran in person or Lodge-style. A strong showing by Gavin conceivably could promote a historic shift in political attitudes toward Vietnam, but a weak showing might discredit a rational peace movement at the very beginning of the presidential campaign season. Apart from the issue itself, much would depend on the resources and skill of Gavin's amateur backers and the tactical situations of other candidates at the time. Anyway, is New Hampshire, where resident Republicans have been taking a rather hard line on the war, a good place to make a highly publicized test of peace sentiment?

On the Democratic side, President Johnson can be challenged by a campaign for Senator Robert F. Kennedy of New York. Kennedy can object, but never mind; his boosters can press on. It is remotely possible that they could inspire a national "dump Johnson" movement, but the odds are that they would embarrass the senator along with the President. (Kefauver's victory over a Truman slate in 1952 hardly clinched the nomination for the former, nor was it the significant factor in persuading Truman not to un.) In New Hampshire, the game is never as simple as it looks, and the stakes are always higher than they ought to be.

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New Hampshire

Whatever the charade in the north country holds for us in 1968, the least we can do is cling to some sense of reality. New Hampshire, which will look like the essence of rural and small-town New England in most of the pictures, is one of the most highly industrialized states in the Union. Two of every five employed persons are engaged in manufacturing. More than half the population live in cities. Of the estimated 685,000 residents, fewer than 7000 are engaged in farming.

There will be splendid television sequences of candidates crossing old covered bridges. Feature writer will file colorful pieces from hamlets in the White Mountains. A candidate or two will even be seen crossing remote and seemingly unpopulated terrain by dogsled. Through it all let us remember that more than half the people of New Hampshire live within fifty miles of Boston. The population is growing faster than that of any other New England state except Connecticut, and the growth is mostly in sprawling housing developments not unlike those around Pittsburgh or Memphis.

There will be the traditional references to the New Hampshire electorate's sturdy virtues and heritage of civic responsibility. It is all right for visiting candidates to talk like that. You would hardly expect them to point out that in some districts the public schools are poorly financed, that state services are somewhat sparse generally, and that the state government may be one of the nation's most unwieldy and antiquated. New Hampshire has stoutly resisted income taxes and sales taxes, relying instead on taxing sinful pleasures like tobacco, beer, liquor and betting on the horses. This was the first state to establish its own official lottery.

Ski slopes and sled dogs

In this day of vote profile analysis the 1968 candidates presumably will know something about the jury they are trying to impress in New Hampshire. The rest of us should be alert to casual myths suggesting that the electorate represents a cross-section of something other than New Hampshire. One census figure, in particular casts doubt on the state as a place to evaluate political trends:

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and emotions in 1968: Negroes make up less than one half of one percent of the population.

Four of every ten citizens of New Hampshire are Roman Catholics. Three of every ten were foreign born or had one parent who was. The point is that there are more French, Italian, Irish, Polish, and Greek Americans than you might expect to find among the New Hampshire Yankees. True, the Republican Party has been dominated by Yankee Protestants and the Democrats have attracted most of the Catholics and "foreign stock," in the Census Bureau's phrase, but people do get married in New Hampshire and move upward economically and sideways politically.

Playing the game

For all New Hampshire's flaws and foibles as a political testing ground, something must be said for campaigning up there. It is fun when so much in politics is not any longer. New Hampshire is where pundits from Washington get lost in their rented cars on the way to Center Sandwich and have to take refuge in motels and interview each other more than usual to find out what it all means; where orators rattle the clapboard walls of square old town halls with pleas for a new approach to problems foreign and domestic and then pay tribute to New Hampshire's late Senator Styles Bridges and pass out fudge recipes to the ladies.

The people of New Hampshire enjoy it. They ought to. The visitors are playing their game. Even so, in the early days of a campaign it is refreshing to see them react so non-committally to some of the leading celebrities of American politics; it also keeps the polls in doubt.

In 1964, in the dead of winter, I watched Barry Goldwater stomping grimly through a restaurant near Lebanon at lunch hour, shaking the hands of people with their mouths full, leading a string of aides and journalists in a sort of snake dance among the tables, driving the waitresses to cover in the kitchen. When this disruptive rite was over, I asked the proprietor how he felt about it all, and he said, "Oh, nobody minds. Last week Rockefeller, this week Goldwater — at this time of year we are glad to have any entertainment we can get."

— Charles McDowell, Jr.

Indonesia



Two years ago, Indonesian plotters stealing through the sultry tropical night in Djakarta seized and savagely murdered the Indonesian Army's top generals.

This attempted coup, on the night of September 30–October 1, 1965, touched off a dramatic series of events. The army struck back, grinding the Indonesian Communist Party into oblivion with ruthless efficiency. Many thousands of Indonesians were slaughtered in a nationwide bloodbath. An obscure general named Suharto was catapulted into prominence. Indonesia was wrenched back from a headlong leftward slide in both domestic and foreign policy. And eventually Sukarno, the man who had cast his magic political spell across Indonesia for so long, was exposed, discredited, toppled.

All fixed up?

Two years after the coup that started it all, Indonesia in many respects is a much happier and healthier country. But it would be folly to assume that because Sukarno has been ousted and the Communist Party has been vanquished everything has somehow been fixed up in Indonesia.

Unfortunately, there is in some American circles just this assumption. Washington is mesmerized by the Vietnam War. It is tempting in some quarters to dismiss the non-Communist giants of Asia, such as Indonesia, India, Japan, as low-priority areas which can tick along for the moment without major American concern.

Probably Indonesia will never again get American aid — for which it has little to show today — on the same massive scale as it did during the Sukarno era. But it certainly does need the care, attention, and

sensitivity of American foreign policy makers.

Indonesia's basic problem now is to correct the massive mismanagement of two decades. Says one Western expert in Djakarta, "This country's economy is shattered as bad as any country's I've seen. It's like a land that's just come out of a major war." Clearly, the situation is not going to be transformed overnight. Nobody knows whether Indonesia will have the patience to plod through this painful and frustrating period of rebuilding without the lid blowing off the country again.

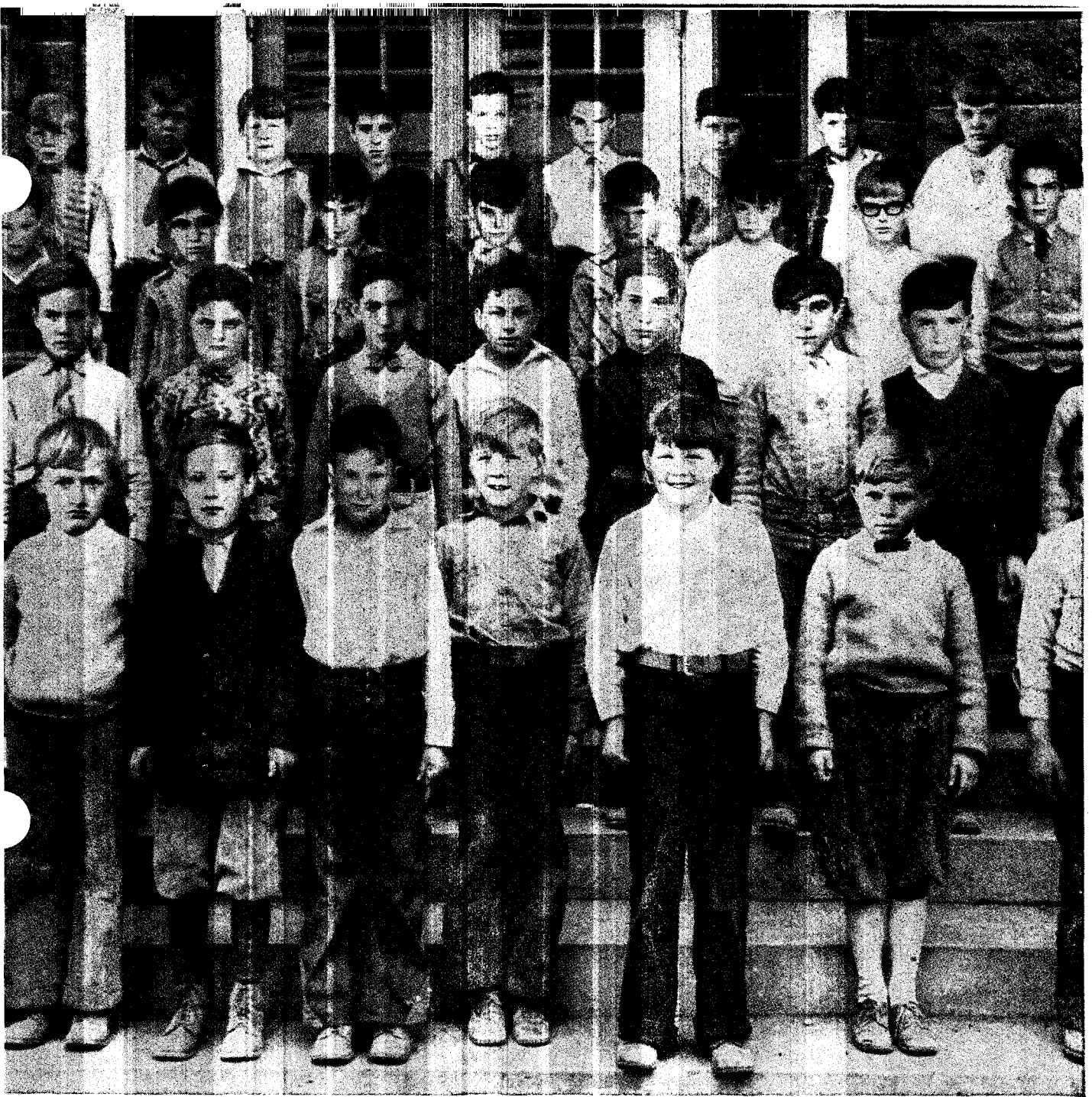
The force which toppled Sukarno's "Old Order," as it is called these days, was an alliance between the army on the one hand and the students on the other, backed by many intellectuals. But with the unifying battle against Sukarno won, the alliance is exhibiting stresses, strains, and cracks. Popular reading among student leaders today is *Man on Horseback*, a book by an English university professor which discusses the perils of military government. Says one student leader, "I couldn't put it down, it excited me so much. I went to see a general I know and quoted him sections from it.

"He told me: 'Hah, you've been Westernized, reading that stuff.' I told him: 'No, I haven't been Westernized, I've been modernized.'"

Militarization

This little exchange illustrates the current wave of student disillusionment with what the students see as Indonesia's militarization. An ever lengthening string of ministries, ambassadorships, and plum government jobs are going to military men rather than to trained civilian professionals. The bulk of Indonesia's ambassadors abroad now are military men. At an increasing number of conferences there show up army officers who may be personally loyal to General Suharto but whose expertise in the matter for debate is limited. At one Djakarta conference recently, where foreign businessmen were examining Indonesia's agricultural requirements, the government representative was an army officer who requested the foreigners' indulgence because he had not held his post long, and anyway knew little about agriculture.

Whether the students would be opposed to militarization if the government it produced were one of



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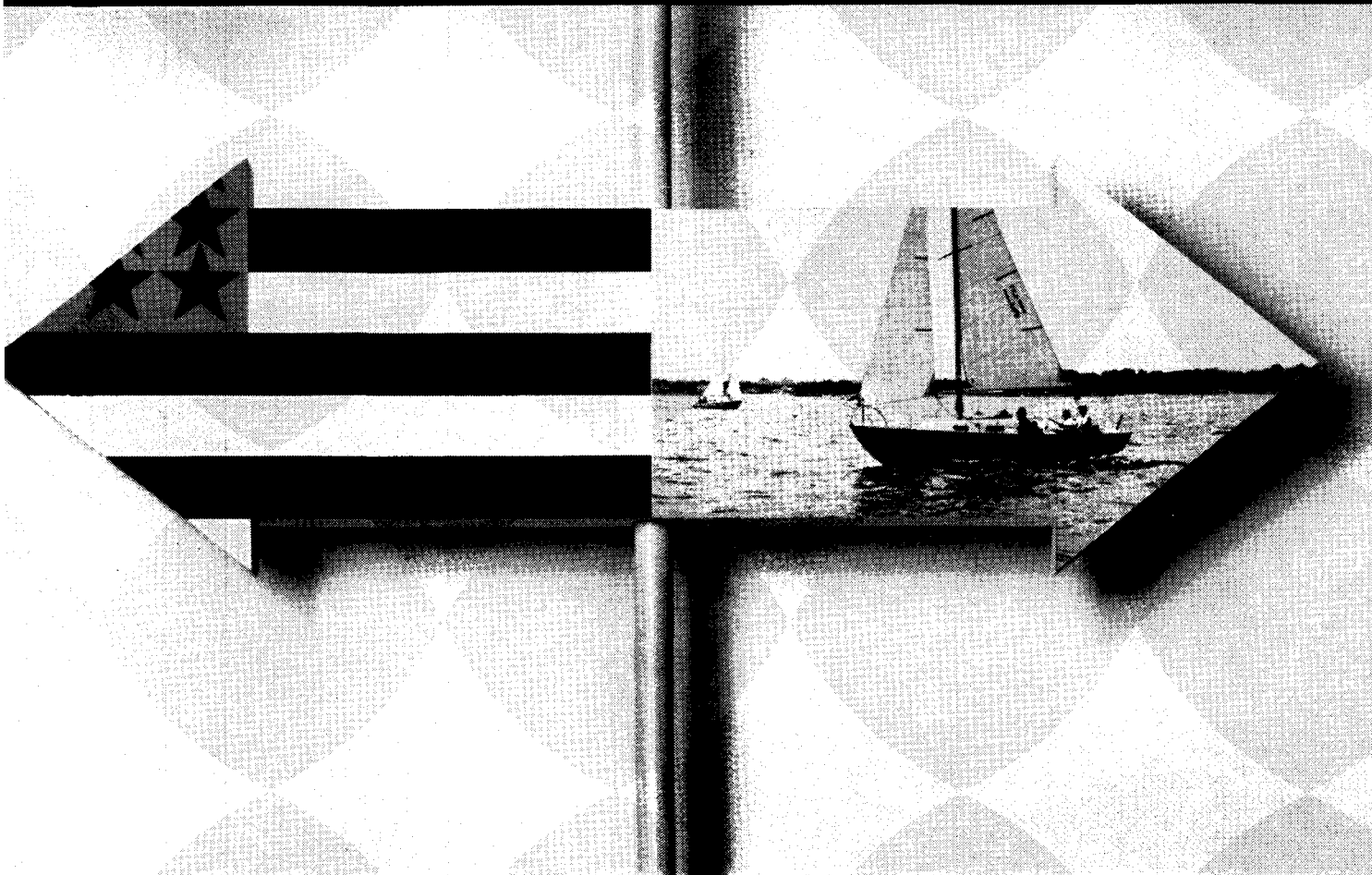
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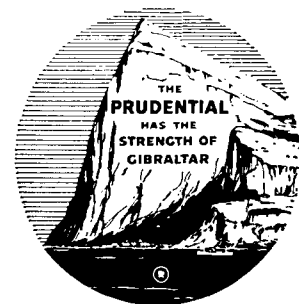
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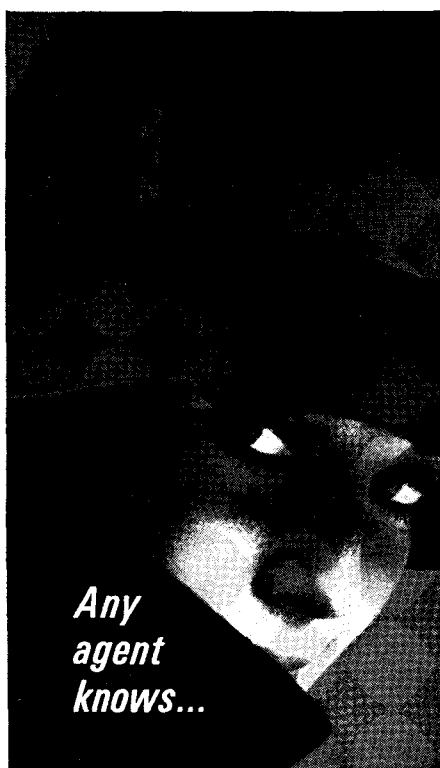
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Indonesia

Suharto has been in full and formal control only since March, 1967, when Sukarno was officially deposed and Suharto became Acting President. From the beginning he has been careful to make it clear he is no miracle worker, merely a simple, honest soldier who, with some reluctance, has accepted his present responsibilities. But though he promised no miracles, he now is nevertheless running into his heaviest criticism since he assumed office. His critics do not want him toppled. "He's the best we've got," says one of them, "and nobody's suggesting he should step down." But they want him to do better than he currently is doing. Either Suharto will have to bow to the criticism, responding with specific concessions and compromises in the face of public demands, or he will have to turn to more coercive measures, using the authoritarian powers which certainly are available to him, to crack down on students, newspapers, and other critics.

For the moment, Suharto seems to be trying to unite his followers behind a campaign against the Old Order in Indonesia. This, he seems to reason, is a good safe issue on which everyone can agree. But it is a dead issue too, and the students keep returning to the embarrassingly live issues of corruption and inefficiency in government.

Sukarno himself is no longer any real political threat. The army has no intention of bringing him to trial. Instead he is allowed to putter around the dusty market in Bogor, some forty miles from Djakarta, prodding the bananas and melons. Gone are the big presidential limousines, the motorcades with screaming sirens, the hand-tailored presidential uniforms, the golden presidential standard. Now Sukarno dresses in a sport shirt and slacks, travels by Volkswagen, and lives in a pavilion on the grounds of the presidential weekend palace at Bogor.

Soon he will move into the private house being built for him at Bogor and there will continue his rustication under the discreet surveillance of General Suharto's military police.

It is true, however, that his name is used in an attempt to stir up opposition to Suharto. Despite his disgrace, Sukarno was after all the

father figure of the Indonesian revolution. Although his picture is now banned from public display, it is on the walls of many homes still, particularly in central Java, his old political stronghold. Even General Suharto's parents-in-law are said to have a picture of Sukarno on their wall, not in any spirit of challenge to Suharto, but presumably as a manifestation of that sense of respect which lingers in the breasts of many Indonesians for what Sukarno once was and might have been.

A new left

Seeking especially to trade on this sense is the left wing of the PNI, the Indonesian Nationalist Party, which Sukarno created. Without Sukarnism the party hardly has a platform. But it has sought to recruit into its ranks the hidden remnants of the now defunct Communist Party and to challenge the New Order.

In the current political climate in Indonesia, that might not seem a particularly promising tactic. Yet as one observer points out, the PNI has been a "way of life" to many people in central Java for forty years. And with the eclipse of the Communist Party, it is probably the strongest individual party currently organized.

Because of the PNI's lingering hold, general elections called for 1968 by the MPRS, the Provisional People's Consultative Congress, or highest constitutional authority, will not be held. Suharto, with the consent of the Congress, will postpone them, and ironically this postponement will not offend the students and intellectuals who are demanding greater progress toward democracy. Indeed, some of them have publicly requested this postponement.

The reason is that they need more time to get their own political organizations under way, and to hammer out an agreement with the army on the extent of military influence in any new legislature. If elections were held now, it is possible that the PNI, despite its own major problems, might make large gains in central and east Java, where it has long been rooted.

But if the students and intellectuals are not particularly critical of Suharto's plan to postpone the elections, they are critical of a series of presidential statements and edicts, the effect of which has been to hamper the emergence of new political parties. A former vice president of

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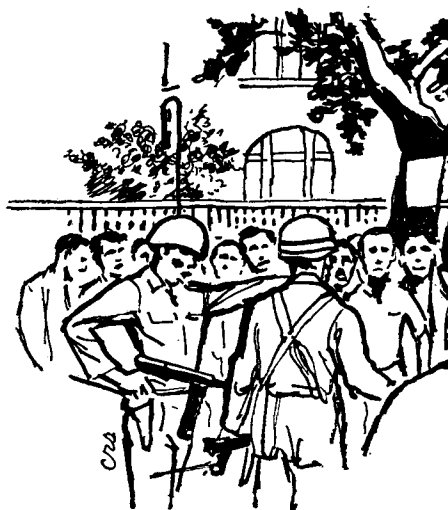
Indonesia, Mohammed Hatta, seeks to form a new Islamic political party but has been thwarted by Suharto's rulings. Adam Malik, the able foreign minister, has been involved in attempts to get a new socialist front launched. But partly because of Malik's preoccupation with foreign affairs, partly because of difficulties with other groups involved, and partly because of rulings deterring the emergence of new parties, nothing has so far come of it.

Dictatorship?

Some Indonesians point to such developments as telltale clues that their country is already sliding toward military dictatorship. Supporters and confidants of General Suharto's argue strongly, however, that he is not cast in the mold of an authoritarian and has consistently opted for constitutionality and legality throughout the whole long process of Sukarno's removal.

What does seem clear is that for Suharto the honeymoon days of early office are over. — John Hughes

Latin-American Guerrillas



In January, 1959, when Fidel Castro led his triumphant forces across Cuba and into Havana to seize power, his victory was cheered throughout Latin America, and many experts predicted it was just the beginning. The conservative governments dominating Latin America would never make reforms fast enough to satisfy the rocketing aspirations of the masses. The inevitable result: a chain of popular

explosions that would resound throughout the hemisphere.

Almost nine years have passed, and though there have been guerrilla attempts in several countries and a bloody uprising in the Dominican Republic, the fact is that nowhere in Latin America has a new popular revolution, through guerrilla warfare or other means, been successful.

What could be more symbolic of this fact than the death of Ché Guevara? Supposedly the master guerrilla of them all, Ché was one of the oldest veterans of Castro's struggle in the Sierra Maestre. He was theoretician of the Cuban Revolution; his thin text *Guerrilla Warfare* became clandestine gospel to young revolutionaries throughout Latin America. Yet there he was, the man who had vehemently exhorted Latin Americans to follow the Cuban example, riddled with machine-gun bullets, in a ramshackle hospital morgue in eastern Bolivia, the movement he had built and led all but liquidated. Guevara's fate is not unique. Over the past few years, several other top revolutionary leaders have been captured or killed, such as Colombian priest Father Camillo Torres and Peru's José Puente Blanco.

Guevara's legacy

Certainly, Castro has done his part. As many as 2500 young Latin Americans have studied guerrilla techniques in special Cuban schools. Fidel has also sent money, arms, and sometimes leaders to aid guerrilla efforts. Every night Radio Havana broadcasts its shortwave appeal to the masses to "turn the Andes into the Sierra Maestre of the continent."

Yet the number of guerrillas still active in Latin America is probably less than 800, most of them holed up in rugged mountain valleys where they subsist on roots, fish, and monkey meat, and launch occasional forays against government troops. They have succeeded in keeping thousands of soldiers tied up, and making headlines in the city papers, but nowhere do they threaten any government. For any would-be Castro, a post-Guevara catalogue of guerrilla efforts makes desultory reading.

Most active are the Venezuelan guerrillas who operate near the Colombian border and in the mountains south of Caracas. Though sometimes

bolstered by university students playing at revolution over a weekend, the hard-core guerrillas number less than 300. Their greatest impact was in 1962 and 1963, when they launched a futile campaign of urban terrorism and industrial sabotage. In the backlands, they have had little success recruiting peasants, and their movements are increasingly restricted. Over the past few months, several important guerrilla leaders have been killed or imprisoned.

In neighboring Colombia, a guerrilla force of about 200 is split into two bickering groups. The National Liberation Army is composed mainly of Castroite students and intellectuals. The other force, the Colombian Revolutionary Army, led by one Tiro Fijo ("Sure Shot") is an offshoot of the bandit gangs that for years have roamed the interior. Both groups occasionally sally forth to blow up a bridge, attack a military outpost, or take over a village long enough to lecture its inhabitants on the glories of revolutionary warfare. Recently the Castroite group managed to hijack a commercial airliner, forcing the pilot to fly to Havana. But their actions are more or less contained by the army, and their numbers are static or diminishing.

In Guatemala, less than 200 Castroite guerrillas are active in the interior, but their efforts are a far cry from the spectacular outbreak of kidnapping and bombings of a year ago. Since last August, about 50 guerrillas, mainly students and middle-class intellectuals known as the "Sandinista National Liberation Front," have been operating in the mountains northeast of Managua in Nicaragua. Their attempts, at least so far, have been amateurish.

The Peruvian guerrillas, who began to operate in the Andean valleys in 1964, fared no better than Guevara's Bolivian force. After a few initial successful raids, they were cornered by Peruvian troops, and by early 1965 the movement had been wiped out.

As for other areas of Latin America, Brazil, despite all the talk about the misery of the Northeast, has not been the scene of an important guerrilla effort for the past 30 years. In Argentina a guerrilla movement died stillborn last year. Paraguay has had a few tiny attempts, all abortive. Despite some efforts, guerrillas were never able to take hold in Haiti, nor did they

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Latin-American Guerrillas

make much headway in the Dominican Republic following U.S. intervention there in 1965.

Just another program

Why so many collapses in movements that were supposed to be irresistible? Some offer the Alliance for Progress as partial explanation. True, the Alliance has produced roads, dams, and schools, but it never triggered the hemisphere-wide effusion of reform and development that its originator, John F. Kennedy, envisioned. Today the Alliance is regarded by most conservatives and radicals alike as just another U.S. aid program, little better or worse than the others, lacking dynamism and plagued with bureaucracy.

In a few cases, such leaders as Peru's President Belaunde Terry and Chile's Eduardo Frei have taken the edge off radical demands by initiating basic reforms. But in Santiago and Lima and throughout Latin America, slums continue to fester around the cities as peasants flee from the even more desperate poverty of rural areas. In parts of Northeast Brazil, 500 out of every 1000 infants still die in their first year of life. Two miles high in the Andes, stunted Bolivians still fight for the privilege of working at \$25 a month in the tin mines, though they know that within an average of five years after first entering the dusty shafts, they will either be dead or wracked by lung disease. Even though reforms have begun in some places, history has shown that uprisings must usually occur not when conditions are hopelessly stagnant, but just as changes are being initiated.

Another explanation suggested for guerrilla defeats is that Latin-American armies today are much better trained and equipped. Many of their officers have attended U.S. counterinsurgency courses in Panama, or have been taught by U.S. Special Forces on the spot. Yet, with or without its new turbo-helicopters and U.S. advisers, the Bolivian Army that defeated Ché Guevara is one of the most corrupt, poorly trained and staffed armies in Latin America today, and the soldiers who finally captured Guevara were young conscripts with six months of experience. On the other hand, in South-east Asia, the Viet Cong are holding

off an enormous highly trained, well-equipped U.S. force.

Internal strife is also supposed to undermine the strength of Latin-American guerrillas. Strife there has been. Earlier this year, for instance, Chilean Communist leader Luis Corvalán published a bitter article in *Pravda* attacking Castro's insistence on revolutionary violence. Fidel retorted with his own vitriolic blast against the Chilean Communists, who for decades have pinned their hopes on exploiting the democratic process. In April this year, the Moscow branch of the Venezuelan Communist Party also brought down Castro's wrath when it withdrew support from the guerrilla movement, announcing it agreed to "do without armed subversion, condemn terrorism, and participate in the next electoral process." In most of Latin America, orthodox Communist parties are giving little support to violent revolution.

But such internal feuding among the radicals is as much the result of guerrilla frustrations as it is the cause. It was only after the Venezuelan guerrillas lost momentum that the local Communists began to pull out. In Cuba, old-time Communists are still trying to live down the fact that the Party first condemned Castro's guerrilla attempts, and only gave him real backing a few months before he came to power.

A stony gaze

A third, more accurate reason cited for guerrilla failure is peasant apathy. The fact of it goes against Castroite doctrine: according to Guevara, the guerrilla "is above all an agrarian revolutionary"; one of Ché's three prime tenets in *Guerrilla Warfare* is that "the countryside is the basic area for armed fighting." In Mexico in 1911 and Bolivia in 1952, the peasant masses did rise up violently to help topple conservative regimes. But in most areas the peasants have greeted the guerrilla call for support and action with a stony gaze. In fact, in Bolivia and Venezuela (where the peasants in many cases work their own land, or are at least beginning to) the natives have frequently divulged the whereabouts of local guerrilla bands. Guevara himself may have been betrayed by peasant informers. And just how much did peasant support

have to do with the success of the Cuban Revolution? And just how relevant is the Cuban example to the rest of Latin America? The answer to both these questions: not as much as Castro would have Latin Americans believe.

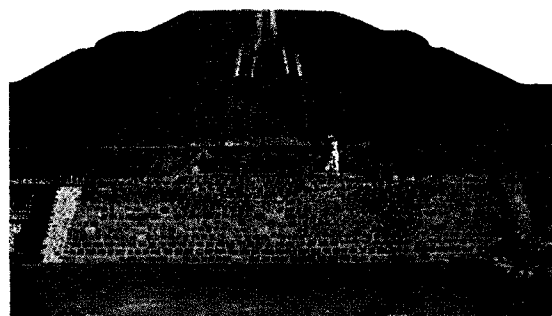
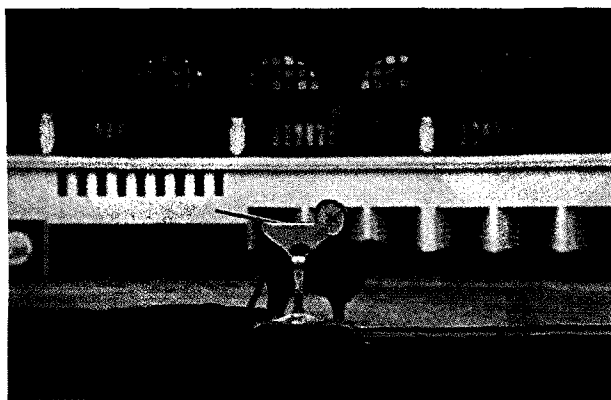
Theodore Draper has noted that when Fidel Castro began his fight in the Sierra Maestre, "no one, including Castro, thought that Batista could be overthrown by means of guerrilla warfare. The main blow was to come from urban resistance in the form of a general strike." Though Castro did receive some aid from the peasants, for most of the struggle the majority of his forces were students and city dwellers, generally of middle-class background. Even if peasants had made up half of Castro's fighters, for most of the campaign their numbers would still have been few. For in June, 1958, only six months before he swept to power, Fidel had only 300 men fighting with him, about the same number that today are active in Colombia or Venezuela.

The basic reason for Batista's collapse was not force of arms. Castro's men fought very few major battles with government troops; the army and its equipment were intact almost to the end. Batista's regime rotted from within and needed only a push to fall from its own weight. His ministers and officers were corrupt and personally ambitious, and neither officers nor troops had any reason to risk their lives for Batista's sake. But the major blow to Batista came when middle-class professionals, businessmen, and merchants turned even from passive support of his government, began backing urban resistance organizations, and accepted a loose alliance with Castro.

Still, had Batista managed to hold successful elections, Castro might never have taken power. As Guevara recognized in *Guerrilla Warfare*, "Where a government has come into power through some form of popular vote, fraudulent or not, and maintains at least the appearance of constitutional legality, the guerrilla outbreak cannot be promoted, since the possibilities of peaceful struggle have not yet been exhausted." In Cuba the possibilities were exhausted by November, 1958, when Batista tried and failed to obtain mass participation in presidential elections. Despite Castro's threats, two opposition groups put up candidates, but ab-

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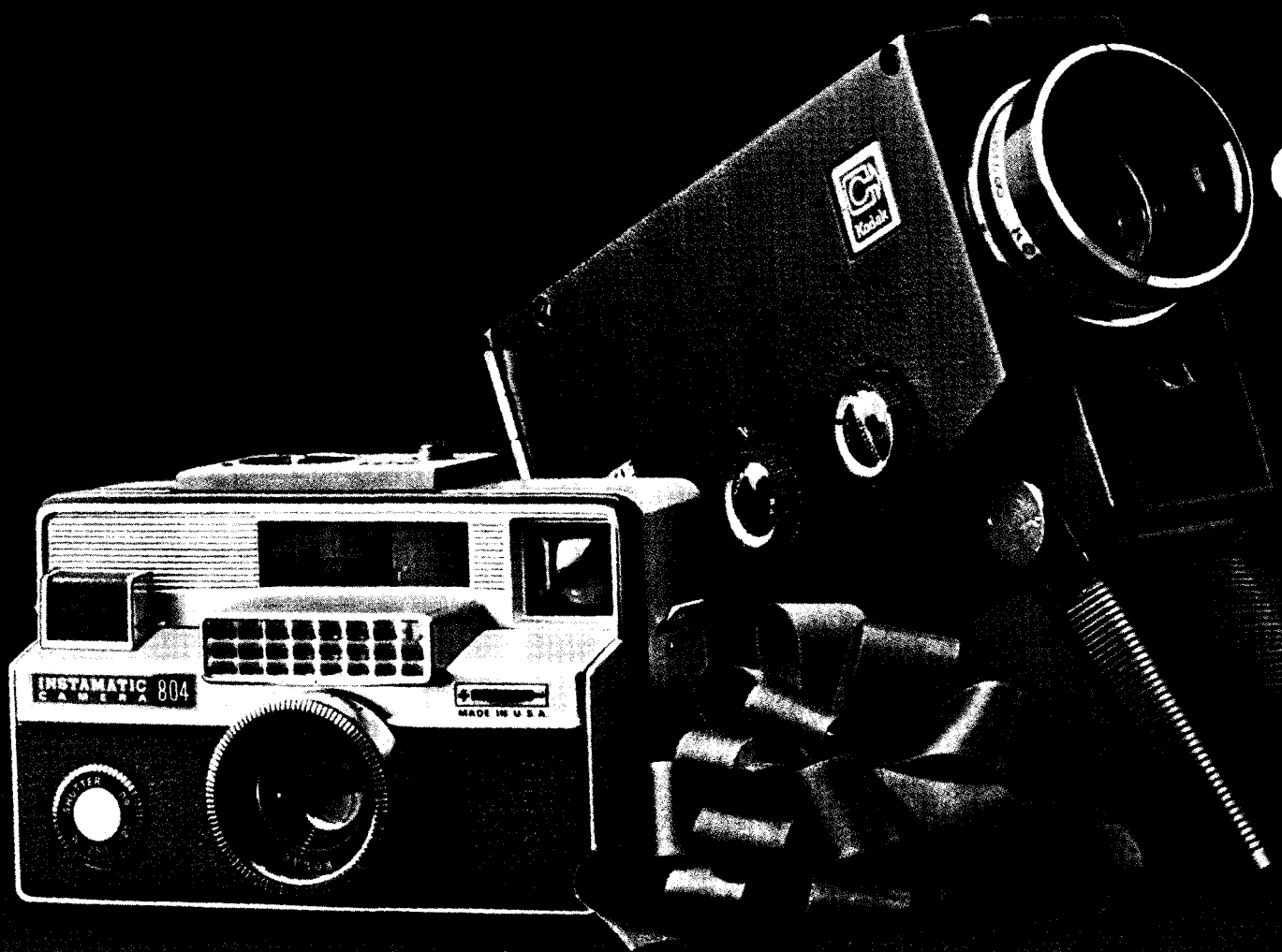
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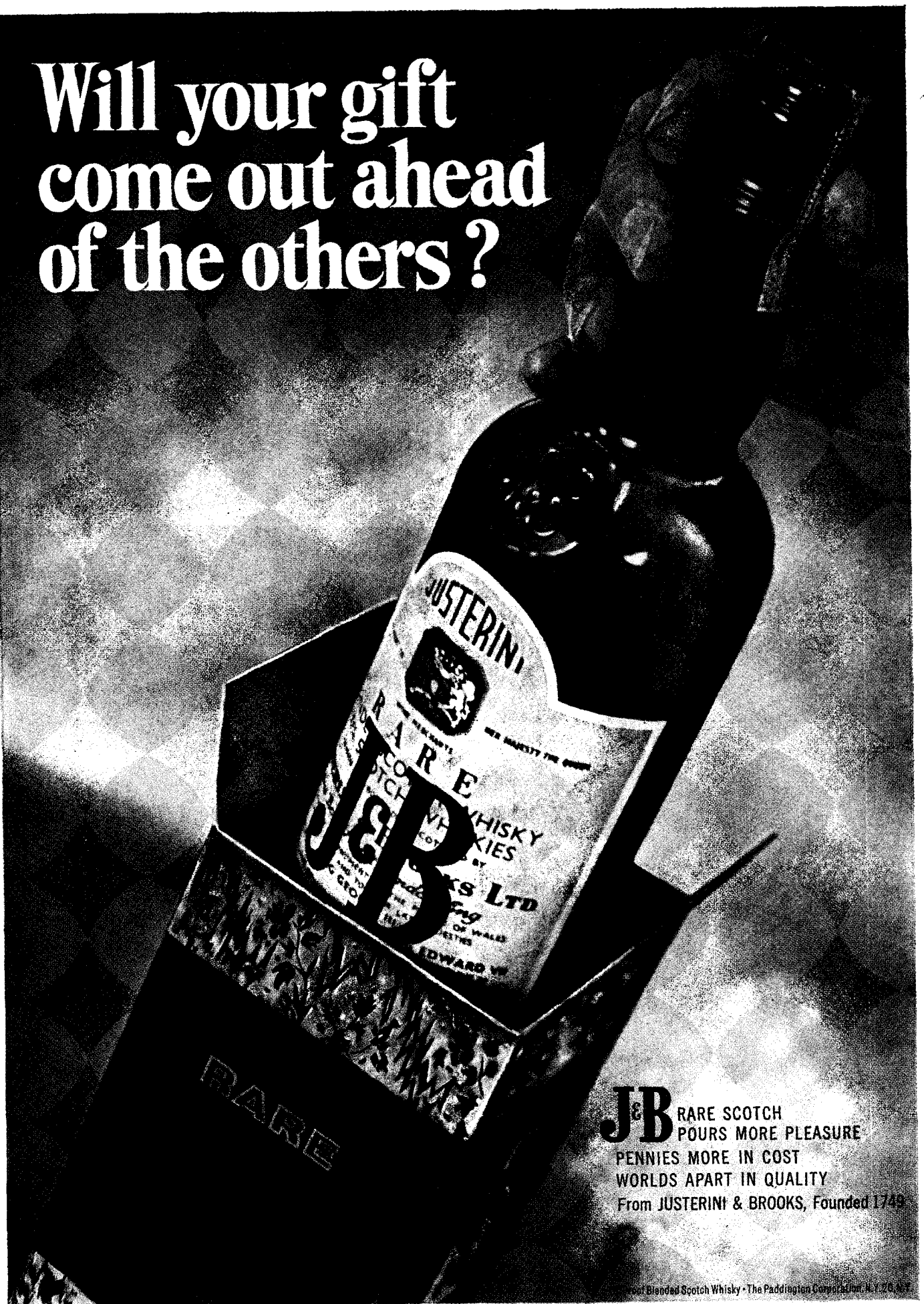
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Latin-American Guerrillas

stention was very high — up to 75 percent in Havana — and the “victory” of the government’s candidate was the last straw to many who had held hopes for Batista’s democratic demise. After that, he had to be overthrown.

The Cuban precedent

That was Cuba in 1958; conditions are rather different in most of Latin America today. First of all, many regimes threatened by guerrilla action and urban terrorism have refrained, at least in the cities, from excessive brutality. More important, the possibility of peaceful democratic opposition, or at least the facade, has been preserved in most of Latin America. In 1963, Venezuelan guerrillas stepped up their sabotage and terrorist attacks to a bitter pitch in an attempt to force a rightist military coup and disrupt scheduled elections. They failed, and from that point on their movement lost ground. In Bolivia, Ché Guevara may have also been hoping to provoke a military coup to close off the democratic alternative. But even such crusty dictators as General Stroessner in Paraguay and the Somozas in Nicaragua have gone through the motions of holding elections.

But the basic reason for the failure of Latin-American guerrillas is not so much the maintenance of a democratic option, as the precedent of the Cuban Revolution itself. A decade ago, before Castro took power, violent revolution was considered a legitimate means for non-Communists to overthrow unpopular regimes. Both Mexico and Bolivia have revolutionary experiences which have become a hallowed part of their political traditions. Some of Latin America’s foremost liberal democrats, such as Costa Rica’s José Figueras and Venezuela’s Rómulo Betancourt, gained power themselves through armed revolts. Today, however, they would stand little chance.

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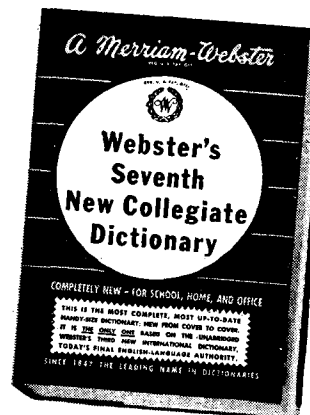


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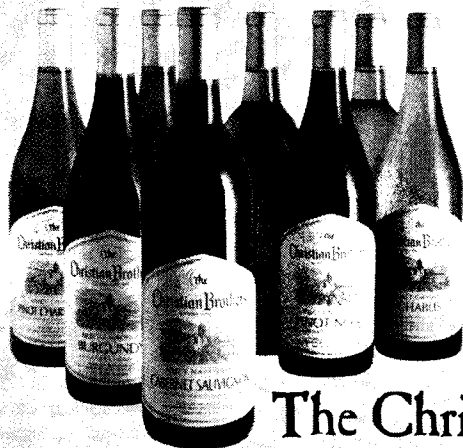
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Latin-American Guerrillas

left of center advocating the violent overthrow of his government, no matter how oppressive that government be, is almost universally labeled a Communist or Castroite (except, perhaps, in the case of Haiti). And mainly for emotional reasons, the great majority of politically active Latin Americans, particularly the vital middle class, are strongly anti-Communist.

Because of their socialist and anti-American leanings, many young revolutionaries today do regard Cuba as the pattern to follow. They also believe that a leftist revolution would be impossible to sustain without the support of the Soviet bloc. They have never been shown any other contemporary alternative, and the fate of the 1965 uprising in the Dominican Republic only bolstered their views. In a vicious cycle, their radical attitudes confirm the widely held view that popular revolution today must bring with it some variant of Communism. As a result, the young revolutionaries become even more radical, isolated, and powerless. (Castro himself has admitted he could never have gained the support necessary for winning if he had been identified as a Communist — which many doubt that he was — before consolidating power.)

Last stand?

This does not rule out the possibility of violent social revolution. There are too many countries, each with its specific problems and structure, too many ways in which revolution *could* come about. Though the middle class has shied from alliance with the guerrillas, some radicals pin their hopes on widespread anti-Americanism to forge a link between middle- and upper-class nationalists and the left. Such is the theory presented by Régis Debray in *Revolution in the Revolution?* (which Juan Bosch feels actually represents Castro's own thoughts), and the idea may not be such a pipe dream. In Brazil, for instance, businessmen and industrialists frequently support drives by the radicals against such "economic intervention" as U.S. private investment. In Peru, a similar alliance demands the government nationalize Standard Oil's local holdings. And it is not at all impossible that U.S. armed inter-



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But it costs only \$2,250* to give the impression that you can.

Volkswagen Karmann Ghia

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vention into another Latin-American state could provide the spark — as Castro is always pointing out it has in Vietnam — to bring local radicals and nationalists together in common cause.

There are other conceivable routes to guerrilla triumph. In Bolivia, for instance, what would be the result of a guerrilla campaign that, unlike Guevara's, had strong ties with the country's militant, well-organized tin miners? Or, in Argentina, is an effective linkup between guerrillas and Peronistas completely out of the question? And guerrilla warfare may be only one path of revolution. There is the possibility in a number of countries of a leftist nationalist revolt breaking out within army ranks over the next few years.

Nor are the chances for a radical take-over restricted to violent means. In 1964, a socialist-Communist coalition ran a close second in Chile's presidential elections. That same year, only a revolt of conservative military officers prevented Brazil from heading toward some kind of strong leftist regime under President Joao Goulart.

Guevara's death demonstrates the tremendous difficulty guerrillas are encountering, but it by no means symbolizes the end of the radical left.

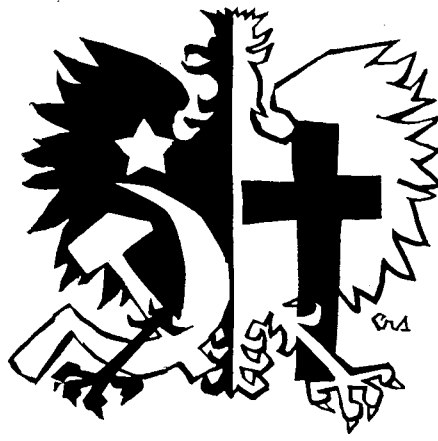
— Barry Lando

Poland

In the Collegium Maius of Cracow University, where Copernicus studied nearly five centuries ago, there is a Latin inscription that President Charles de Gaulle may have noticed on his visit there in September. In scarlet and gilt letters, it says: "To every action there is an opposite reaction of equal force."

Newton's law of physics is a law of politics in Poland today. The action of the bureaucracy is met with the equal reaction of the citizen, and in many other areas of social and political life, force and counterforce are balanced: censor and writer, ideologist and pragmatist, industrializer and peasant.

These unresolved conflicts between the rulers and the ruled are by no means unique to Poland. Czechoslovakia currently is rerunning, like an old television film, the



same struggle of writers against the regime that Poland has had. In the Soviet Union, fifty years of Communism have not reconciled city and countryside, Marxism and efficiency.

Communists and Catholics

But only in Poland is there an institution that can gather together these strands of criticism, resistance, and opposition. Only in Poland is there a competing center of power, officially, although reluctantly, sanctioned by the regime. That is the Roman Catholic Church.

For a thousand years, the church has been a fundamental part of Polish life. Its priests gave village and farm children the little education they received. Its primates served as regents during the periods when nobles were electing a new king. Its hymns and traditions kept the Polish national idea alive during the long years of partition and occupation.

When a Communist government took power in the post-war ruins of Warsaw, there were many scores to settle with the church. True, most priests had not collaborated with the German occupation as the Slovakian and Croatian Catholics had done. But in the eyes of the new leaders, the church stood for the Poland of the barons and the cavalry officers, the rulers between the wars. The Communists thought that discriminatory laws, confiscation of property, and large-scale arrests of priests would take care of the church, just as the forced creation of 12,500 collective farms was supposed to take care of the peasants.

By 1956, it was clear that neither course was working. Wladyslaw Gomułka returned to power that October with a reform program that gave the church as important a place as the peasantry. The peasants won the dissolution of the collectives;

Stefan Cardinal Wyszyński, the Polish Primate, was guaranteed freedom to preach and give religious instruction. In exchange, he was to ensure the tacit support of the nation's Catholics for Gomułka's independent Communism.

The bargain held long enough for Poland to be spared a revolution like Hungary's. But within a very few months, both church and state began backsliding. The Cardinal refused to accept the regime's definition of what was religion and what was politics. He delivered speeches of protest instead of sermons. At the same time, the state resumed its old tactics, harassing priests, restricting religious education, cutting church programs.

And the argument continues. On one side are the two million Party members, on the other, the thirty million, or twenty-five million, Catholics (depending on whether one accepts the church or the government estimate).

The two million Communists rule the country. They directed the rebuilding of Stettin and Warsaw, the construction of the Lenin steelworks at Nowa Huta, the quadrupling of high school and university facilities. They take credit for the fact that Poland is the world's ninth largest steel producer, and that Polish machinery goes aboard Polish ships to Africa and Asia.

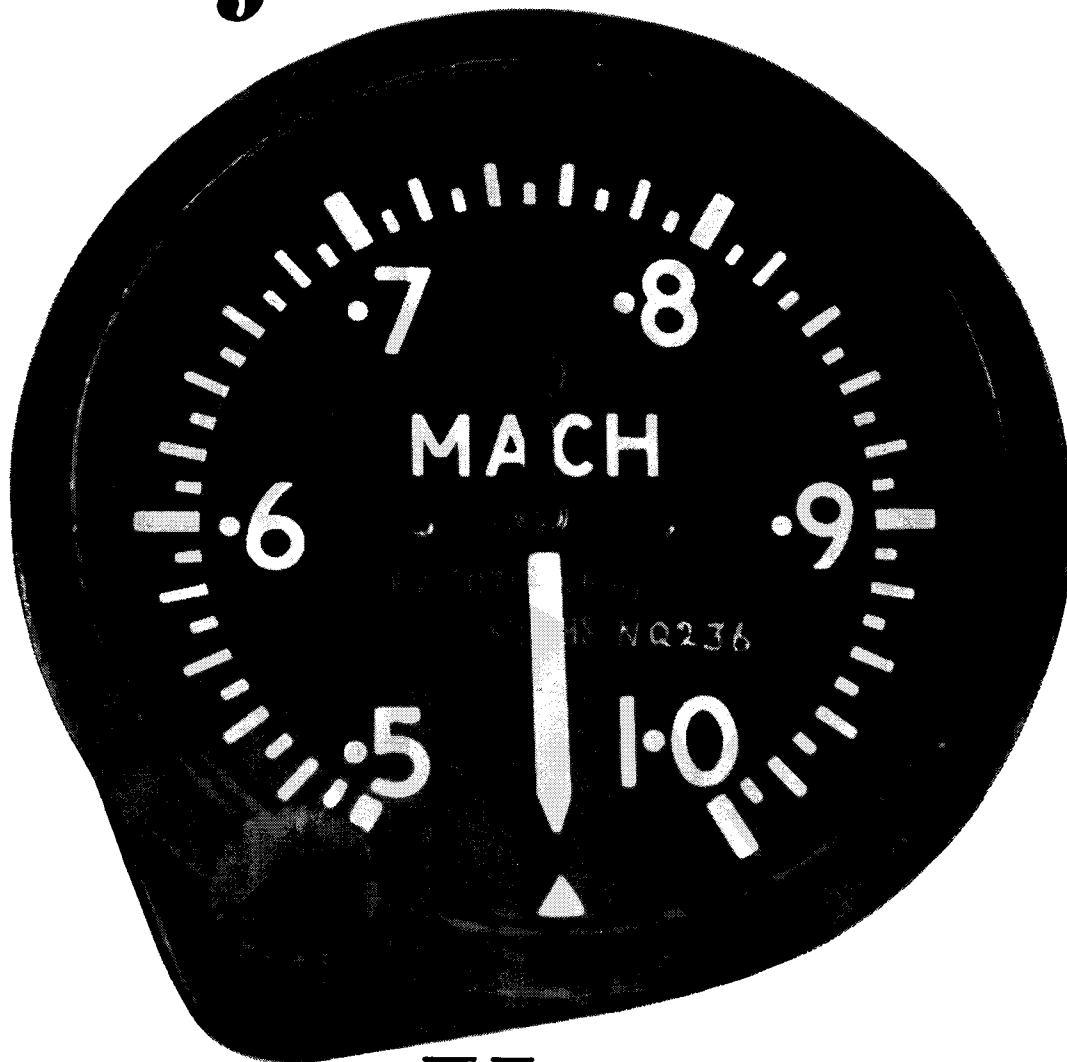
Their power is visible in the cities and villages in the person of the policeman in the light-blue uniform or the teen-age soldier in ill-fitting khaki. It is audible on the nearly deserted streets of Warsaw late at night.

In the distance, you hear the roar of some great machine, as though a giant vacuum cleaner were approaching. Then the machine appears. It is in fact a dozen motorcycles with flashing blue lights and white-helmeted riders in white imitation-leather coats. They surround the black Soviet Zil limousine of a party functionary. His bald head is scarcely visible through the back window. The machine grinds slowly down the dim boulevard. Its purpose is more than transportation or security. It is a display of power.

The Cardinal has no motorcycles

Compared with this display, the village religious processions seem frail indeed, as do the other public exhibitions of the church's power:

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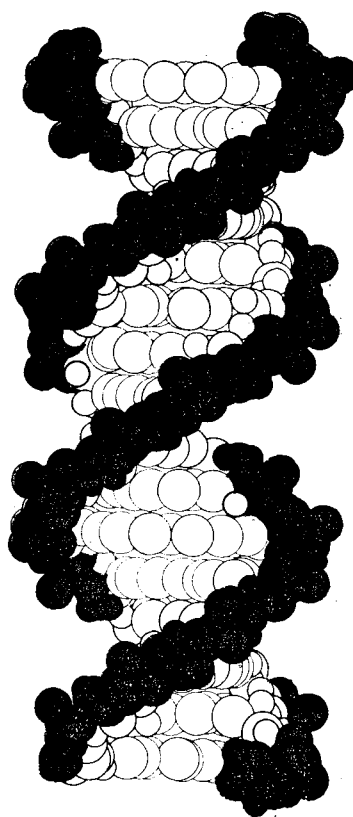
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THE DOUBLE HELIX

The Story of the Discovery of DNA, key to the genetic code, by Professor J. D. Watson, who won the Nobel Prize for his part in the biggest event in biology since Darwin.

The *Atlantic* will publish in two parts Professor Watson's personal account of a race to discovery that was every bit as exciting as the race to the South Pole and immeasurably more important to man's knowledge of himself and his world. The achievement inspired a stream of new research in biochemistry and has caused an explosive transformation of the science. Watson was a brash, immodest twenty-three-year-old when he went to Cambridge University to do research in the famed Cavendish Laboratory. "DNA was still a mystery up for grabs," Professor Watson says, "and no one was sure who would get it and whether he would deserve it if it proved as exciting as we believed. Chiefly it was a matter of five people: Maurice Wilkins, Rosalind Franklin, Linus Pauling, Francis Crick, and me."

The Double Helix, to be published as a book by Atheneum, will begin in the January *Atlantic* and conclude in the February issue. It is a great story not only for its scientific information but also for what it says about the way scientists work.



And a full issue, including:

The Solitary Man: George Kennan, Russia, and the West
by **Alfred Kazin**

Strikes by Public Employees by **A. H. Raskin**

British vs. American TV by **Diana Trilling**

Cage for the Innocents, a report on the handling and mishandling of Vietnamese civilians in American custody.

Drawing courtesy of the U. S. Atomic Energy Commission.

Poland

flickering candles on little shrines cut into the old city walls, tall roadside crucifixes draped with evergreen garlands and fresh flowers. Pope has no divisions; the Cardinal has no motorcycles.

But in the summer of 1966, when regime and church were competing like political parties for crowds, the decision went to the church. At issue was the celebration of a thousand years of Catholicism in Poland. Throughout the country, the regime staged rallies to draw crowds from the church observances. The church's attendance was hardly hurt, but the regime's audiences in many cases turned out to be embarrassingly small.

It must be tempting in such a dilemma to prescribe the arrest of a few priests and the dispatch of a few truckloads of police to break up the religious gathering. But this the regime cannot do, any more than the church can use its position to preach Gomulka's overthrow or hide dynamite in the belfry.

As for the individual, there is no way for anyone to know whether his zealous church attendance is a vote against the regime or the exercise of his constitutional right to worship.

This uneasy balance between the state and the church (with the church representing other currents of opposition as well as its own) constitutes the Polish equilibrium. Gomulka is limited more than most leaders in East or West in the decisions he can make toward either more liberal or stricter rule. On the one side there is the Soviet Union, guarantor of Poland's borders with Germany and underwriter of Polish Communism. On the other side are the Cardinal, the intelligentsia, and the owners of millions of little farms.

How the Polish equilibrium works can best be shown by scenes from a 1500-mile tour of Poland, a trip I made partly on my own, and partly as a reporter in General de Gaulle's entourage.

The peasants' way

At Buk, 250 miles from Warsaw and about 18 from Poznan, horses and wagons clustered in the cobblestone market square point the way to the town restaurant. It is 10 A.M. on a gray Wednesday. The res-

We Swiss have no coal, oil, tin, iron, nickel, copper, zinc or sulphur. But we're rich in natural resources.



If we dug up all our mountains, we wouldn't expect to find anything more than some great rocks and a fossil or two. Still, we're rich. We have people dedicated to hard work in the pursuit of perfection.

Now maybe that sounds pretentious. But it isn't really. You see, every Swiss adult—no matter what his occupation—takes great pride in fine craftsmanship. And every Swiss child inherits our centuries-old tradition of excellence.

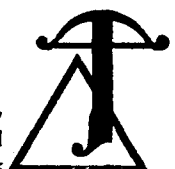
We're not sure how this tradition got started. But we can guess. Eking out a living in a rugged country like ours must have encouraged a sense of thrift and a concern for excellence.

When the industrial revolution hit Europe, this concern for excellence was its own reward. The quality of Swiss products enabled us to compete with far bigger, richer coun-

tries for world markets.

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Poland

restaurant is filled with farmers, townsmen, and two men in uniform — the policeman and the station-master.

Liter mugs of nut-brown beer circulate, along with glasses of Indian tea and gritty coffee. The walls — lavender, peach, apple green, and brown — are posted with price lists. Bread and butter and coffee, 11 zlotys. Kielbasa sausage, 12. The luncheon special, 20; a bottle of clear vodka, 58. At the official rate of exchange, a zloty is worth about four cents, but this statistic is meaningless in Buk. What counts is the fact that the average monthly wage in Poland is 2000 zlotys; in the countryside, it is said to be slightly less. Yet the policeman and his farmer companion pay a bill of close to 70, a day's pay, for a late breakfast.

The farmers of Buk are well shod in shoes or leather boots, which sell in the shop next door for 300 zlotys. Along the stone streets, flowers fill the gardens of the well-kept houses, and in the outskirts, dozens of new

brick and cement-block homes are going up, gray and raw while they await their stucco coats.

Only two cars, humpbacked Warsaw taxis, sit in the market square. In Buk as elsewhere, the horse is king, in teams pulling plows, or trotting smartly down the E8, the Warsaw-Berlin highway, or grazing in the fenced-in little patches of Polish countryside.

The contents of the rubber-tired wooden wagons tell the secret of how Buk pays its vodka and shoe bills. Fruits and vegetables, heading for market. In Buk, and in the tens of thousands of other little towns, the private farmer can sell his produce on the free market, then turn over what he cannot sell to the government, which guarantees to buy it at set prices.

One recalls Lenin's words: "As long as we live in a small-peasant country, there is a surer economic basis for capitalism in Russia than for Communism." Or Stalin's: "The collective farms constitute the principal base for remolding the peasant, for changing his psychology in the spirit of Socialism."

In Poland, after twenty-three years of Communist government, there has been no great leap forward on the countryside. Eighty-seven percent of the farms are private, and in Buk, the poster proclaiming the fiftieth anniversary of the great October Revolution is nearly concealed by the fruit and vegetable crates piled in the marketplace for sale.

Vodka and cynicism

"What's the Polish national dish?" said the young writer in a Warsaw restaurant in the reconstructed Old City. "Here, have some," and he passed the vodka bottle. A perspiring violinist played "Granada" in honor of the Western visitors, and the murmur of dozens of conversations filled the room.

The theme at this table was survival, economic and intellectual. How to hold two jobs successfully, how to get around the government rules that limit apartment space to nine square yards a person, how to get hold of a car or enough foreign currency to finance a week's vacation in Paris.

"The passport is no problem," the writer said. "You can get one for the asking, as long as you haven't been prominently in some kind of

political trouble. But our ridiculous money — it can't be spent anywhere. The answer is to have friends, as I do in Paris, and as others do in Sweden or London. Then we can get out, then we can breathe."

Why not simply remain in Paris or Stockholm? The answers are complex. There is the emptiness of exile life, the comforts that many intellectuals enjoy in Poland, the hazy, ill-defined nationalism. They stay in Poland because Gomulka's retreats from his promises of 1956 have by no means been complete. But they must escape, nevertheless, into vodka, cynicism, or the cult of the West, because the retreats that have been made are as great as they are.

Nowa Kultura and *Przegląd Kulturalny*, the two best-known journals of ten years ago, have long since been suspended and replaced with the safe but dull *Kultura*. But dullness has diminishing returns, and in recent years even *Kultura* has become more lively, and as a result more controversial.

The *New York Times* and the *Paris Herald-Tribune* used to be sold at hotel newsstands. Now only the bloc papers and the Western Communist organs are there. But PAP, the Polish news agency, provides Polish readers with a more complete, more objective picture of the West than it used to. Some of Radio Warsaw's commentaries are thoughtful and balanced, as long as they stay clear of the topics that require a formula response, such as Vietnam and Germany.

The art of the Polish poster continues to thrive; Warsaw billboards look like disorganized exhibitions of action painting. If playwrights are restricted, set designers are not, as the scenery for the performance of *Faust* seen by De Gaulle showed. The stage of the Teatr Wielki operated on three levels. Huge abstract net panels caught projected light patterns: trees and windows for outdoor scenes and mathematical equations for Faust's study.

A final benefit of 1956 is the cultural exchange programs still in force with the West. American and English books on subjects from warfare to computers are on sale in the Warsaw shops. But, on the one hundredth anniversary year, it is some looking to locate a copy of the works of Karol Marks and Fryderyk Engels.



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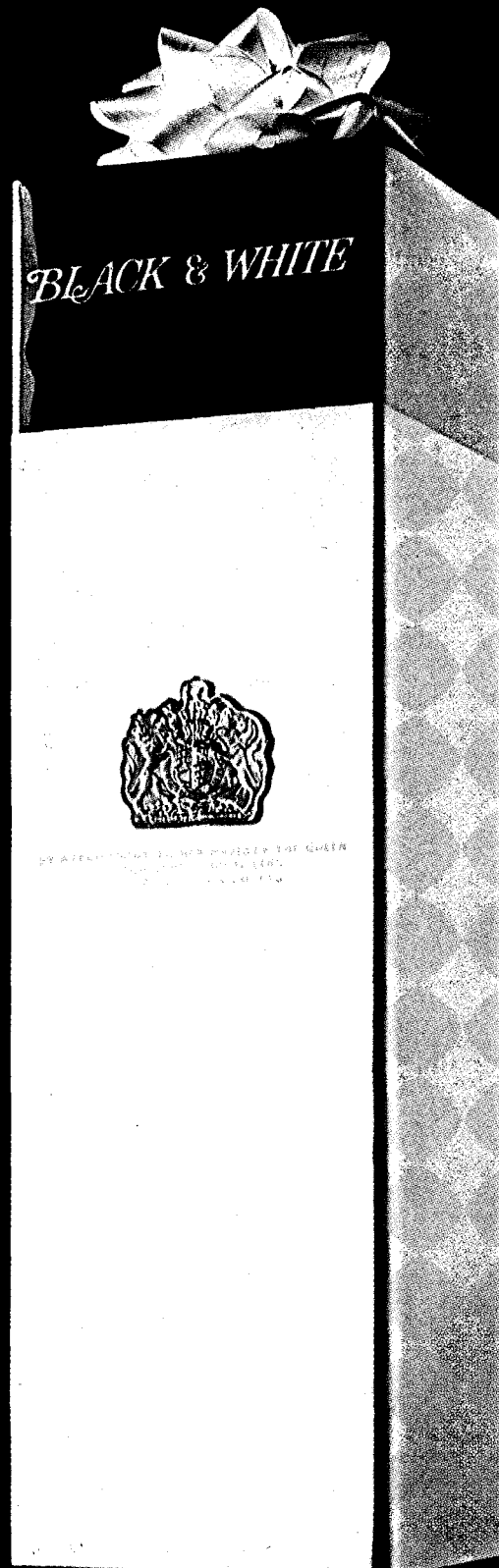
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Poland

The red and buff streetcar rolls through the old Free City of Danzig and out along the Baltic. Günter Grass described the routes in painstaking detail in his novels about Danzig in the war years. Grass's geography still holds; the No. 2 goes to Oliwa, in the suburbs. It passes a German cemetery, weeds grown high, and well-kept little flower and vegetable gardens, where the apartment dwellers of Danzig, like those of other European cities, spend their summer weekends. But in Poland there is a difference. A man boards the streetcar with his crate of apples, grown on his one tree, for sale in the Sunday market.

The churches of Danzig

In Oliwa's spare thirteenth-century cathedral, the crowd presses to the whitewashed walls. Polish Catholics have come to pray and see the French President kneel next to the vacant seat of the Polish President. As the congregation responds in Latin to the Mass and sings in Polish the hymns asking God's protection and help, priests in white lace take aim on the General with 35 millimeter cameras, and in one case with a movie camera and microphone.

The Danzig newspaper, *Dziennik Baltycki*, has ignored De Gaulle's visit to the cathedral. The Polish government, until that point busily trucking journalists to the De Gaulle appearances, has discovered that the press buses will not be available so early on a Sunday.

Instead, the journalists get a little lecture: the church has a real place in Polish society, and the constitution guarantees freedom of religion. But the church cannot mix in the affairs of state. As Poland develops and casts off the ways of the past, the cathedrals will remain as interesting historical buildings. By then, the old ladies who attend services will be gone.

At Oliwa, there are 4000 in the church and 3000 outside. Many are there only to see the General, an old priest says with a trace of annoyance.

"We rarely have the crowds outside," he continues. "But we do nearly fill the church on an average Sunday. By that I mean for each Mass. We have seven."

The story is the same in Poznan,

Cracow, and Warsaw. On Sundays, the churches are full; on religious holidays, they are packed. On any afternoon or evening, a visitor can see that the church is alive, active, and young. Children in black satin smocks show up for religious instruction after school. Candles are always being lighted, people praying.

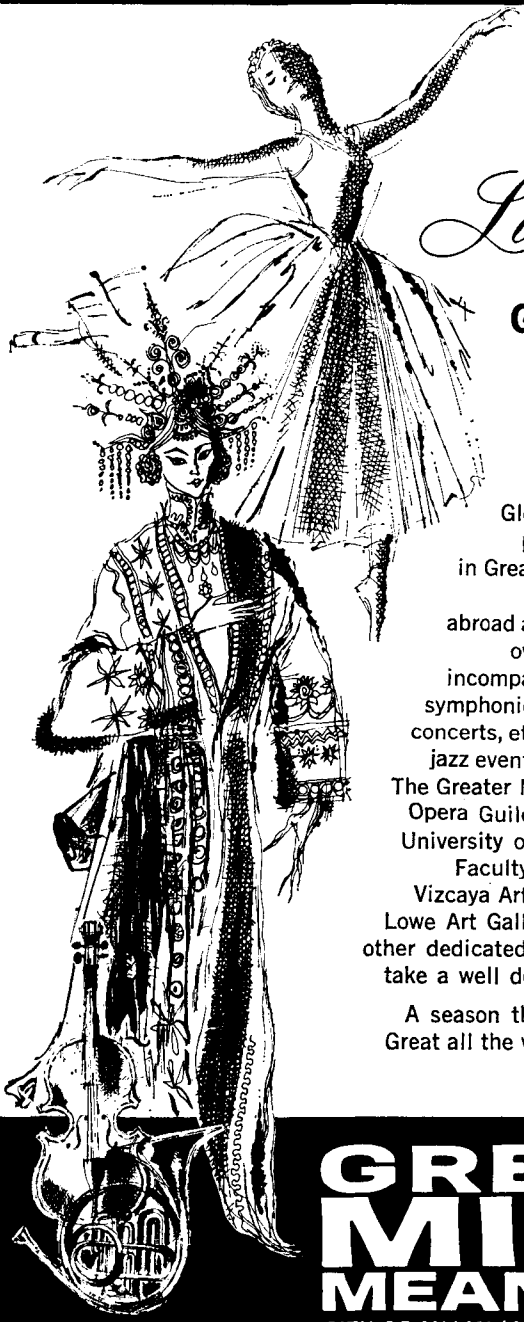
At services, hymns are sung with the vigor and emotion of protest songs, for that is what they are. The old ladies are in the congregation, of course, as they are all over Europe. But the young men and women are there too. Several informal counts in churches showed that six out of ten appeared to be

forty or under. They read church newspapers, marry in the church, are buried by the church.

Yet: "A situation where any institution would become a state within a state is out of the question in this country," a government newspaper wrote recently. "These are not medieval times."

De Gaulle at Auschwitz

At the end of a rusted rail line, kerosene fires flicker atop the crumpled concrete of the Auschwitz crematoriums. The brick chimneys in rows mark where wooden barracks stood. The permanent barracks of raw pink brick still stand, bounded by barbed wire that stretches off



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Poland

into the mist. Most of the four million who were killed here were Poles; most of those were Jews.

At the stone monument to the four million, General de Gaulle lays a wreath, and then pauses, head slightly bowed, while his host, President Edward Ochab, looks on expectantly, and the television crews and reporters wait to record his words.

From Westerplatte, where the first shots of World War II were fired, to Zabrze, in the former German province of Silesia, De Gaulle's tour was planned by the Polish government with one aim: to remind the General and the world of the aggression of Germany and its cost in leveled cities and mass murders.

But France needs no such reminder, even though its losses were not as great as Poland's. There are plaques on Paris' streets as well as Warsaw's commemorating the execution of resistance fighters, and thousands of Frenchmen died at Auschwitz.

The difference is that De Gaulle and other post-war leaders of France have been inclined toward a policy of reconciliation with Germany, whatever the hate that remains in the breast of the average Frenchman, and that Gomulka and the other leaders of Poland have done all they can to keep this hate alive in their country. It is one of their strongest links to the people, who know that Premier Jozef Cyrankiewicz was an Auschwitz inmate, and that Gomulka led resistance attacks in Warsaw. It is at the same time a rationale for the alliance with the Soviets.

Charles de Gaulle stood for some moments before the Auschwitz monument. Then, without a word, he turned, walked swiftly along the row of plaques, and went back to his car.

The equilibrium prevails

De Gaulle makes no policy move without careful preparation, even though he may, as in Quebec or Silesia, give the appearance of spontaneity. He came to Poland because he thought he saw an opportunity in Poland's particular balance of forces.

Gomulka, for his part, felt safe in inviting De Gaulle, despite the risks of what he might say. The first Western leader to visit Poland since the war, De Gaulle is also the only one with a thought-out plan of détente with the East, and the only one with credentials acceptable to the Communists on the issues of Poland's borders, and on Vietnam: he recognizes the Oder-Neisse Line and opposes the war.

The General did speak out. He offered the Poles a role in his grand European scheme from the Atlantic to the Urals, and for the first time divided Europe into three parts, East, Central, and West, to give Poland a place of its own between the extremes. He urged Poland to seek wider horizons, which meant to detach itself, if only a little, from the Soviet Union, as France has done from the United States.

Gomulka rejected the General's offer in a tight, controlled, and biting speech before the Sejm, the Polish parliament. Gomulka made it plain that Poland's conception of Europe begins and ends on its East and West borders. On one side is the Soviet Union, cornerstone of Polish policy. On the other is

East Germany, Poland's guarantee against German expansionism.

And there the matter stands. Poland, with a 700-mile border with the Soviet Union, is not trading the security of its alliance with Moscow no matter how confining it might be for the promises of an old man from Paris. Did De Gaulle misread the Polish equilibrium?

Waiting for the new men

The answer lies in whether the General expected immediate results, or whether, as French officials stressed in their briefings, his aim was to plant seeds for the future, to point Poland toward a path it will not be able to take until East-West détente is more advanced.

In the future, after the seventy-seven-year-old De Gaulle and sixty-two-year-old Gomulka and sixty-six-year-old Wyszynski are gone, Poland will have a new regime and a new opposition, and perhaps a new balance. On the government side will be the young engineers, plant managers, economists, and university men. Their French or English is as good as their Russian. Their experiences in the war and German occupation are for the most part childhood memories. Their plan for curing Poland's economic and political illnesses, with a few modifications, could have come from Sweden or the Labor Party.

On the church side, there will be the young prelates schooled in the spirit of Pope John and trained in the sooty industrial parishes. Poland must wait until the new men come to power. Waiting is something this nation knows how to do: 150 years of partition, 7 of German occupation, and 23 of Communism.

— Donald R. Shanor



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REPORT CONTRIBUTORS

Charles McDowell, Jr., writes from Washington for the Richmond TIMES-DISPATCH. John Hughes's coverage of Indonesia for the CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR won him this year's Pulitzer Prize for international reporting. Barry Lando, a contributing editor at TIME, has spent a number of years in Latin America as a student and as a reporter. Donald Shanor is the Chicago DAILY NEWS's Bonn correspondent.

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letters

Where ghetto schools fail

SIR: Jonathan Kozol's account of the reasons for his dismissal from the Boston public school system, if accurate, is most depressing ("Where Ghetto Schools Fail," October *Atlantic*). That the authorities rid themselves of an innovator is not surprising; the precedent was set as far back as the days of Socrates. What is perplexing, however, is that Mr. Kozol was alone in his innovations.

What sort of teachers staff the Boston system that they would, or do, conform to a regulation which undermines their intelligence and professional competence and restrains the exercise of both? I refer to the rule "No literature which is not in the course of study can ever be read by a Boston teacher without the permission of someone higher up."

Mr. Kozol quotes Mr. Eisenstadt as saying: "Mr. Kozol, or anyone else who lacks the personal discipline to abide by rules and regulations, as we all must in our civilized society, is obviously unsuited for the highly responsible profession of teaching."

Mr. Eisenstadt might better and more truthfully have said: "Anyone who lacks the sense of personal worth to resist those rules and regulations by which a society (or any group) attempts to usurp individual rights, hinder or control the exercise of individual judgment and initiative, and ensure uncritical conformity to prevailing practices is obviously unsuited for the highly responsible profession of teaching." I can think of no greater possible abnegation of responsibility than the uncritical surrender of one's individual judgment, freedom, and initiative to the dictates of another fallible human being, no matter how "higher up."

HELEN DELANEY
South Bend, Ind.

SIR: Jonathan Kozol states that "any complaint from a parent meant automatic dismissal." Suppose the complaint had come from a Negro parent? Would the school board listen to him?

MARGARET WYLIE SYDNOR
Richmond, Va.

In defense of John Barth

SIR: John Barth's "The Literature of Exhaustion" (August *Atlantic*) is inevitably controversial. However, in reply to the indignant criticism he received in the October Letters column I would like to applaud his courageous attempt to help the reader who lacks the sophistication to read much of the finest literature of today. It is a pleasure to read an essay not only perceptive and profoundly intelligent, but also written with both rare precision and delightful freshness — characteristics equally true of his novels.

EVELYN FAIRBAIRN
Keuka Park, N. Y.

SIR: The letters from John Barth's detractors were a puzzle and an annoyance. It's a pity if Mr. Harger *et alii* are baffled and bugged; because Mr. Barth's little piece is one of the most exciting articles to come out in the *Atlantic* this year.

In six brief pages, and in a manner that recalls those jugglers he mentioned, Barth tosses around the most vital issues, the "ultimacies," that plague today's art, artists, and a fickle phantasm known conventionally as "the public" — such issues, for example, as the role of technique, technician, and virtuoso; the breakdown of the usual distinctions between the various genres and media; the problem of shifting interpretations; the relationship of one author to the hazy continuum of literary history; the uses of absolute invention (cf. Stendhal's falsified epigraphs to *Le Rouge et le Noir* on this point), even if frankly divorced from the "reality" we know; borrowing, reworking, plagiarism (cf. the cliché "Gee, I wish I could have said that!"); the whole dilemma of the up-to-date and what to do when a medium has used up its potential. All this and much more, plus a timely tribute to one of the greatest living writers, one who remains comparatively unknown in this country.

To take one problem that disturbed a reader — that of silence,

noncontent pure and simple (Sterne was way ahead of us in this respect). Now Webern's music, which consists mainly of rests, comes much closer to Cage's *433* than to *Die Meistersinger*; we may not exactly like *433*, but we can't deny that it raises a basic question. *Waiting for Godot* has no plot, no background, nearly no setting; a casual glance at the page also reveals that the "characters" talk a great deal less than is usual. Not to mention the nonsentences of *How it is*. And then we have the one-line chapters in Julio Cortazar's *Hopscotch*, or again the all-black and all-yellow canvases of Ad Reinhardt and Mark Rothko. There's an old notion that what you exclude from a work of art has a function as important as what you put in.

Mr. Harger is baffled by the "identical passages." Now, Borges' little story has been used as a ready-made reference by, among others, Alain Robbe-Grillet and Nathalie Sarraute; it is a brilliant foray into the problem of a work's "original" meaning and the "secondary" ones that come and go with the centuries. A contemporary illustration of this would be if an admirer plagiarized some of LBJ's homespun phrases — in such a case the word would be identical, but would the *mean* the same thing?

I could go on and on about Barth's article, but I can't pretend to be as lively and informative as he is. However, if Mr. Harger ever wants to be made clear on the matter, he is free to drive up to Harvard and get an explanation from the original source — Jorge Luis Borges is the Charles Eliot Norton lecturer for this year and might hold office hours. I'm sure Mr. Harger will find him obliging and no doubt "stimulating."

GENE BELL
Cambridge, Mass.

The major poets

SIR: Compliments to Peter Davison ("The Difficulties of Being Major," October *Atlantic*) for nominating Robert Lowell and James Dickey as our major poets. Influential critics have of course been fostering Mr. Lowell for that role since his first published words. Mr. Dickey's work has not been available for so long but he has, with great authority, brought to contemporary poetry many things it has long needed:

directness, a clear eye and unique imagination, a feel for this earth, a distinctive music, and an unembarrassed manliness. He belongs with Mr. Lowell in our poetic pantheon.

PHILIP APPLEMAN
Bloomington, Ind.

SIR: Thank you for Peter Davison's insightful and knowledgeable presentation of "The Difficulties of Being Major." James Dickey possesses a poetic sensibility, a depth, and an incisive style that will surpass Robert Lowell, along with any other contenders. Dickey forces our imagination into a world of new and exciting dimensions. His poetry is poetry of power and aliveness. His gift will render him immortal.

ELLEN C. BESSE
Salt Lake City, Utah

SIR: I disagree with Mr. Davison's suggestion that James Dickey may be in danger of blowing himself out. Having experienced Mr. Dickey's "power and ambition" for two incredible weeks at the Star Lake Writers' Workshop this summer, I cannot help but believe that his "vast fire" will continue to burn

and that any adversities he may endure will only fan the flames.

CAROL DONLEY
Hiram, Ohio

Friendship and fratricide

SIR: I have just read Goronwy Rees's review ("The Psyche and the Typewriter," August *Atlantic*) of my book, *Friendship and Fratricide: An Analysis of Whittaker Chambers and Alger Hiss*. I found it full of flagrant errors of fact and interpretation, and was shocked to see such misrepresentations in the columns of your highly esteemed journal.

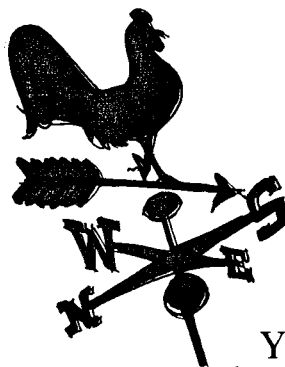
Mr. Rees did not concern himself with the main content of my book. He extrapolated one piece of legal evidence from the trials — the Woodstock typewriter — and dealt with it as though the validity of my biographic study hinged on whether or not forgery by typewriter had been committed. He rejects the cumulative revelations of a birth to death biography in favor of a controversial document.

Mr. Rees's references to the trials contain many errors. In his first sentence he states, "At the close of his second trial for perjury, in No-

vember, 1949, Alger Hiss. . . ." The second Hiss trial did not close in November, 1949; it *began* in November and *closed* on January 20, 1950. In his third sentence, Mr. Rees, referring to the discovery of "the famous Woodstock Number N230099," writes, "It had not been traced at the time of his first trial, when the jury failed to agree on a verdict. In the second trial, it was produced in evidence by the defense." The Woodstock typewriter was found by the Hiss defense counsel *six weeks before the first trial*, in mid-April of 1949. It was, of course, introduced as evidence in *both* trials.

Mr. Rees errs once again when he writes that it was Hiss who "was alleged to have typed on his battered old Woodstock." Not even Whittaker Chambers himself made this statement. His story was that *Mrs. Hiss* was the typist.

Mr. Rees not only alters legal facts, but attributes to me his own clinical terms. He writes, for example, that my portrait of Chambers shows him to be a "congenital liar." I have never used such words, nor are they clinically sound.



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Mr. Rees alters the psychological dynamics that I so painstakingly documented and formulated in relation to Chambers' family. He writes, "Chambers' mother had rejected his love, and this made him wish for her death; indeed, in fantasy he killed her." Nowhere did I write any such thing. Laha Chambers, though a rejecting mother, was the only person he could not live without, as his life history clearly attests. Whether Mr. Rees agrees or disagrees with psychoanalytic concepts is not the issue here. I wonder how he could have read my book and still be capable of such misrepresentation.

Nor can I understand on what basis Mr. Rees states that my portrait of Chambers "depends on suppressing or ignoring the evidence of those who knew him best and on denying any kind of validity to the process of religious conversion." I should like to call your attention to my thorough investigation of the circumstances surrounding Chambers' several religious conversions, the individuals involved, the details of his baptism, and so on (see pages 324-332 of *Friendship and Fratricide*).

MEYER A. ZELIGS, M. D.
San Francisco, Calif.

Mr. Rees replies:

I had the pleasure of meeting Dr. Zeligs in London this summer and had a long and, as I thought, amicable discussion of his book and my review of it. If he had then told me of his letter, I should have been able to apologize to him personally for my mistakes, but since he did not, I hasten to do so now and also to apologize to *Atlantic* readers. *Mea culpa!*

But Dr. Zeligs must know, I think, that the points he raises are irrelevant to the matters which are really in dispute between us. When we met, he said he was sorry that in his book it had been necessary for him to go into the question of the typewriter at all, because this was not the kind of evidence which he was trained to handle; he had to do so, however, if the case for Hiss's innocence was to carry any conviction.

I agree with Dr. Zeligs. If he had simply written, as he claims to have done, an objective and detached analysis of Chambers and Hiss, his book might have thrown

valuable light on their personalities, and hence, indirectly, on the case; or it might simply have added one more to its mysteries. But what he has done is something quite different; that is to say, he has undertaken to demonstrate, on psychological grounds, that Hiss could not have been guilty, and Chambers must have been. This being so, any evidence, including the typewriter, which appeared to demonstrate the contrary must be either false or faked. This seems to me a quite unpardonable method of approaching historical evidence. What we are in effect asked to believe is that Hiss must have been innocent because it was quite impossible that, in the course of his analysis, he could have succeeded in deceiving Dr. Zeligs. Dr. Zeligs may believe this; but there is really no reason why anyone else should.

There is all the less reason because, even in his own special field, his use of evidence is peculiar. At our meeting, I pointed out the odd discrepancy between the wealth of his psychological insights into Chambers, all to his discredit, and what seemed to be a total lack of them in respect to Hiss. Dr. Zeligs replied that I must remember that, in the one case, he was writing about a man who was dead, and in the other about one who was not. I do not think this is the kind of consideration which should affect an analyst in publishing, for public scrutiny, the results of his investigations; but if it does, it would be better if they were not published at all.

Advice and consent

SIR: I have not read Elspeth Huxley's book on Australia. I was, however, astounded by Oscar Handlin's remarks in reviewing it (July *Atlantic*) that "Australia, however, never felt the influence of Puritanism. There was no check upon the frontiersmen's urge to gamble, nor upon their indulgence in alcohol or sex."

Would that were true! Australia is perhaps the most puritanical country in the world, and one whose legislators' energies have been devoted to an amazing extent to restraining desires for gambling, alcohol, and sex. In most parts of the country all bars must shut by 10:00 P.M., in some by 6:00 P.M. They all remain shut on Sunday, as do most places of entertainment. (Melbourne now has Sunday pic-

tures — but only in the evening.)

Government censorship deprives us (currently) of *Ginger Man*, *Candy*, and the novels of Genêt, Le Roi Jones, Burroughs, and, not surprisingly, Pauline Réage. Moreover, we are not allowed to see the film *Ulysses*.

I don't know whether Huxley or Handlin is responsible for this quite incredible remark. Let me assure you that in comparison with Australia much of the United States is like a dirty weekend in Paris — and many of us would happily live in America for that reason.

DENNIS P. ALTMAN
Clayton, Victoria, Australia

SIR: Norman Ritter's article in the September issue, "Interstate 87," was significant because its publication implied *Atlantic* readers' interest in the problems raised by the government's mammoth program for bulldozing our landscape.

Many of us who fought, unsuccessfully, to stop Interstate 87, and who argued that the situation could have been taken care of by widening several existing parallel roads, were never given the opportunity to support the proposal to use federal funds for improving railroad service on the Harlem division of the New York Central that also parallels Interstate 87. This is the basic issue that should have been settled, at the very outset, long before the state's Department of Public Works was brought into the picture.

ROBERT C. WEINBERG
New York University

SIR: Stokely Carmichael seems curiously irrelevant arguing against white racism ("Dynamite," October *Atlantic*). He and Professor Charles Hamilton imply that black racism justifies itself because of "institutional racism" favoring whites. Understandable as this reaction grounded in frustrated ideals is, it can only distort and harm legitimate Negro-American aspirations for equal treatment. For it inflicts an unjustified racial reprisal against the very ones who will decide tomorrow's attitudes — for example, the daughter of a New York school principal I know was thrown out of SNCC and CORE after important efforts on their behalf because of her lack of skin pigmentation.

As to Harlem's "no high schools," any Harlem resident can inform the authors of the existence of Benjamin

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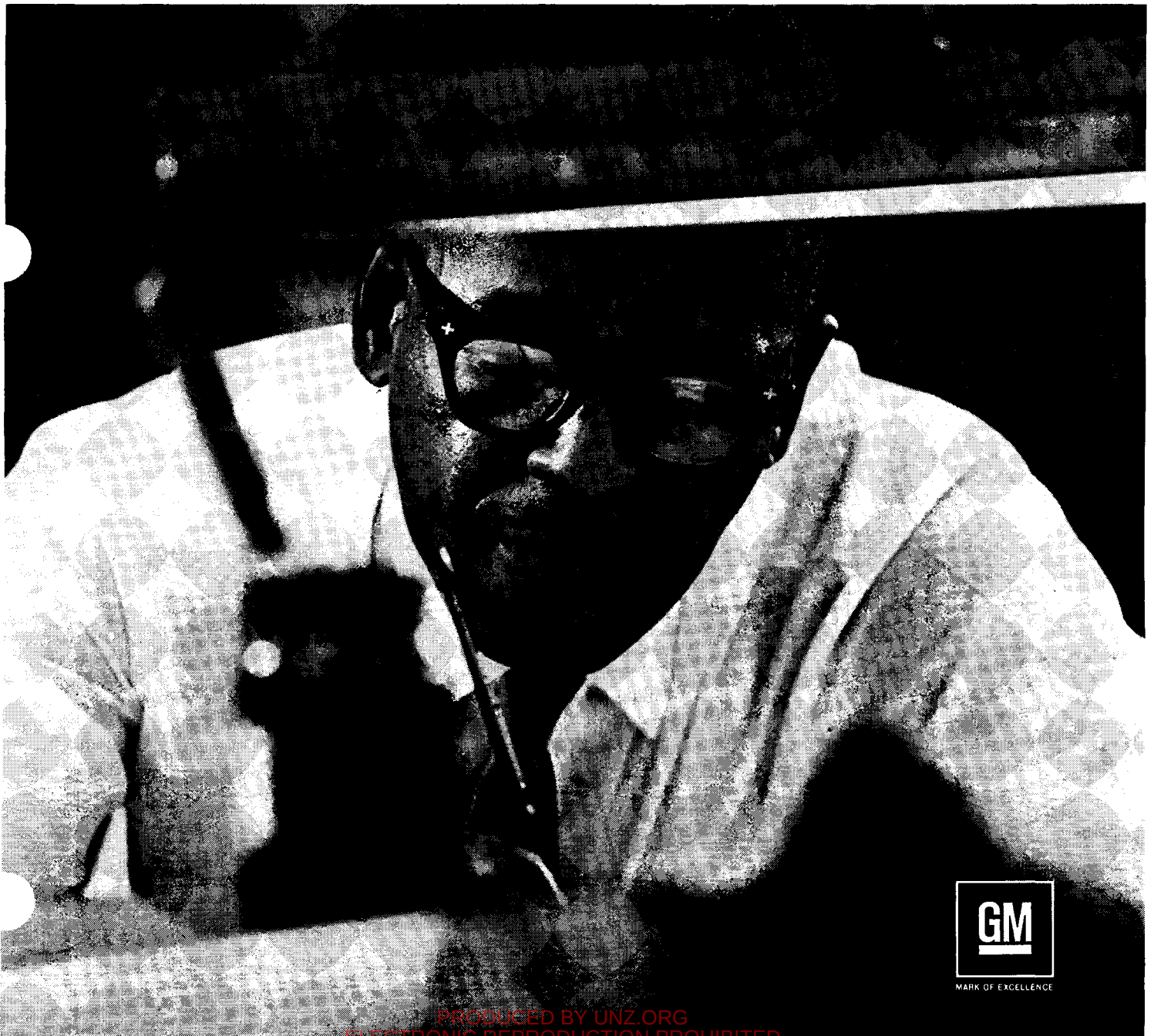
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Franklin High School at 125th Street and Franklin D. Roosevelt Drive, and Music and Art High School at 138th Street and St. Nicholas Terrace. Both schools have functioned, on admittedly very different levels, since the days of reform mayor Fiorello H. La Guardia. Music and Art students must pass a stiff admissions examination, but these days one can see many Negro faces in a predominantly white school in the midst of Harlem.

ARNOLD S. ROSENBERG
Danbury, Conn.

SIR: As one of the younger members of the Iowa Young Republicans, age twenty, who likes to identify himself with the forward-looking and yet thoughtful Republicans such as Charles Percy, Edward Brooke, and Iowa's Jack Miller, I find myself in complete agreement with Douglas Kiker's assessment of the National Young Republican Federation in the September Washington Report.

The YR hierarchy does not represent the "young" Republicans (at thirty to thirty-six is one still "young"?). And yet, attempts at reform are very difficult because the

"syndicate" is so deeply entrenched. They try to discourage entrance into the party organization by young people who are not of the same conservative stripe.

In so doing they are destroying the Grand Old Party that men such as Brooke, Percy, and Bliss are trying so hard to revitalize.

BRUCE THIER
Cedar Rapids, Iowa

SIR: Barbara Tuchman's article, "Israel's Swift Sword" (September *Atlantic*), gives justifiable credit to the efficiency of the I.D.F. However, her assertions regarding the "old inherited high value placed on human life" suffer from the same malaise that presently seems to characterize most Israelis.

I've recently returned from Israel. One of my favorite questions was, "How many people died during the six-day war?" The answer which I always received was six to seven hundred men, frequently with an explanation of the proportional significance of this figure. No one whom I questioned ventured a guess as to how many Arabs were killed or even expressed any concern as

to the number of Arab casualties.

It does not seem unfair to expect an answer such as "six to seven hundred of our men and the Lord knows how many Arabs" from a people who place such a "high value on human life."

AARON JACOB MILLER
Cambridge, Mass.

SIR: I was flabbergasted at your Gary, Indiana, Report in the October *Atlantic*.

From all I have read in the *Milwaukee Journal*, the *New York Times*, the *Los Angeles Times*, and *Time*, Mr. Hatcher is a well-qualified, able reform candidate who ran against the incumbent hack, a member of the Democratic machine which has made Gary one of the most corruptly and ineptly governed cities in the country. Having been born and brought up in Indiana, I find it difficult to accept Chuck Stone's assessment of the situation.

BARBARA HARRIS SWANSON
Wausau, Wis.

SIR: "The Flowering of the Hippies" by Mark Harris (September *Atlantic*) was most informative, especially to those of us who are unaccustomed to such unusual communal living. It would be interesting to know how other "established" communities react to such innovations of moral and civil laws.

I cannot help but comment that some of the "hippiest" of yesterday have become creative contributors to our American culture. It is to be hoped that this seemingly abundant group of inventive minds might be channeled to a profitable end, disregarding the extremely unreasonable means.

KATHLEEN CAREY
Omaha, Neb.

SIR: We enjoyed Charles W. Morton's brief satire ("My Compliments to the Chef . . ." August *Atlantic*) on the changes being brought about in many restaurants today. The new trend toward precooked, preportioned foods heated to serving temperature in seconds in microwave ovens is real.

The coined word "Radarang" is real, too. It is Raytheon Company's registered trademark for its microwave oven and not a generic name

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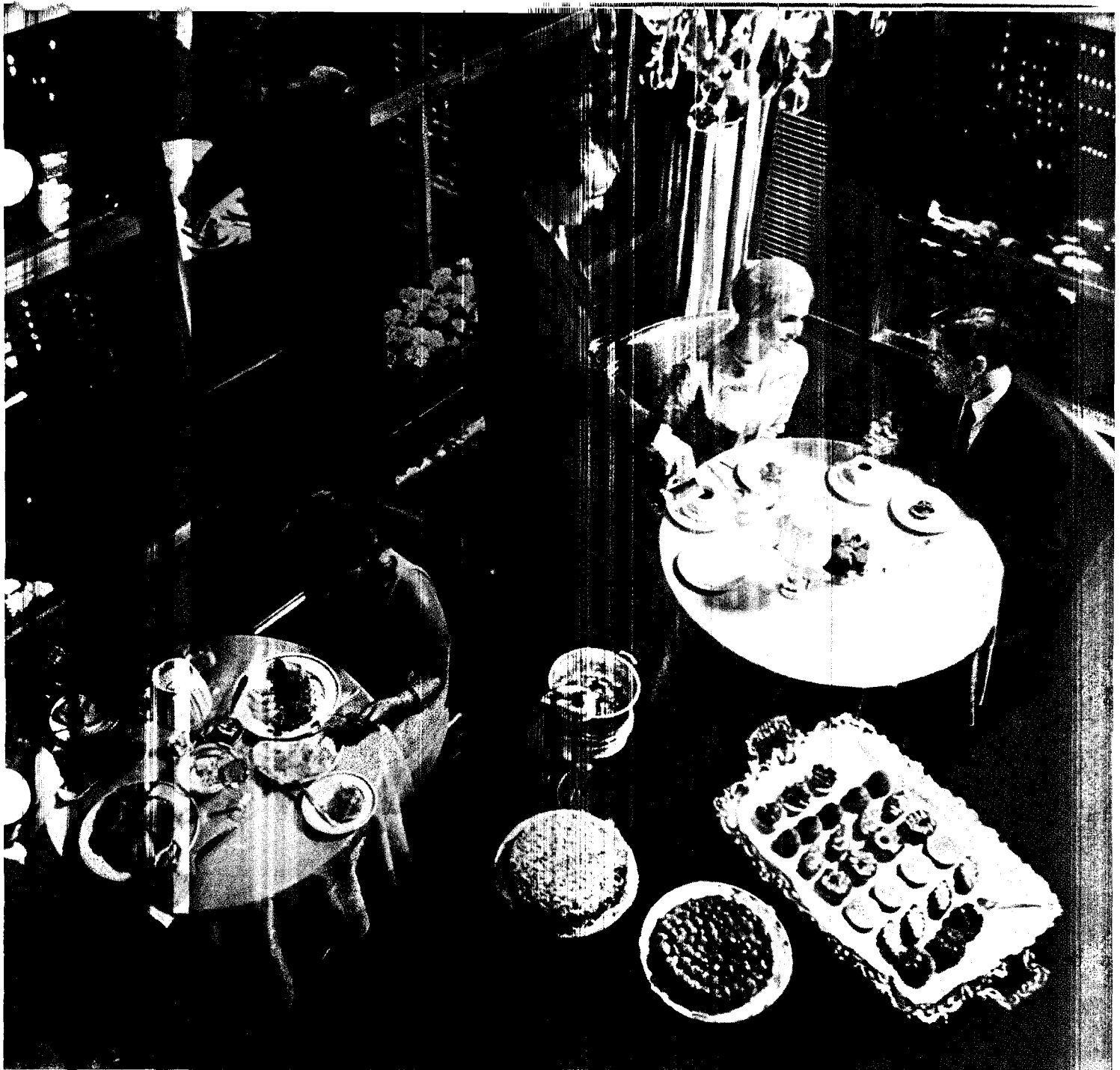
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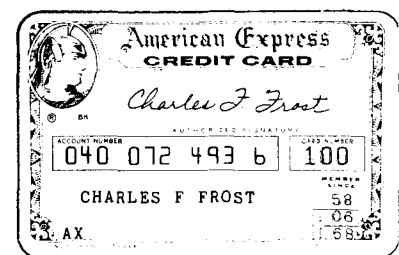
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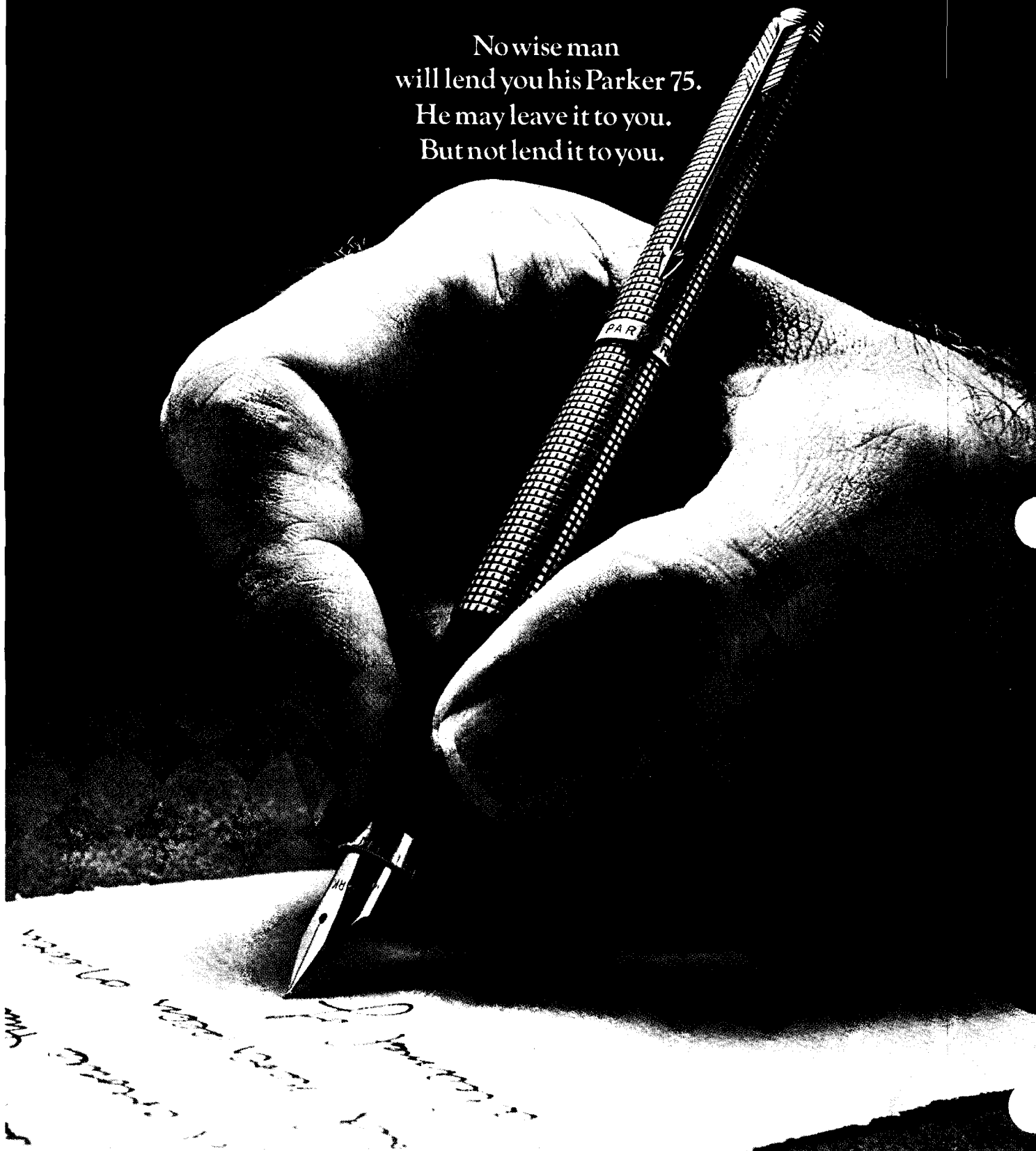
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SHEPHERDS VS. FLOCKS

Ministers and Negro Militancy

BY WILLIAM C. MARTIN

"Anyone can be a bigmouth. It's hard to be a pastor." So says one of the tough-minded Rochester ministers who have turned their churches into meeting houses for political activism. Allied with Negro leaders and lay community organizers, these militant "new breed" ministers have battled with corporations and public agencies for better jobs and housing, and have shattered traditional expectations of the ministry in the process. Mr. Martin, a Harvard Divinity School graduate and now a doctoral candidate in Harvard's department of religion and society, is chaplain of the Dana Hall School in Wellesley, Massachusetts.

IF GOD is dead, the role of the Christian minister is obviously in some peril. But even if He is alive, increasing secularization, the impotence of traditional church programs, and a new breed of young clergy are combining to hammer out new shapes for the ministry that not only depart from tradition but often run directly counter to established patterns. In recent years, laymen have learned to expect their ministers to be sensitive to the social implications of the Christian gospel — to preach on current problems, to work in various action groups, and perhaps even to march on Washington or Selma. Not all laymen approve, but few have seriously opposed their clergymen as long as they were talking and acting in the name of peace, reconciliation, and love. In growing numbers, however, clergymen are turning to a kind of social action whose watchwords are conflict, power, and self-interest. As they move into this new area, they are finding the ground less sure, the directions less well marked, and predictably, the response less tolerant. The results thrill, confuse, distress, and anger, often all at the same time. For the past three years the clergy of Rochester, New York, have been forging one of the most significant developments in this reshaping process.

Rochester is an affluent, progressive city with good reason to be proud of itself. Its homegrown

industries, led by Eastman Kodak and Xerox, have provided an abundance of jobs and a high standard of living. Its Junior Chamber of Commerce, Civic Music Association, and United Nations Association are among the largest in the nation. The city has an honorable tradition of public and private welfare — it originated the Community Chest concept. Rochester has absorbed several waves of European immigrants with marked success and had thought that it was doing an acceptable job with the influx of unskilled Negroes who migrated from the rural South in search of a better life. Then one July morning in 1964, the city awoke to find it had a race riot on its hands, one of the worst the nation had seen at that time.

Rochester had not really had time to assimilate the crush that poured into its center, swelling the Negro population from 7800 in 1950 to 35,000 in 1965. Like other Northern cities, it neither anticipated nor understood the difficulties Southern rural Negroes, with a background of intimidation, ramshackle housing, and infrequent employment, and the attendant meager existence "on the county," would have in adjusting to life in a Northern city built by and for the skilled and the highly motivated. The riots stunned and embarrassed — "The Negroes had no right to do that to us" —

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but they did not produce the conviction in civic leaders that anything radically different needed to be done. That conviction came from the clergy.

Soon after the riots the Rochester Ministers Conference, an association of Negro ministers, invited a team from Dr. Martin Luther King's Southern Christian Leadership Conference to visit in the Negro community. Their visit and the standard King approach failed to stir much more than indifference and impatient hostility — "What's all this Jesus crap?" The mood of the young men in the streets called for something more aggressive. At the suggestion of King's men, who were pressed by other commitments, the Negro clergy began to consider seeking assistance from Saul Alinsky's Chicago-based Industrial Areas Foundation.

Saul David Alinsky is a tough professional whose business and pleasure are to unite powerless people into community organizations that attack and demand concessions from established seats of power. He insists that no one gets anything without power and that no one gets power unless he takes it. To motivate people he seeks to organize, Alinsky makes naked appeals to their self-interest. And to make sure they know where their self-interest lies, he uncovers every festering sore of resentment in the community and rubs it raw with a sandpaper tongue. In the heat of a battle, he has the useful ability to sort grays into blacks and whites and to proceed as if all truth and light were on his side and all evil on that of his opponent. Alinsky's critics chide him for his lack of long-range strategy and his refusal, if not inability, to think abstractly, but none doubts his mastery of the irritating tactic.

Alinsky's philosophy and tactics find few parallels in traditional formulations of Christian social responsibility, but he enjoys enthusiastic, at times almost fanatic, support from a growing number of activist clergymen. When the Negro churchmen approached the interdenominational Board for Urban Ministry, a semi-autonomous offshoot of the Rochester Area Council of Churches, they found immediate favorable response. In the weeks that followed, the board investigated Alinsky's efforts elsewhere, and with the blessing of the board of directors of the Council of Churches, set out to raise the \$100,000 fee for two years of Alinsky's services. Local, regional, and national church bodies quickly pledged the money, and Rochesterians began to be aroused to what was happening.

The chief agents of opposition were the public media. The Gannett Press, which holds a monopoly in Rochester, launched an intensive campaign against Alinsky and his approach. The city's most powerful radio station, WHAM, joined the attack with editorial comments and a threat to drop the council's Sunday broadcast of church services if Alinsky accepted the invitation; this

threat was later carried out. Other voices in the community, including representatives of conventional social welfare organizations, also fired criticism at the Alinsky technique.

In the face of this intensive barrage, many laymen found themselves in a quandary over the role their pastors and denominational leaders were playing. For weeks, representatives of the Board for Urban Ministry and the Council of Churches spent their evenings interpreting the realities of life in the ghettos and the dynamics of the Alinsky approach to groups of troubled laymen. A few laymen canceled pledges to the council and their churches, but most got accustomed to the idea that, unpleasant as he might be, Saul Alinsky was going to be part of Rochester's life for at least two years.

IN APRIL, 1965, Alinsky's team began work. Attacks against the radio stations and newspapers, settlement houses, the Community Chest, the poverty program, the urban renewal authority, and any other individual or group that did not offer uncritical support raised the hackles of both blacks and whites. The team produced a "people's organization." At its initial session, the organization elected to call itself FIGHT, an acronym for Freedom, Integration, God, Honor, Today (at its June, 1967, convention, Integration was changed to Independence). It also elected as temporary chairman, and later as president, Franklyn D. R. Florence, minister of the Reynolds Street Church of Christ. Minister Florence — ministers of the Churches of Christ do not use the title "Reverend" — had served as the first vice president of the Rochester NAACP, but he was better known in the streets as a close friend of Malcolm X's. Malcolm's picture hangs on the wall at FIGHT headquarters. Florence wears a hat Malcolm gave him just before his death and plays records of Malcolm's speeches for white visitors in his home. And like Malcolm, Minister Florence bears a deep, flashing hostility toward most whites. From the earliest meetings, Florence made it clear that FIGHT was to be a black group. Most of the white liberals who were part of the original organization were soon squeezed out. Black power became more than a slogan.

FIGHT rocked along for over a year, suffering some defections, registering modest though not insignificant gains, and managing generally to maintain its image of uncompromising militance. In the churches, the pastors most outspoken in their support of FIGHT felt some pressures from dissident elements in their congregations, but more and more laymen seemed to appreciate the role of an organization attempting to speak for the voice-

less poor. Many joined with ministers, priests, and rabbis in Friends of FIGHT, a white group organized to serve as a link between FIGHT and the white community. Then FIGHT took what many felt was a fatal step by mounting an assault against Eastman Kodak.

A confrontation with Kodak had to come eventually. FIGHT wanted jobs, and Kodak employs 40,000 people in Rochester. The company already had a better than average record as an equal opportunities employer and had begun to show interest in training people unable to meet normal employment criteria. But Kodak also has a strong tradition of conducting its affairs from the top down. By keeping its employees happy with generous bonuses, good working conditions, and other benefits, the company has remained free of unions and carefully guards the established prerogatives of management. When Minister Florence and other FIGHT leaders approached Kodak in September, 1966, using terms like "demand" and "negotiate" and outlining the conditions under which they expected Kodak to hire a certain number of "hard-core" unemployed people, Kodak stiffened and repeated its intention to retain control of all hiring. At the same time, it urged FIGHT to refer people to existing programs designed for the underskilled.

Kodak's stance seemed reasonable to most Rochesterians, but FIGHT persisted. Finally, in mid-December, Kodak president (now chairman of the board) William Vaughn appointed a new team of men to meet with FIGHT. On December 20, John Mulder, an assistant vice president of the company, signed an agreement under the terms of which FIGHT was to recruit and refer 600 individuals to Kodak for employment over a two-year period. The document was a loosely worded affair, and some doubt it actually bound Kodak to anything. But it was an agreement, and FIGHT clearly regarded it as a major victory.

Two days later Kodak announced that Mulder had not been authorized to make such an agreement and that the company could not honor it. This announcement touched off six of the most bitter and explosive months Rochester had ever seen.

Though stung by the public rebuff, FIGHT quickly turned the December document into a *cause célèbre*. Minister Florence had an issue he could get his teeth into, and he bit to the bone. He painted Kodak as the corporate symbol of the lying white Devil. At his encouragement Stokely Carmichael swooped into Rochester to promise whatever national support might be needed to "bring Kodak to its knees." "When we get through," Stokely boasted, "Minister Florence will say 'Jump!' and Kodak will ask, 'How high?'" Most observers regard Carmichael's visit as a tactical error, but it

assured Negro militants that FIGHT was not knuckling under to Whitey, and it convinced cooler heads that some alternative had to be found before the anger in the ghetto became uncontrollable.

KODAK tried to improve the situation by announcing two new training programs, but in both cases the announcement was handled so inadroitly that, if anything, tension increased. Florence responded with a telegram predicting a "long hot summer" and an announcement that FIGHT planned to take its case before Kodak's annual stockholders' meeting at Flemington, New Jersey, on April 26, 1967.

Efforts redoubled, and in the early spring hope for a settlement began to develop. Since January a small group of influential ministers, including Dr. Gene Bartlett, president of Colgate-Rochester Divinity School, Episcopal Bishop George W. Barrett, and the Rev. Mr. Lloyd Peterson, the executive secretary of the Genesee Valley Presbytery, had been working quietly to find some solution with all the necessary ingredients: jobs for the poor, recognition and victory for FIGHT, and a way of getting Kodak out of the villain's role. The group soon expanded to include employment and industrial relations experts and representatives of local industries. Under the proposal it presented to FIGHT leaders, local industries would train and hire 1500 hard-core unemployed people over an eighteen-month period. All involved parties would cooperate to provide the motivation and discipline so commonly absent in the hard-core group.

FIGHT complained that this was another example of the white establishment's doing something for the poor without giving them an adequate voice in the process, but finally joined the program, called Rochester Jobs Incorporated. Minister Florence was elected a vice president and named to key committees. Clearly, FIGHT had gained an impressive victory and was undeniably, if indirectly, responsible for a precedent-setting partnership between private industry and the poor. Though no hiring quotas were announced, estimates placed Kodak's share at approximately 600. The solution appeared perfect. The poor — not 600, but 1500 — had the promise of jobs, FIGHT had its victory, and Kodak was apparently doing all FIGHT had ever asked of it. Then, to the dismay of the principals in Rochester Jobs, Minister Florence announced that the new program would not affect FIGHT's dispute with Kodak and that the protest at Flemington would occur as scheduled. FIGHT still wanted some kind of direct concession from Kodak.

The Flemington protest began impressively as

seven hundred people, rallied mainly by clergymen throughout the Northeast, marched quietly in a three-block rectangle in front of the small wooden legal office that serves as Kodak's official corporate headquarters. Later, they shifted to the high school auditorium where the actual stockholders' meeting was being held. At the meeting, however, FIGHT was outnumbered and overmatched. Chairman Vaughn explained the company's position, freely admitting that Kodak had been guilty of serious blunders and graciously acknowledging that FIGHT had caused Kodak and the city of Rochester to face its social responsibility more seriously. Vaughn's prepared address and his courteous, straightforward answers to the questions that followed convinced most of the already partisan audience that FIGHT was an unreasonable antagonist. Minister Florence, who had led his followers out of the meeting moments after it began, confirmed this picture with a second disturbance and a declaration of war against the company. The first offensive would be a "candlelight service" in front of Kodak's executive office on July 24, the third anniversary of the 1964 riots.

In the aftermath of Flemington, most observers agreed that Florence had done FIGHT's cause serious damage and that the chances for a full-scale riot were higher than at any time since 1964. Even the Council of Churches, in its first official criticism of FIGHT, passed a resolution criticizing the organization's intemperance and urging a cancellation of the candlelight demonstration. Fortunately, both sides recognized the situation was intolerable, and after a brief series of secret meetings, announced on June 23 that a mutually satisfactory agreement had been reached. FIGHT gained no promise of a specific number of jobs, but Kodak did agree to send recruiters into the ghetto alongside FIGHT workers. Perhaps most important of all, Kodak acknowledged FIGHT as "a broad-based community organization [speaking] in behalf of the basic needs and aspirations of the Negro poor in the Rochester area." FIGHT had finally won what it had sought so long — not just jobs, but jobs with recognition.

IN THE course of this ambiguous contest, some ministers found it impossible to continue in uncritical support of FIGHT's attack. But most who had backed the organization to this point fell in step and spoke out against Kodak from the pulpit, in church bulletins and newsletters, and in a variety of special meetings. Some denounced Kodak for everything from racism to cynicism to outright moral turpitude. The more moderate lamented the tension and wondered aloud if Kodak would have

been wiser to accept Mulder's blunder, if it was a blunder, and learn to live with the agreement.

This created severe strains and caused laymen to wonder if their pastors were really wolves in shepherds' clothing. Virtually every clergyman interviewed reported that the mood of his congregation turned sharply against FIGHT in the Kodak struggle. It is inaccurate to think of Rochester as a company town, but he who underestimates the devotion Rochesterians feel toward Eastman Kodak does so at his own peril. One minister, relatively new to the city, who took FIGHT's side of the controversy and found himself cut off from his people, said, "I had, without knowing it, attacked their grandmother. I didn't know that any American industry had so successfully fostered the 'Mother of us all' image. I had shot a mortal blow into their beloved."

The main target of the laymen's hostility has been the Area Council of Churches, even though it was the Board for Urban Ministry and not the council that was actually responsible for bringing Alinsky to Rochester. The distinction between the two, often overlooked, is strategically important. The council is composed of more than 200 member congregations and is ultimately answerable to them. The Board for Urban Ministry is composed of representatives from eight denominations and is thus not directly answerable to individual churches. According to the polity of the two organizations, the board could have invited Alinsky without the council's approval, and the council was not obligated to poll its member churches as to their desires in the matter. But polity and legal obligation aside, critics feel the council's failure to do a better job of informing and interpreting served to arouse lasting suspicion and hostility. Its reluctance to criticize anything FIGHT did served to intensify these feelings even further. Several members of the council's board admit this probably was a fault — "We assumed the only way we could support FIGHT was virtually uncritically; I'm not sure we owe that to anybody."

Letters and telephone calls — some reasonable, others obscene and threatening — poured into the council office. Numerous churches and individuals decided to "teach the council a lesson" by lowering or canceling contributions for the coming fiscal year. One church, recognizing that FIGHT was only one part of the council's activity, raised its contribution \$500, but accompanied its pledge with a letter strongly critical of the council's stance. Others were not so charitable. At the final tally, the council's annual fund drive for the coming year missed its goal by \$20,000. Ironically, the attempt to punish the council has had no effect whatever on FIGHT, which has in fact been guaranteed third-year funding by the various de-

nominal bodies and church agencies, nor on the Board for Urban Ministry, which is also funded denominationally and has never been more secure financially.

Denominational authorities came in for their share of flak as well. At one point in the spring, the Rev. Mr. Peterson's presbytery office had received letters from twelve of eighty-one churches in the area protesting Presbyterian involvement. In one week twenty-five families left the Presbyterian church in protest over a resolution issued by a Presbyterian-affiliated conference. In his career as a church executive, Peterson said, this was an unprecedented response. Still, the presbytery, which includes a high percentage of laymen, voted 114 to 20 in favor of third-year funding.

One result of this struggle at the denominational level is increased awareness of the significance of polity. A Presbyterian minister who has been under heavy fire said, "I never really appreciated the value of a 'connectional' church until now. I don't see how men without this kind of denominational support hang in there." Many of them do not. In churches without a strong local-level organization — Methodist, Lutheran, and United Church of Christ — support for FIGHT has been noticeably less enthusiastic. Some ministers in these churches have been heavily involved, and others have been inactive or opposed out of personal conviction, but men who might have backed FIGHT if they had received strong denominational support have proved more vulnerable to congregational pressure than have, for example, Presbyterians or Episcopalians.

In virtually every church of every participating denomination, discussion, tension, and strain have occurred. Some churches have managed to discuss the issues, take positions, and contain opposing viewpoints without disruption of their congregational life. The leaders of one old church with a long history of involvement told its young minister, "If you think this is rough, you should have been here when we argued prohibition." Others, many others, have not been so resilient. Several ministers reported a drop in attendance and a few withdrawals of membership. More widespread was the cancellation of pledges, sometimes running into thousands of dollars. One elderly lady probably speaks for many who responded this way: "I'm not spending Kodak's money [her pension] to support FIGHT." Another parishioner informed his pastor that he was withholding his pledge until August; if there had been no riots by that time, he would make it good. Resentment of church involvement ran so high in some congregations that church leaders would not pass out brochures presenting FIGHT's request for third-year funding until after the annual pledge drive.

The loss of members and money affects a minister because they are tangible signs of his professional "success," however much he may wish they were not. But the confusion, bitterness, and hostility that he sees in his people cause him the greatest pain. The most common response of parishioners to their pastor's espousal of FIGHT's cause was a withdrawal of friendship and communication. "They just won't talk to me," one pastor said. "They walk right past me on Sunday morning without speaking or shaking hands." In another case, members made a point of telling the minister's children that the church could never make progress until their father left. In some churches dissident laymen organized attempts to get rid of the offending minister. In others, leaders withheld salary increments or warned the pastor not to spend too much of his time in activities related to FIGHT.

Even the pastors who basically agree with their people feel the strain. The pastor of a large church said, "I worry about people who are trying to take the Christian faith seriously but are not mature enough to understand this and start worrying about their whole faith." Another expressed special concern for the elderly. "They deserve to die in some sort of peace. It hurts me to see them mad and suffering. It really doesn't make much difference what they think about FIGHT. I hate to raise doubts in their mind. There's always a chance I may not have the strength to bring them through." Another young pastor, not long out of seminary, summarized his experience neatly: "Anybody can be a bigmouth. It's hard to be a pastor."

Some clergymen, including men who have received death threats and bribery offers, appear to thrive on the conflict, or at least not to be seriously troubled by it. For others, the pressure is almost too much to bear. One young pastor explained, "I came out of seminary with the idea of helping people. I had some avant-garde ideas and I realized some people would resist them, but I had no image of people trying to sink both me and the church. It raises hell with a guy's feelings to have his self-image of Friend and Helper swapped for Enemy of the People." Several expressed concern for colleagues who had developed ulcers or who suffered from heart trouble. And none could forget the tragedy of last December when the pastor of the First Baptist Church in suburban Brighton, after intensive harassment for his social and political views, was found hanging in the church basement, an apparent suicide.

Many, of course, have remained uninvolved. Fundamentalist and evangelical churches not associated with the Council of Churches generally avoid participation in social or political controversy as a matter of theological conviction — Negro churches, in Rochester and elsewhere, are frequent

exceptions to this rule. Most of these groups believe that the mission of the church is to win souls to Christ and to prepare individuals for life after death. A few see no relationship between what happens in the street and what happens in their churches. The deed of one church prohibits the discussion of social or political issues anywhere on church property. And some are simply not aware of what is going on in their city. One insisted that Negroes "are basically a happy, satisfied people who like to work as servants and live in a haphazard way." He doubted many in his church would object if Negroes tried to become members, "but, of course, if too many came, then we'd start a colored work." Another admitted he was not too well informed about FIGHT, but he hoped Hoagy Carmichael would not get to be its president. Most, however, are as concerned as their more liberal colleagues but cannot reconcile conflict tactics with their understanding of the gospel. "We feel," one evangelical minister said, "that you will never get rid of slums until you get rid of the slum in men. You have to start with the individual man, and you don't start by teaching him to hate."

Besides these, there are other Protestant clergy who have elected not to back FIGHT, either because of disagreement with its goals and tactics or because of individual circumstances such as age, health, or special situations in their churches.

Roman Catholic involvement has been a late but significant factor in the controversy, especially since Bishop Fulton J. Sheen named Father P. David Finks as his Vicar for Urban Ministry. Finks is a member of both FIGHT and Friends of FIGHT. Though far less vulnerable to congregational pressures than are their Protestant colleagues, priests have also felt indications of disfavor ranging from sharp criticism to the lament that "our priests would never have gotten mixed up in this thing if they hadn't started hanging around with Protestants."

WHEREVER the credit or blame lies, there is no question that Rochester's clergymen, Negro and white, are primarily responsible for having brought major rearrangements to the city's standing order. The most tangible result has been more jobs for the poor. Much remains to be done in housing and education, but a dent has been made. Several nonprofit corporations, including one begun by the Council of Churches and another apparently inspired by Rochester Jobs Incorporated, are preparing to erect new housing for low- and middle-income families. It is still too early to assess FIGHT's somewhat limited attempts to affect educational policy, but one can safely assume that no school board or superintendent, or for that matter

any shaper of community policy, will ever overlook Rochester's Negro population again. That, perhaps, is FIGHT's most significant achievement. It has given a voice to those who had none. Even middle-class Negroes who dislike FIGHT's tactics and who doubt the validity of some of its claims admit they are now heard more readily.

For men of God to champion the cause of the poor and oppressed and to stand alongside them in their attempts to secure goals such as these is, of course, nothing new in the Judeo-Christian tradition. The prophets of Israel railed against those who "trample the head of the poor into the dust of the earth," and Jesus' critics reviled Him for keeping the company of society's outcasts. But Christian ministers have seldom interpreted their responsibility to the have-nots in terms of using deliberate conflict to organize them into power groups able to demand concessions from the haves. What has made the difference in Rochester?

Two factors, closely related, emerge as particularly important. The first is the role of church agencies that are relatively free to initiate and execute action on their own. The Board for Urban Ministry issued the invitation to Alinsky and led in providing his fee. Over half the fee came from church agencies such as the Presbyterian Board of National Mission. Much of FIGHT's most articulate support at Flemington came from similar denominational offices. These agencies and their staffs are ultimately responsible to a constituency, but even if that constituency opposes a policy decision strongly enough to try to countermand it, it is likely to move too late or hit the wrong target.

The second key factor is the small group of activists who formed a close-knit team during the period when the invitation to Alinsky was being considered. This team, which included most of the staff of the Board for Urban Ministry and the Council of Churches, plus a handful of parish ministers, established its leadership at the outset by selling the Alinsky program to the governing bodies of their respective denominations. Once this core group got things under way, they were joined by others who shared their aims, if not their innovating spirit.

The enlarged team is certainly not a homogeneous group, but discernible patterns do emerge. Most are young and relatively new to Rochester. Most studied at liberal interdenominational seminaries, often under men considered too radical for the parish ministry. They talk of the church's mission primarily in this-worldly terms — "bringing about authentic relationships," "making people whole," "making human beings truly human." One explained half-apologetically, "I'm not old enough to think in otherworldly terms. I've just lately become aware of my own finitude."

The theologians they cite most often are men like Dietrich Bonhoeffer and Harvey Cox, who speak of the desacralized role Christians must play in the secular city. Another favorite is Joseph Fletcher, whose "situation ethics," with its sweeping aside of hard-and-fast ethical rules, has eased the strain of defending Alinsky's controversial ethical statements (an example: "If the end does not justify the means, what the hell does?"). To a man, they accept the doctrine that power is necessary to bring social change and that change comes from the bottom up. Some concede the existence of a sizable reservoir of goodwill in Rochester, but they doubt its gates would ever have been opened voluntarily. "Don't underestimate the intransigence of the privileged," one man cautioned. "Nobody with four aces ever asks for a new deal."

Ten years ago, these same men might have been more reluctant to run the risks of controversy, out of fear of endangering their careers. A note of encouragement from the denominational social action board is scant compensation for a parish in the boondocks. As leading denominations have identified with the civil rights movement, however, sanctions and rewards have been rearranged. Now, the man who attacks social problems aggressively may stand a better chance of career advancement than his more cautious colleague. One activist explained, "This is where the action is going to be for the next few years. Sure, some churches wouldn't want me, but most that I would be interested in will be looking for men with experience in this area." As evidence that this is not just wishful thinking, several key members of the "team" who were under heavy pressure from their churches left Rochester during the past summer for more attractive positions in other cities. And for those who prove too radical for the parish, there is always the possibility of a good staff job at the denominational headquarters.

This clear-eyed appraisal of the potential benefits to oneself of involvement in controversy, though certainly a minor motivating factor, is part of the same pragmatic spirit that makes the Alinsky approach appeal to these clergymen in the first place. Alinsky's current romance with church leaders does not stem from a courtship of praise and flattery; he never misses a chance "to rub their tails raw with the crucifix." They like him because he enables them to feel they are doing something concrete, however small, about real problems, however large. They pepper their conversation with phrases like "gut issues," "nitty-gritty," and "telling it like it is," and are convinced they are "where it's at." They are fascinated by Alinsky's tactical cleverness, though

some think him excessively crude on occasion. And they believe he is a winner. Winning is terribly important to these men. By abandoning cheek-turning for techniques of aggression and conflict, they have risked their identity as Christian ministers. They cannot afford to lose.

This quest for victory has produced its distortions. Kodak supporters feel the company has been the victim of irresponsible and sometimes dishonest attacks by local and national clergymen. They complain that articles in some church publications smack of having been researched at the airport, with no attempt to get both sides of the controversy. Some of FIGHT's strongest backers think that the tendency to put all the blame on the opposition did little credit to the clergy's powers of discernment or sense of fairness. One complained, "I think Kodak is wrong, but it doesn't help to picture FIGHT as completely virtuous and Kodak as the archetypical bitch. It just isn't true and people won't buy it." Others have criticized the clergy for not taking issue with FIGHT statements which they knew to be inaccurate or misleading and for remaining silent at such offenses as an anti-Semitic remark Minister Florence made in an exchange with School Superintendent Herman Goldberg.

Those who support FIGHT generally but have questioned some of its tactics or the "team's" uncritical support have been regarded with almost as much hostility as outright opponents. A minister who tried to stay in contact with both sides reflected, "It's hard for one man to be an innovator and a reconciler at the same time. I wish we could understand and appreciate each other instead of acting like enemies, but I guess that's too much to hope for."

Most "team" members are aware of these faults and concede that participation in conflict requires great personal discipline — in securing technical competence to speak responsibly on matters of employment, housing, and education; in sorting out legitimate goals and finding means of obtaining them that do not do violence to the values represented by the goals; and in developing an understanding of the Christian ministry that enables them to participate in conflict situations without fragmenting their self-understanding. The clergymen of Rochester are acquiring this discipline, and they look forward to using it again. "I expect to be involved in conflict the rest of my life," one of the "team's" young leaders said. "It's rather exhilarating. This is the most exciting time in the world for a minister. When I left seminary, the big question was, 'Is the ministry relevant?' Nobody asks that anymore in Rochester."

BOOKS and MEN *What hit the country in October, 1929? The stock market crash, yes. But what else? A literary whirlwind out of Asheville, North Carolina, by way of Harvard and Brooklyn. His name was Thomas Wolfe, and his first book, LOOK HOMEWARD, ANGEL, struck the American scene like few novels before or since. From Andrew Turnbull's excellent biography THOMAS WOLFE, to be published in February by Scribner's, we offer this account of the writer's leap to a fame that he enjoyed for but a few years — until his death in 1938.*

THOMAS WOLFE ARRIVES

by ANDREW TURNBULL



MAX PERKINS, Scribner's great editor, first heard the name Thomas Wolfe in September, 1928, when Madeleine Boyd, a literary agent, who had come to see him on other business, kept bringing up "a wonderful novel about an American boy" which was seeking a publisher. His curiosity aroused, Perkins asked to see it, and she agreed to send it on condition that he read every word. Although delighted with the opening pages — a description of Eugene's father as a boy watching Lee's ragged horde march on Gettysburg — Perkins was disappointed by the ensuing section about Gant's life before he settled in Altamont. He went back to other matters, delegating the reading to a lieutenant, who presently drew his attention to the scene where Ben Gant, the undertaker, and the doctors are conversing in the greasy spoon. Perkins now dropped everything and read straight through the manuscript, knowing when he finished that it had to be published whatever the difficulties, and he anticipated the worst — especially after Wolfe's first letter from abroad which told of having his head bashed and his nose broken at the *Oktoberfest* in Munich.

On January 2, 1929, when Perkins glanced up from his desk to see Wolfe's giant frame filling the doorway, he was reminded of Shelley, who also had

a disproportionately small head and wild hair and a luminosity of expression. Visibly trembling, Wolfe took off his coat and sat down as this mild-mannered New England-looking gentleman, with almost no preliminaries, began discussing the scene in *O Lost* where the madam buys a stone angel from Gant for the grave of one of her "girls."

"I know you can't print that," Wolfe broke in. "I'll take it out at once, Mr. Perkins."

"Take it out?" The blue eyes looked offended. "Why, it's one of the greatest short stories I've ever read!"

Perkins said he had been reading it aloud to Hemingway the week before, and he thought *Scribner's Magazine* might buy it, whereupon Wolfe jumped to the conclusion that this little bit was all they wanted, and his heart sank. But then Perkins went on to speak of the book as a whole and of problems arising from its length and lack of coherence, and when Wolfe saw that Perkins was seriously interested, he talked wildly of cutting this and that, only to have Perkins reply in a well-bred half whisper with a faint rasp to it, "No, no — you must let that stay word for word — that scene is simply magnificent." Referring now to a sheaf of handwritten notes, Perkins went over the manu-

script in detail, and for the first time Wolfe felt he was getting criticism he could really use. The parts Perkins suggested cutting or altering were invariably the least interesting and essential, while the parts Wolfe had thought too earthy or profane for publication Perkins urged him to keep.

At the end of the conference Wolfe was told to go home and think it over, and five days later he came back with an outline of his contemplated revision. When he asked Perkins if he might say something definite about publication to a dear friend — meaning Aline Bernstein — Perkins smiled and said he thought so, that their minds were practically made up. On his way out of the office Wolfe ran into John Hall Wheelock, the poet who was also a Scribner editor; Wheelock said he hoped Wolfe had a good place to work — “you’ve got a big job ahead” — and Wolfe reeled out of the building in a drunken glory, knowing that his book would indeed be published. Scribner’s is at Forty-eighth Street, and when Wolfe came to his senses, he was on One-hundred-and-tenth, with no memory of how he had gotten there. He spent the next week in a delirium that reminded him of the Stephen Leacock character “who sprang upon his horse and rode madly off in all directions.” He would be sitting in the Harvard Club staring stupidly at the publisher’s letter of acceptance, when suddenly he would get the urge to rush outside and walk up Fifth Avenue for miles, pausing now and then to inspect the unsigned contract and the uncashed \$450 advance which lived in his breast pocket. On January 12, having worked off some of his buoyancy in a forty-five-page screed to Mrs. Roberts, he finally got down to work. (Mrs. Roberts, his former teacher and the fairy godmother of his youth, on hearing the news, had written Tom, “Good Lord, Boy, my heart thrills so I can’t think. . . . It had to come, but I never dared to hope that it could come to you *so young*. . . . I should think the stars would just be swarming about you so that they bump into each other, and knock off great swirls of star dust.”)

THOUGH Tom and Aline were back together and the prospect of being published had made him easier to live with, he had taken an apartment by himself at 27 West Fifteenth Street, not wanting to merge with her as completely as before. A few years later she would write a story picturing a typical day in this Indian summer of their love. It is spring, and going to Wolfe’s apartment, she finds him sprawled across the bed in trousers, shirt, and shoes, his face spangled with sweat, his hair glistening, his shirt damp. Beside him is a coffee cup whose unmatching saucer overflows with cigarette butts. Scattered about the floor are more

butts, sprinklings of ashes, odd socks, a collar or two, several neckties, and myriad books — some open face up, some open face down, some piled together. She kisses him awake, saying, “Your neck is all sweaty, you smell like a little baby out of its nap, you smell like musty books and I love them!” Holding her tight and trying to draw her back into sleep with him, he answers, “You smell like goose grease, all Jews smell like goose grease, but you smell like a flower too, a fresh dewy flower just out of the bathtub.”

Wolfe has a lunch date with Perkins, and Aline has bought him a blue polka-dot tie which is “going to make that new blue suit hum, and all the lunch you don’t spill on the suit you can sop up with the tie. You tell your friend up on Fifth Avenue that he had better bring an extra fifty cents along to feed the clothes.”

Wolfe explains how he happens to be sleeping fully dressed. He had worked till five that morning, when two friends from Asheville had turned up with a bottle of corn liquor, and after a few drinks it had seemed only fair to show them his new suit. He had put on the trousers — then one of the friends had phoned his girl, and they had another drink because she was angry. Wolfe had tried to pacify her. “Think of all the girls,” he said, “who are never called up at 5:30 A.M., all the girls who are never called up at all! How the hell would you like to be one of those girls?” When his friends had left, he had fallen asleep reading a poem of Herrick’s, and opening the volume now with Aline at his side, he says, “Listen to this, my dear, how beautiful, they can’t do it any more. That ungainly minister in his country parsonage, writing about a little child, about the little child’s faith.”

Aline lies very still, transported by his reading, until she remembers his appointment. She tells him to shave and bathe, while she makes his coffee.

“Right you are,” he says, springing to life. “You’re not right often, but this is one of the occasions. Coffee is the correct word, coffee and no bath. The papers will carry tomorrow morning, ‘Mr. Thomas Wolfe introduced a novel custom for breakfast yesterday. He had coffee and no bath. Mr. Wolfe is the son of Mrs. Julia Wolfe of Asheville, well known in real estate circles.’ ”

“If you will kindly move your great hulking frame away from the sink,” Aline interrupts, “I will fill the kettle and make the first item of the new-style breakfast.”

In the midst of shaving at the dish-laden sink, Wolfe cranes around to see what Aline is doing and drips lather on his new pants. The hot water is running, and the stream catching the edge of a plate spurts fine beads down his leg. His mind is a battlefield. He wants to stay and lunch with Aline, he wants to go uptown and lunch with Perkins,

he wants to walk uptown, he wants to ride up on the bus, he wants to take a taxi and dash up to the door, he wants to stay home and write, he wants to lie on the bed and hold Aline close to him, he wants to tease and torment her and make her cry, he wants her to go away and leave him alone, he wants to stand by the window and let his soul float out into the infinite, he wants to think about all the books he is going to write, he wants a long drink of gin that is in the closet where Aline won't be likely to see it, he wants to live in everyone's house and find out what they are like.

At the last minute Aline notices that a sleeve of his new jacket reposing on the floor has taken a little drink of coffee from a used saucer, and having cleaned it as best she can, she hustles him out the door only half an hour late for his appointment.

TO KEEP him solvent until his book appeared, Wolfe was working part time at N.Y.U. He had one section of English Composition and was marking papers in a Bible course as well; "the hated teaching now become strangely pleasant," he wrote Mrs. Roberts. Musing on his possible access of fortune, he told the student who was typing the revision of *O Lost*, "I wouldn't know how to spend more than \$6,000 a year. I'd like to have ten thousand books. I'd like to spend about a thousand dollars a year for books [and have] a two or three room apartment with a Negro chef about forty years of age — I love to eat, you know. I shall marry at seventy-three. Life is too short to be mixed up in nasty complications with other people. A shack on a sea cliff in summer. Then Europe perhaps once a year, a few months at a time, living liberally. Two thousand dollars is a sufficient sum for that. But it all depends on the success of the book, and if it should fail, it would hurt terribly."

By the end of March he had finished the revision to his satisfaction but not to Scribner's, for the manuscript he brought back was only eight pages shorter than the original. His cuts had been virtually nullified by additions, and Perkins realized he must step in or the job would never get done. So began their collaboration; during the next two months they met at Scribner's in the evening to decide what should be left out. Though they haggled at times, Wolfe for the most part accepted Perkins' suggestions with good grace, grumbling to friends, however, that "those bastards at Scribner's told me they'd publish my book and now they want to tear it to pieces." Once he pounded up the stairs to Madeleine Boyd's fourth-floor apartment bellowing, "Madeleine, they're cutting the balls out of my novel!" and the French hair-

dresser on the second floor went to Mrs. Boyd wringing his hands and saying, "My ladies, my ladies — they are shocked — can't you do something?"

Legend exaggerates the extent of the editing. In the end eleven hundred typewritten pages were cut to about eight hundred. To give the story the unity of unfolding through Eugene's memories, the father's pre-Altamont existence, which Perkins had found slow going, was omitted, as were Wolfe's digressions on politics, morals, and religion, and the histories of minor characters were thinned. Rambling sequences, such as Eugene's career at the state university, were condensed, and one important transposition was made: Gant's homecoming trolley ride through Altamont was shifted from Part II to Part I for greater impact. Here and there, gutter words were euphemized, and a few of the coarser passages were toned down. But in his original "Note to the Publisher's Reader" accompanying the manuscript, Wolfe had said that it did not seem to him the book was overwritten and that what came out "must come out block by block and not sentence by sentence," and so it occurred. Perkins' editing was chiefly a matter of architecture, of eliminating chunks so as to give harmony and proportion to the whole. He didn't tamper with the actual writing, which in his estimation bore the signature of a great artist. He asked for a better title, however, and Wolfe drew an inspired one from the couplet in "Lycidas":

Look homeward, Angel, now, and melt with ruth.
And, O ye Dolphins, waft the hapless youth.

A month later, when Wolfe visited the Scribner art department to see the first printed sample, or dummy, of his book, the two young women who worked there were nonplussed by the colossus who ducked his head and thrust his shoulders sideways to get through their door, talking all the while in an eager, resonant stammer to Perkins, who was leading him along. After the introductions, Wolfe sat down and immediately rose again on hearing an ominous creak. "D-do you mind?" he said. "I th-think I'd better try another chair." When one of the girls pushed forward a substitute of solid oak, he thanked her as if he were being offered a golden throne. His suit was rumpled, there were spots on his tie, and he kept thrusting his fingers through his slicked-down hair, causing it to stand up in oily little anchovies, but his warmth and his delight in the occasion made one forget his peculiarities. When the dummy was brought out — a few printed pages with the blue binding and rainbow-hued wrap of the first edition — his huge hand clamped around it and

held it at arm's length. After gazing at it in silence, he said to Perkins, "You know, it's like a m-miracle. Six months ago if anyone had s-said I'd be holding my own book — a *p-printed book* right here in my own hand — I'd have t-told them they were crazy."

Early in June the manuscript went to press, and the last part of July he and Aline took a cottage in Maine where he slept on a porch surrounded by spruce woods, with the ocean lapping twenty-five yards away. He fished off a rotten wharf and walked along the shore road of Boothbay Harbor by moonlight. His days were spent correcting proof, and in the process of making the final version deeper, fuller, and truer to himself, he interpolated so many things that the printer's surcharge came to \$700, which by rights he should have paid, but Scribner's absorbed it. Now that he was doing the work he loved, his whole life seemed miraculous. A boy from the mountains born in a strange, wild family, he had gone beyond the mountains and known the state, had gone beyond the state and known the nation, had attended its greatest university and worked in its greatest city and traveled beyond the seas. "Because I was penniless and took one ship instead of another," he wrote Wheelock, "I met the great and beautiful friend who has stood by me through all the torture, struggle, and madness of my nature for over three years." And now, to top it all, a fine publisher was bringing out his book, a sample of which appeared in the August issue of *Scribner's Magazine*. "An Angel on the Porch," Gant's interview with the madam which Perkins had admired, was offered as "the first work of a new writer about whom much will be heard this fall." Wolfe expected the story's publication to be accompanied by convulsions of the earth, falling meteors, and a general strike, but a few friends mentioned it and that was all.

In September he went home — his first visit for over two years, his last for eight to come — and as the giant worm of the train twisted through the slashed, red gorges up into the mountain fastness whence he had begun his trek across the world, his feelings were a mixture of fatality and elation. He had made good; he was a credit to his community, still blissfully unaware of its impending exposure at his hands. In Asheville everyone was cordial and rooting for his success. He wrote Perkins that in his family "we get one another crazy — I've been here a week and I'm about ready for a padded cell. But no one's to blame." His reluctance to discuss his book made his sister, Mabel, fear, she later confessed, that it was "one of those boring philosophies or criticisms or a book on the Negro Mulatto subject." She doubted that ten Ashevilleans would read it, even after Tom took her aside to say he had written some things people weren't

going to like and that next time he came home it would probably be incognito. But he hoped Mabel would understand and realize that he had tried to do his best.

As an insurance against the oblivion that awaits most first novels, he went on teaching at N.Y.U., for though his heart was "beating a roll-call against [his] ribs," he thought it "just as well, perhaps, to have an anchor that will keep me on earth, unless I go into the balloon service permanently." In his classes he paced back and forth with the same brooding intensity, his eyes blazing when he was moved, which was most of the time. One day he came in exulting that "they've given me a whole window at Scribner's" — referring to the bookstore's display of *Look Homeward, Angel* — and thereafter part of every hour was devoted to behind-the-scenes anecdotes about its reception.

FOR A man, what can compare with living with a dream and realizing it after long struggle? In Wolfe's case, coming as he did from a comparatively simple, unlettered background, the romance of the printed word intensified the rapture of literary success. Though the first review of *Look Homeward, Angel* in the *New York World* made fun of its "musings over destiny, fate, love, ah me, ah me," the all-important ones in the *Sunday Times* and *Herald Tribune* were such unqualified raves that Perkins ordered a second printing. At which point Wolfe was brought up short by repercussions from home.

Asheville had been reading his book as confession or autobiography, which in a sense it was. In the original version of *O Lost*, the members of his immediate family had been called by their real first names, although before publication all were changed except Ben's, Grover's, and W. O.'s, the three who had died. In many cases the names of subordinate characters pointed to their flesh-and-blood counterparts; thus Horace Williams was Vergil Weldon in the novel, French Toms was Tom French, Roy Dock was Guy Doak, and so on. When Perkins had voiced alarm about the family's naked portrayal, Wolfe had said, "But Mr. Perkins, you don't understand — I think these are *great* people who ought to be told about," and Perkins realized that, in the profound sense, *Look Homeward, Angel* was transcendently a work of the imagination. He had never had an author who gave such a sense of creating a universe *ex nihilo*, as in the first book of Genesis. More seer than reporter, closer to reality than to actuality, Wolfe couldn't help transmuting everything he touched. "There is scarcely a scene that has its base in literal fact," he had said in the "Note to the Publisher's Reader."

"The book is . . . a fiction that grew out of a life completely digested in my spirit, a fiction which telescopes, condenses, and objectifies all the random or incompleted gestures of life — which tries to comprehend people, in short, not by telling what people did, but by what they should have done."

Though his characters invariably took off from persons he had known whose mannerisms were recognizable in the finished portrait, he infused them with his own vitality, and by heightening this trait and suppressing that, he distorted his models in a way that made them truer to the human condition. In this respect he was the source and root of his characters, their lives flowed from him, and the country at large welcomed *Look Homeward, Angel* as a powerful and original work of art. Asheville, however, which had given the potter his clay, reviled it as malicious gossip.

On the street, at clubs, bridge parties, teas, and social gatherings of every kind, *Look Homeward, Angel* was Asheville's major topic in the weeks following its appearance.

"Have you read it?"

"Isn't it awful?"

"Such a terrible thing to write about his own people!"

"He's a mad genius."

"Did you recognize ____?"

"Now that Tom mentions it, I remember quite clearly —"

And the person would go on to certify as historical fact some peccadillo which Wolfe had made up out of whole cloth. Soon he was getting anonymous letters which began, "Sir: You are a son of a bitch," and an old lady he had known all his life wrote him that though she had never believed in lynch law, she would do nothing to prevent a mob from dragging his "big, overgrown karkus" across Pack Square. His mother, she said, had taken to her bed white as a ghost and would never rise again.

Actually, Julia was behaving with her usual fortitude. "I don't object," she told Fred and Mabel. "He can paint me up like old Carolina Peavine [a local beggar woman] if he can make a success of his writings." If Julia was hurt, she concealed it and brushed aside those who sought to commiserate with her.

For example, the woman who phoned her and said, "I knew Tom when he was a little boy, and I always liked him."

"Yes," said Julia expectantly.

"And I know you always tried to bring up your family the best you could, but Mrs. Wolfe —"

"Well, thank you," Julia cut it. "It's very nice of you to say that. Tom's doing fine, and we're all well. Goodbye."

Recalling the incident in later years, she would shake her head and laugh. "I knew what she was

trying to say, but I tell you, I just didn't give her a chance."

Mabel was less controlled. She felt that Tom had blackened their origins, and she suffered acutely when some of the women at her club cut her because of the book. Presently she rallied, writing Tom that he had put them on the map and that she would sell her ticket to heaven for a little of the recognition he was receiving. Fred, too, when he got over the initial shock, sided with Tom and was able to joke about it in a letter. He said that in the next book he hoped Tom wouldn't write "so damn deeply. *Look Homeward, Angel* gave me a few headaches trying to fathom out Greek Mythology and Egyptology. And don't lose everything. [In] your first Book everything was lost. In the next hope you cry out, Eureka! I have Found it."

Hardest hit of all was Margaret Roberts. Tom had tried to prepare her when, after reading "The Angel on the Porch" in the August *Scribner's*, she had written him that she feared the story would distress his family. Wincing at the rebuke, he had started to answer that her letter seemed false and sentimental to him, that she was being a little too consciously "the fine woman," and that she no longer thought of him as he was, but as the boy she had known. Then he reconsidered, and putting the letter aside, he had written her another saying she was "one of the high people of the earth, with as little of the earth in you as anyone I have ever known — your understanding is for the flame, the spirit, the glory — and in this faith you are profoundly right." But he added that anyone who was offended by what seemed to him "a very simple and unoffending story" would have much stronger feelings when the book came out.

That fall she was suffering from a toxic goiter which almost killed her, and she chanced to be alone in the house when she heard the postman deposit what she knew was *Look Homeward, Angel* inside the screen door. As she went to collect it, her heart was beating so loud and fast that she thought it would leave her body. Joyfully, she took the book back to bed with her, and by chance it fell open at the chapter about the North State Fitting School, which she read with mounting anguish. Then, as she laid it aside feeling hurt and helpless, she noticed the inscription: "To Margaret Roberts, who was the Mother of my Spirit, I present this copy of my first book with hope and with devotion. Thomas Wolfe, October 15, 1929."

What pained her most was the portrait of her husband, who had been satirized as a leaden oaf given to inane, whining laughter and to stroking himself and others with chalky fingers, a description which shocked her the more because it had never occurred to her that Wolfe's attitude toward

her husband was substantially different from his attitude toward her. When Wolfe had been with them the month before, he had talked congenially with Mr. Roberts and had given her no warning, and now she felt betrayed. The rest of the novel, when she mustered the strength to read it, bore out her first impression of ruthlessness, and although in writing Wolfe she tried to do justice to his artistry, her conclusion was, "You have crucified your family and devastated mine."

He answered with what she later called "a short dear letter," saying he had shown hers to Perkins, who pronounced it that of "a splendid person." In February, when some of the dust had settled, he wrote her again trying to meet her objections. He said that the bitterness in his book had been aimed not at individuals but at the structure of life, which seemed to him cruel and tragically wasteful. Angry Ashevilleans were claiming that *Look Homeward, Angel* had been written to pay off old scores, and indeed some of his characterizations may have begun that way. (A friend to whom he had read the early chapters of *O Lost* remembered him pausing to gloat, "His real name is _____. Do you know what that son-of-a-bitch did to me once? Well now, just wait till he sees this!") And yet the end product had little to do with revenge or petty malice. As he wrote Mrs. Roberts, "My book was called up from the lost wells and adyts of my childhood — for twenty months that experience blazed and was shaped and fused into a mold of my own creation — my own reality. . . . Do you think that if the reality in my book was only the same reality that walks the streets I would take the trouble of writing at all?"

Mrs. Roberts wanted to send him a more understanding letter, which in her weakened state it took her months to compose. Then, feeling it was inadequate, she didn't mail it, and for a long time there was silence between them.

IN LATER years he liked to remember that October, 1929, the turning point of his career, had also been a turning point for the nation, *Look Homeward, Angel's* publication having coincided with the Wall Street Crash. That autumn stock prices stopped rising, indicating that the supply of speculators buying for an increase was exhausted, and since ownership on margin now became meaningless, large numbers rushed to sell in a snowballing action that wrecked the market and inaugurated a decade of depression. The economy might be toppling, but Wolfe, whose gains during the boom had been intellectual and spiritual rather than financial, was going on. He was, indeed, just hitting his stride.

Across the nation *Look Homeward, Angel* got superlative reviews, the best of any first novel in several years. The critics compared Wolfe to Whitman, Dostoevsky, Rabelais, Melville, and Joyce, and Ben's death to that of Madame Bovary. John Chamberlain in the *Bookman* called *Look Homeward, Angel* "a rich, positive grappling with life," adding that "no more sensuous novel has been written in the United States," while the *New Yorker* thought that Wolfe's "exposé of the boy's soul, in all its idealism and obscenity, makes Dreiser's youths seem like Frank Merriwells." Of the personal tributes, none meant more to him than Edwin Greenlaw's. The Renaissance scholar who had taught him at Chapel Hill said the novel didn't contain a shoddy line, and that he would go back to it now and then — "Something I don't do very often with modern books." Fellow authors, that most exacting class of critic, were quick to recognize a new power in their midst. Hugh Walpole, visiting this country, said of Wolfe in an interview, "Let America awake to him, for he has the making of greatness." And James Boyd wrote Perkins, "I have an uneasy feeling that the little fellows had better move over for this bird. But whether I mean the little fellows on Parnassus or on Blackwell's Island I don't yet know. I only know somebody's got to move. And on personal grounds there's no writer I'd rather move over or down for myself. Although there will be no question of volunteering. It will be a case of the brewer's big horses."

Wolfe had never gotten enough mail to satisfy him, and now he was glutted with effusions from remote places. A clergyman in Portage, Wisconsin, thanked him for "breathing on the valley of dry bones" and making them "bloom and dance." A mother in Santa Fe wrote him that in the far-away gaze of her seven-year-old son she recognized the questing spirit that had been frustrated in her and prayed it might carry on. "Why, I do not know because the questing is pain. But that is *life*, the life you have made us feel — inevitable, beautiful, deep-rooted in the past." Wolfe heard from a trainman who had been inspired by *Look Homeward, Angel* to finish his novel called *Sidetrack*, which told of the human wrecks who cling to railroading. (Drawn by the subject, Wolfe met this man and tried unsuccessfully to interest Perkins in his work.) There were invitations from women to come to tea, cocktails, dinner, whatever suited him, sometimes with the polite addendum that he bring Mrs. Wolfe if such there be. An actress wanted to introduce him to a young playwright of her acquaintance. "I'm sure you would find much in common. He has the same *zest* for life that is in you and your *grand* book."

Around New York, Wolfe was a phenomenon.

There had never been anything quite like this giant Ariel with the policeman's shoes and the unshorn locks that swirled low on the nape of his neck in a Byronic ringlet or two. His sprawling disarray was appealing in its ingenuousness; so much was happening to him that he simply didn't care whether his tie was straight or his coat and pants matched. When asked to dinner he would dominate the evening with intimate outpourings as wide as the horizon, though he was shy too, and easily hurt, blanching with anger at the supercilious smiles if, for example, he sopped up his gravy with a piece of bread. Like Robert Burns come to Edinburgh from rustic seclusion, he had an unimpeachable sense of his own dignity and worth.

It didn't take him long to weary of the speaking engagements, the autographing parties, the celebrity hounds, and the high-strung women who said they had wept over *Look Homeward, Angel* and

wanted to be a part of all that beauty. He complained of the Park Avenue ladies who threw themselves in his arms, but if they hadn't, he would probably have complained of that too. He was clear on one thing, however: that his importance had nothing to do with money or social position or the current brouhaha. He remained immovably centered in his work. *Look Homeward, Angel*, he noted, had taken him "approximately 500 days (and nights) of writing, revising, correcting, with an average of five hours a day of actual composition. From ten to fifteen cups of tea and coffee a day and from 40 to 60 cigarettes, from 6 to eight miles a day walking about the room or up and down the streets of Europe and New York, during which I thought constantly about the book. Months and months of thinking about it from the time of waking until the time of sleeping. I hope to repeat this process about 20 times during my life."

SONG: ONE IN MANY

BY ROBERT GRAVES

To be loved by many and to love many
Is never to die, is to live purely,
Never to lack for noble company;

But to be loved by many, and to love many
Is to be singled out by one only,
Of all those many, who can love truly.

"My doors are barred, my blinds are drawn; for surely
This is the end of love. I loved her wholly —
Now she is lost to me among the many."

What! In despair for one whom you loved wholly,
You who love many and are loved by many,
Have you no eyes for her who lives purely,

With eyes unhooded, with no hate nor envy,
Singling you out to love wholly and surely
Nor ever lacks for noble company?

viewpoint

The Cost of the Brain Drain

by Walter F. Mondale

The author, a Democrat, is the junior senator from Minnesota.

During the year 1963, sixteen Nigerian doctors were working as residents and interns in United States hospitals. To Americans, who have one doctor for every 690 people, this was a small number — less than one hundredth of one percent of our total physician population. But Nigeria is a country with just one doctor per 50,000 people. These sixteen absent doctors were a severe loss, largely offsetting the nineteen new medical degrees granted that year by Nigeria's one medical school.

In 1962, the Dominican Republic had just rid itself of Trujillo, and its people were looking forward at last to a freer, more prosperous life. To achieve such progress the country needed engineers, and 65 were graduated from its universities. But in that same year, 44 Dominican engineers emigrated to the United States, wiping out two thirds of this increase in needed technical manpower.

In 1966, 806 Koreans came to the United States on student visas. Such visas are granted on the assumption that recipients will pursue their education here, and then return to their homelands to put their new knowledge to work. Yet in 1966 also, 0 Koreans here on such visas ad-

justed their status to permanent U.S. resident, indicating that they were in this country to stay.

The countries cited are on separate continents, thousands of miles apart. Yet they have much in common. Each is poor, with citizens striving for better lives. In each the United States has invested millions in economic and technical aid. And from each we are siphoning off desperately needed professional and leadership talent to meet American manpower shortages.

They are but three examples of developing countries suffering from the "brain drain," the flow of professional manpower from the lands of the poor to the lands of the rich — above all, into the United States.

Permanent migration

Further examples could be cited of brain drain damage to particular countries. A full appreciation of the problem, however, requires that we look at its total dimensions. And the worldwide statistics are every bit as grim.

Over 8000, or about 20 percent of all the residents and interns in United States hospitals, were born and educated in developing countries, and this percentage has tripled in the past fifteen years. Many of the doctors eventually return home. But those who immigrated permanently in the year 1966 — 1614 — equaled 15 percent of the annual output of our medical schools. This brain drain has at least canceled out all the medical aid, public and

private, that we have provided developing nations.

Poor countries provide us well over 1000 engineers annually, and more than 500 scientists. Charles V. Kidd, executive secretary of the federal Council for Science and Technology, has called this loss a "national catastrophe" for many nations, since they have so few who can provide a base for scientific and technological progress.

As demonstrated in a recent staff study by a House Government Operations subcommittee chaired by Congressman Reuss of Wisconsin, the brain drain undoes most of the good provided by our universities in educating foreign students. In 1966, about 6000 such students from developing countries earned undergraduate and advanced degrees here in science, engineering, or medicine. Emigration from these countries in these professions was 4390, eliminating three fourths of the gain.

Permanent migration of engineers, scientists, and medical personnel from developing countries to our own has grown 250 percent in ten years, compared with a 25 percent increase in the flow from advanced nations. In the past year alone, elimination of the "national origins" immigration quota system has more than doubled Asian professional immigration, bringing it to about 6000.

Shortage of trained leaders

A nation proud of its immigrant origins would not find these figures

disturbing if it could safely ignore the plight of developing nations today. That we cannot do. Pope Paul VI was simply citing an obvious truth when he asked at the end of his March encyclical, "If the new word for peace is development, who would not wish to labor for it with all his powers?" One evening with the *Huntley-Brinkley Report* suffices to show the link between violence and underdevelopment today, whether in Vietnam, or India's food riots, or Nigeria's tragic civil war, or during hot summers here at home.

We could also ignore the brain drain if highly trained manpower were a surplus commodity in developing countries. And in a few specialized cases it may be. But the dominant situation is well stated by the President's Science Advisory Committee in its exhaustive report on the world food problems. "The scarcest and most needed resource in the developing countries," the committee concludes, "is the scientific, technical, and managerial skill needed for systematic, orderly decision-making and implementation."

This is exactly the type of people we are attracting. The others can't get through immigration anymore.

Poor countries cannot progress without self-help, and to shape brighter futures they need leaders. If we take growing numbers of potential leaders from them, we can hardly remain indifferent to the results. Yet we have nonetheless heard a growing brain drain "backlash," a chorus of protests in American intellectual and official circles that this problem is exaggerated, or distorted, or insolvable.

Professors vs. politicians

Learned professors construct economic models to prove that a country loses nothing from a professional's leaving — conveniently overlooking the substantial public funds invested in his education. Administrators from universities which profit *materially* from the brain drain argue on *moral* grounds that we should do

nothing to restrict "freedom of movement" — a right apparently the preserve of the well educated.

The academic world, however, does not make our foreign policy. More disturbing, therefore, are the public statements of those who do. The most comprehensive such statement is a staff report released early this year by Charles Frankel, Assistant Secretary of State for Educational and Cultural Affairs. The product of two years of work by the federal Inter-Agency Council on International Educational and Cultural Affairs, it is intended as both a major statistical resource and a general U.S. policy statement.

On both counts it is disappointing. For example, it argues that foreign students here constitute only a small portion of the brain drain when compared with professionals trained before their arrival here. This is true for Europe. It is definitely *not* true for Asia: the report itself includes a table showing that more than half of Asia's professional immigrants in fiscal year 1966 came here first on temporary student or exchange visas. So did half of our immigrant engineers and scientists from all less developed countries.

The report also understates the student brain drain by faulty statistical analysis; its method of calculating the percentage of such students not returning home has the effect of reducing it by about one fourth. Looking specifically at Asia, the most important case, a fairer method of calculation would show that the 12,077 students who became permanent U.S. residents in the 1962-1966 period were about 28 percent of all those who came.

The Frankel Report, unfortunately, seems so intent on proving that the brain drain is not very serious that the constructive proposals it does make have received little public attention. Our approach should be just the opposite. Rather than hiding from the problem, we should recognize it and make it the focal point for a range of policy actions.

For not only is the brain drain

severe. It also illuminates a variety of efforts we can make, working closely with particular developing countries, to reduce the drain on their leadership talent and improve their development prospects.

Immigration restrictions?

One area of possible reform is immigration policy. Unlike many who share my concern about the brain drain, I do not feel we can rule out all forms of immigration restriction in looking for solutions. Freedom of movement is an important value: we built our nation on it. Yet it is no longer an absolute value for us. We apply it selectively — to the Korean doctor, but not the village child whose chance for a healthy life moves here with that physician; to the Indian scientist, but not the peasant who could multiply his income ten times by joining our migrant farm labor force.

"Freedom of movement," so defined, is certainly a principle more convenient for the gainers than the losers. For today's "huddled masses" will not find their opportunities here. If they find them at all, it will be at home, because they have creative and resourceful leadership.

So since our immigration policy is now restrictive, consciously shaped in part for our manpower needs, I can see no moral reason not to amend it to take account of the manpower needs of countries whose development is in our national interest. Rather than applying sweeping restrictions to immigration from all poor countries, however, we should provide a framework under which immigration could be limited in specific cases of greatest need. This could be done if Congress authorized the President to negotiate bilateral immigration agreements with whichever developing countries were most affected.

Such agreements might deal particularly with visa conditions for those who come here for avowedly temporary reasons. It might be provided, for example, that some or

foreign students from a particular country be holders of the exchange ("J") visa, which generally requires a return home for two years before the holder is eligible for immigration.

In addition, bilateral agreements might provide a means of reducing a number of "waivers" of the J-visa return requirement, which our government now provides, on grounds of hardship or national need. Such waiver cases involve less than 5 percent of those here on exchange programs, and we must have some provision for them. But they are numerous in certain fields. About 60 percent of the more than 6000 granted since 1956 were for doctors and nurses. Furthermore, fully 20 percent of all waiver recipients came from a single country, the Philippines, where health conditions are still much worse than our own.

Round-trip tickets

Our primary attack on the brain drain, however, should be positive, aimed at helping talented young people from developing countries to get the right kind of training and put it to effective use back home.

Much can be done in the United States in our treatment of foreign students. Before they arrive, we can work toward a more comprehensive system of overseas selection, through which our colleges and universities can screen applicants from developing countries. Such a system should give preference to those with the best background and ability. But it should focus also on motivation — those most committed to serve their countries — and on field of study — those who would help fill urgent manpower shortages at home.

Once these students enter our institutions, we should aim to make their entire experience relevant to the home situation, by reshaping course programs, by expanding counseling, by promoting regular contacts between students and officials from their countries. For some who must study several years here, it would be an excellent investment

to finance one round-trip plane ticket home, to make possible a summer of work experience and renewed contact with their native lands. As students complete their studies here, they should be brought systematically in touch with long-term job opportunities in their countries.

All of these things cost money, and while some of it should come from private sources, our government ought to help finance them — as it does now on a very limited basis. So should the governments of developing countries.

Careers for the talented

However, the most fundamental problems are not in the United States. They are in the poor countries themselves. They are problems of developing the kinds of opportunities and institutions which will attract and retain their best people.

Despite their severe manpower shortages, most developing countries simply don't provide enough good career opportunities for their top talent. Too often posts are awarded to the less competent because of family ties or ethnic background. Too often ostensibly modern institutions, particularly government and educational bureaucracies, are dominated by narrow men who have risen slowly and are determined that others wait twenty or thirty years for their turns.

Part of the answer is better job placement. Manpower planning is also necessary; countries must make their educational output match the needs of their societies. But the key need is effective manpower utilization, the fullest use of a man's skills once he is trained, aiming at both his personal development and that of his country.

In other words, there must be more of the kinds of jobs that will attract the creative, resourceful individual who too often migrates through frustration and disillusionment. We must help nations build the kind of institutions — academic,

business, governmental — which hire men primarily for what they do, demand that they do it, and advance them as fast as their experience and growth merit. In America this is what we call "freedom of opportunity." Although we remain riddled with inequalities, the existence of "careers open to talents" has been a key driving force in our progress. If we are serious about development elsewhere, we must help poor countries build such institutions for themselves.

Change will never be as fast as we like. We can do little for countries not committed to self-help. And our influence on developing countries will wither rapidly if Congress continues to hack at aid budgets as it has the past two years.

Nor is the opportunity problem susceptible to frontal attack. In the absence of revolution, many institutions in poor countries are too entrenched and dominated by people with vested interests in the status quo.

But we can help by encouraging and supporting special, sometimes experimental, institutions — academic centers of excellence, research institutes, business enterprises, pilot farm-improvement programs. Many should be on a small scale, both to minimize the opposition of existing "establishments" and to give many men of talent a chance to run their own enterprises and learn from failure or from success.

Ultimately, development of a nation requires a transformation of its opportunity structure just as much as it demands more education, increased capital investment, a sound agricultural base, expanded exports, progress toward national unity, and all the other goals of which experts rightly speak. Like all these others, it is not a change which will come overnight. But if we are to reduce the brain drain and give ourselves and our children a chance for a more peaceful world, we must help poor nations pursue this objective with far more clarity and far more determination than we or they have yet begun to show.

An
Atlantic
"FIRST"

Sidney and the Dogs

by Brett Riley

EARLY Tuesday while it was still dark I put on my minipockets and mukluks and fur-hooded parka and Persian-lamb-lined tie-down hat and a scarf across my beard to keep off the ice, and I tied bear-paws around my neck and looped an ice ax over my wrist and stepped out of my hut to walk the mile and a half to Scott Base to see Sidney. The air was still and dry. It was 72 below. It had been a bitter winter.

Sometimes we had to oil the sounding balloons it was so cold. Sometimes the co-ax just broke brittle in the wind. Sometimes my hand peeled raw on the door handle. Sometimes the case of Heineken's under my bunk got goobers in the bottom it was so cold. And I wanted it all because when I was a boy I read the diary of Captain Robert Falcon Scott of the Royal Navy and I loved him.

No less a hero to me was the man I set out to see that Tuesday. I was a bored USARP biologist and I didn't know any of the navy kids and the only one I really knew was Sidney. He was a Kiwi. They say he was a teller at the McDougal Street branch of the Bank of New Zealand in Christchurch before he volunteered. I think he was a good teller. When I knew him he was the dog driver.

The dogs were Greenland huskies. There were thirty-seven of them, and since February they had been chained to the ground out beyond Scott Base and a slab of seal meat thrown to them every

other day. The men shot fifty seals with M-1's in the summer when they broke the ice to sun, and they were stacked frozen in a shed and sawed up with a carpenter's saw. There was no blood. The skins if good were sent over to us Americans to ship home for souvenirs. The dogs were fat and weak and anxious by August, and when it grew light Sidney began taking out one team a day. There was Brummel's team and Tukatok's and Lepus' and Charlie's. They were wild. Sidney always went alone even though he needed weight. The dogs needed exercise, so the sledge was stacked high with boxes of pemmican lashed down to make it heavy.

I started down the flagged road through the Pass between Crater Hill and Observation Hill, with its weathered wooden cross facing south to the cairn over Scott's frozen grave. I walked slowly to feel the cold and the quiet and the snow and the faint early light. In early August the sun had not yet broken the horizon, and for a few hours a day a pale blue air hung over the Antarctic ice, and the shadowless Royal Society Range rose again over the frozen sound. Erebus grew wide and white behind us, and its volcanic plume blew straight in the high

Mr. Riley spent twelve months with the U.S. Antarctic Research Program and is now living in California.

wind. Spring came over that continent like a scared cat. We felt it ooze life into our winter-sapped bodies bit by bit and splinter the crusting ice particle by particle.

From my book-cluttered prefab biology hut I could look out almost any early August day, and through the blue-gray noon I could see Sidney swing out from behind Cape Armitage a mile away riding the dog-sledge runners. I followed him out across the bumpy sastrugi of McMurdo Sound until the little black figure of the sledge grew so small I had to look through my field glasses to make out the dogs strung out and Sidney standing high in the back, and then I couldn't see them anymore. I usually went to the chow hall for lunch then and rushed back. And alone in my hut again I pulled out my field glasses and searched the sound for the little blip that grew and grew until I could see the panting huskies moving slower now, pulling the heavy sledge, and Sidney still standing high in the back. Then they were behind Cape Armitage and I put my glasses away and went back to work. There really wasn't any work, but I had early in the winter devised a routine to fill the dark long days.

I walked further down the Pass road to where high on the left the men at the transmitter hut poured their stinking warm pissbarrels over the top and down in a wall of yellowsmooth ice.

There had seldom been a day that August that I hadn't run back from chow to follow the dogs. It was the only thrill I had for a year. And I did my work after, but I was really thinking about the dogs and Sidney and Cherry Garrard, Wilson, Evans, Bowers, and Oates of the Iniskilling Dragoons. By then I could do my work without thinking, and while I checked and rechecked the fish-tank thermometers and moved the beakers back and forth I was really bumping along behind a husky team.

THE Pass road swung left and steep up the side of Crater Hill. It was hard to climb because breathing burned my lungs. So I stopped to rest and I looked out across the blue shapes of the jagged edge of the ice shelf and the icebergs and the mountains. The dim light of the Cosray hut glowed up ahead. I went on climbing.

I kept a journal those days and wrote how the temperature was always 50 and 60 below, how the anemometer ticked off 80 mph some days, how hard it was after six months with the same faces, and how hard it was after six months without a letter. But what was really hard was that none of these was really hard. And I didn't write that. Sidney was the only one who really had it hard. I envied him.

A smooth wind began blowing and the red flags on the Pass road snapped slapping the bamboo poles, and the wind carried with it the distant eerie sound of an occasional bark and howl in the murky blue dawn.

Ever since the Scott Base meteorologist frostbit his hands when he panicked in a whiteout, Brian the base leader insisted that no one leave the camp alone. Even Sidney could not ride the sledge alone. Sidney pleaded and said it would make the dogs nervous. But finally he called me and asked me to accompany him on a routine trip to work out Lepus' team.

Standing finally by the Cosray hut high over the ice I could just see White Island and Minna Bluff in the gloomy gray of midmorning, and beyond, rising continuously, mysteriously, the bulk of the Polar Plateau that rose on and on to the South Pole. Then I jumped over the lip and down the south slope of Crater Hill, sliding bumping rolling down the hard packed snow to the bottom and the tangle of wires of the antenna field.

Scott Base was a series of a few huts drifted over early in winter, connected by a long unheated tunnel. I jumped down into the tunnel and walked to the other end and the sledge room. Sidney started.

"Ah, yes, Henry," he said briskly. He always said it that way. "Ah, yes, yes, yes. Jolly cold day, ay. What say?" and through his cheery sounds his eyes stared hard at the wall. His sledge room was neat and ordered, his varnish tins labeled and stowed, and strip leather soaked in a bucket.

"Would you get the third team's harnesses, ay?" he said, and I pulled the eleven canvas harnesses from the peg marked three. They were cut and made for each dog and had their names stenciled: Lepus leading, Robin, Rupert, Marceline, Kopec, and Ticky left of the towline; Mirabu, Canopus, Arabella, Orion, and Liz on the right.

I sensed that Sidney was annoyed at taking a passenger. He mumbleshuffled around the little room snapping up rags from one end of his workbench and throwing them to the other end, then throwing them all back, shooting blinking glances at me. He looked at Tukatok, who lay dull on the floor with a ripped face.

"A bloody fighter that one," he said. Sidney's dried red face wrinkled around the eyes and with his long hair and fat red beard he looked out of place indoors. He wore a great red parka and high white mukluks and although he was not a tall man he looked big.

Then he gave me the briefing. "Now look, Henry," he said without looking at me. "Don't mind the dogs, ay. Big and harmless brutes is about all they are." He clipped his suspenders to his mini-pockets. "Once in a while one breaks the tracer,

but they always find their way back to camp.” He zipped shut his mukluks. “Now look, if I fall off the beastly runners and can’t catch up, don’t shout after me because the stupid dogs will think you’re driving them faster.” He snapped his hood tight. “Stand on the brake, ay. Just stand on the brake. And mind if we fall in a crevasse. Cut the bloody lot of them loose, ay. No worry. No worry.” And he slapped Tukatok, clipped his loop into his carabiner, dropped the nose-wiper harness over his head, stuffed a Cadbury bar in his parka pocket, and said, “Ah, yes, let’s go, what say.”

THE roaring kerosene furnace radiated white hot and I began to sweat under the clothes, and with the harnesses and ice axes and other gear dangling, I jammed the plunger in the tunnel and the thick heavy door popped and the icy numb air shot down my lungs. Erebus stood big before us, gray in the gloom of that crackling clear morning. The dogs heard our boots crunching. They howled with thirty-seven hooting voices in a ghastly din resounding in the great hollow of Crater Hill.

“Halooo boys,” Sidney called, and the big dogs strained hard on their chains, yelping madly. They were tied ten feet apart along a chain driven into the ice at the ends. They had been tied down through the dark of the winter, unmoving, restless. Coming over a small rise we were upon them and they jumped and yelped and we ran to them and they spun around on their chains, choking at us. They were big and stood to our shoulders and we walked down the line slapping each with a deep thump on thick white fur. Sidney pointed out the five dogs I was to harness, and we began.

Robin was my first and I pushed him down from my chest and straddled him and squeezed my knees as tight as I could around his waist and banged the frozen chain off his collar and pulled the harness over his head and pushed his front legs through the harness and grabbed the loop and let my legs go. He lurched, and I dragged behind. I got to my knees, then rolled and dragged and dug my heels in hard to keep him from the other dogs. Then we ran together until I fell again and pulled him finally to the towline and clipped the tracer to his harness. Breathing deeply the cold air to gain my breath I went back and got Rupert and Kopec and Ticky. Marceline was the bitch, and she didn’t pull. I was exhausted and lay sweating on the pemmican boxes on the sledge until my sweat chilled and I moved to keep the sweat warm.

Getting all the eleven dogs going and in the same direction was a delicate dangerous job. Sidney knocked the front picket out and walked slowly and

smoothly to the back and the dogs swayed on the towline and Lepus far out front spread her legs out stiff to keep the line straight. But the line snaked impatiently and began wheeling around and Sidney knocked the back picket out with the mall and the whole sledge was free in that single electric instant.

“Hueet up!” Sidney yelled in a long high pitch, and he grabbed the handles and with a sudden burst that stunned me the sledge snapped from the ice. I grabbed the ropes that lashed the boxes and we bounced hard over the sastrugi and the tidal crack and rolled and creaked and bumped over the ice at what I thought an enormous speed for a dog sledge. We hit the Nodwell tracks and the dogs swung right and left and all the while Sidney kept up a steady yell of commands.

“Hueet up, you bloody bastards!” he called. “Arrrrrah! Arrrrrah!” and the team swung left. “Houk! Houk! Houk! Houk!” and the team swung right. Then back again and right and left and the runners swished when the sledge swung sharply and the fine snow sprayed over me from the flying dogs. Their wildness was gone, and quietly except for the pattering snowcrunch under their feet they hunched forward and they panted and they pulled and they pulled.

“Hueet up! Hueet up you bastards!” Sidney commanded. “It’s to keep them going,” he shouted to me through the wind. “Lepus! Lepus! Arrrrrah! You goddamn lazy animal! Lepus! Arrrrrah! Lepus! Rupert! Pull, pull, Rupert! You bloody bastard! Hueet up!”

Slowly at first, then quicker, the dogs seemed to respond to Sidney. We were still on the tracks and when we saw them turn up ahead Sidney shot out the long loud command several times and the dogs began to swing around and we stayed on the tracks. Cape Armitage moved past, and I saw my little red hut high on the hill in another world. I remember letting go the ropes and spreading my arms and giving a low “Yipee!” into the wind.

We went west winding back and forth with the Nodwell tracks toward the gray Society Mountains that loomed from fifteen thousand feet but never came closer. We were now a blip from the base, I thought. A blip I had envied for months.

The leather bindings on the sledge squeaked and the runners slapped swishing the ice. The wind cut my face cold and my nose turned white and I did not care. My feet dangling over the front ached cold and I did not care. My hands holding the ropes on the boxes under me stung to the tips and I did not care. My lungs burned from the blue ice air and I did not care. We cracked over the sastrugi further and further from Ross Island until it stood like a great gray triangle high behind, and Observation Hill and Castle Rock and Crater Hill and

Hut Point bumps at the base. There was no person except Sidney in his blazing red parka standing high and straight on the runners; no sound except the muted panting and pattering and squeaking and swishing.

"Houk! Houk! Houk! Houk!" Sidney screamed, and the tracks grew fainter and the dogs slipped off. "Houk! Houk! Houk! Houk!" he screamed over and over and slowly the towline came around and we crossed the tracks.

"You bloody bastards!" he yelled, and he began a long series of commands to pull them back the other way. "Arrrrrah! Lepus! Lepus!" he cried. "Lepus, you bitch. Arrrrrah! Arrrrrah! Arrrrrah!" But he couldn't get them back on the tracks. He jumped off the runners and ran up to the left. "Come on Lepus," he called, and she saw him and pulled left and when he jumped back on the runners she pulled right again.

"Lepus!" he cried, shaking his head, and his mouth distorted. But she went on.

Then for a reason that to this day I do not know, with one united motion the dogs swerved sharply and the sledge leaned and skidded a few yards, then snapped straight again. We were headed directly south. Minna Bluff was before us and beyond it the ice shelf and the white white of the Polar Plateau that rose and rose on the South Pole somewhere hundreds of miles away. It seemed to me then that we were on different tracks, that with one common instinct each dog had in a single moment sensed the tracks of Scott's doomed sledge, frozen deep into the ice for half a century.

"Houk! Houk! Houk! Houk!" Sidney yelled, but the towline quivered taut in a powerful straight line. "Bloody bitch! Houk! Houk! Bloody bitch! Bloody bitch!"

And the pattering paws pulled us further south, pulled us further into the coldest continent on earth, further into infinite whiteness, further into the stinging wind that grew colder and colder, further across the white ice shelf where Scott's frozen body lay deep under the ice eleven miles from One Ton Depot. And Wilson's arm was around him when Wright found them in the spring. His arm was around him when they froze in the night. It is better than being too comfortable, he wrote. The diary was by his body. Pretty good English, too, Wright said. "Right to the very end it was." And only eleven miles, just eleven miles from One Ton Depot and Wilson's arm around him frozen in the night.

"Houk! Houk! Houk! Houk!" Sidney never stopped calling even though the dogs ran wild.

And there was Chief Petty Officer Evans who was the strongest of them all, and he fell first on the Beardmore Glacier because his legs were frozen in his mukluks.

"Houk! Houk! Houk! Houk!"

And there was Titus Oates of the Iniskilling Dragoons who walked out of the tent after supper for a walk. Just for a walk, he said. Just for a long long walk.

"Houk! Houk! Houk! Houk!" he kept calling loud.

And for eleven days it blew a white blizzard, the biggest storm they had ever seen. It might have blown more but they froze in the night. And only eleven miles from One Ton Depot.

"Houk! Houk!"

And it was only because he wanted to know. Through the frozen feet and the starvation and the gangrene and the death, it was only because he wanted to know.

"Houk!" Sidney coughed in a hoarse dead voice.

Kopec stumbled. His tracer sagged and the towline bent. Ticky snapped at him from behind but Kopec wouldn't pull. Orion broke the muted silence with a quick sharp bark. Kopec cowered. Lepus spun around and the towline collapsed and the sledge swished still and stopped. Arabella shot at Kopec's neck.

"Huecet! Huecet! Huecet! Hueeeeeet!" Sidney screamed, but through the grizzly gutty barks and growls and the whimpering yelps I barely heard him. I stared stunned at the heap of tangled beasts before me and I didn't know what to do and I looked around to Sidney.

He still stood high on the runners and he leaned far over the back of the sledge so his face was only two feet from mine and he screamed with a scream that came from his bowels and his arteries stood pounding blue on his forehead and his head quivered with the force of his last command.

"Hueeeeeet up! You! . . . bloody! . . . bastards!"

The towline and tracers tangled in a vicious flailing attack. Kopec was under the pile, and when they dragged him I saw the splatter of bright red on the cold white ice. They fought to bite his neck and to bite his back and to bite his stomach and to bite the thick muscle of his loins.

Sidney stepped off the runners and crept up along the side of the sledge. His eyes were fixed on the dog at the bottom. With short cautious steps he nudged closer, quiet on the hard packed snow, and slow. Slowly sneaking erect to the beast heap where he watched dumb the slaughter. Slowly and with his eyes still fixed he bent low and kneeled and bent lower still until his red beard flattened on the snow. He peered through the snapping snarling to the one on the bottom and with his eyes wide and nostrils pulsing open steaming puffs he watched still and his chest heaved in and out in and out fast. Then with a long crying voice he repeated the

name, "Kopec. Kopec." And I saw his lips move in a helpless dying whisper. "Kopec."

Then from deep under the heap Lepus let loose Kopec and looked at Sidney and Sidney prone on the snow looked at Lepus. The rest kept tumbling and biting and barking but Lepus looked at Sidney and his face was only a yard from hers and flat on the snow and he moved only his left leg back slowly and her nose wrinkled at the back and her tongue moved in and out between her teeth and she rumbled and growled slow and low and Sidney crawled slowly and smoothly back and back and looked at her and she growled faster and higher and her face tightened and her lip pulled high over her gums and she made little fast snaps and then leapt yapping out of the heap and drove at Sidney. He shrieked. He stood half up. He turned, and half bent, bolted across the ice. Lepus snapped choking at the end of her tracer. The dogs dropped Kopec and stumbled over the ropes after Sidney, and the sledge whipped around and the jolt knocked me off the pemmican boxes. I had been watching it all without moving or breathing. I fell on the dogs.

I tangled in the tracers of the dogs beating to get at Sidney. I snapped the clip loose on Kopec's tracer and he limped off to the north with a bloody white coat. I held them tight and dragged with them until I grabbed Lepus' tracer and I dug my heels in and jerked the tracer so hard so many times I thought I broke her neck. I pulled her and kicked the other dogs as hard as I could but it hardly stopped the brutes. But I kicked and I pulled and I smashed my gloved hand across their faces and I beat at their soft underbellies and I cursed them until they stopped. I pulled Lepus hard and out of the heap and in front of the sledge and the panting huskies fell back in line with the tracers wrapped around their legs and necks and I held Lepus hard to keep the towline straight and I fell back on the ice in a hot wet sweat out of breath.

Then I saw Sidney. He stood twenty yards behind the sledge. I have never seen any man like that. His face was the face of a man just dead. It was frozen white in the cold cold air, and his arms hung stiff at his sides, and his eyes did not look at the dogs and they did not look at me, but they looked to the south beyond the Plateau to something I could not see.

Waves of hot blood swept up and down my sweaty body lying flat on the ice of the Ross Ice Shelf at 72 below.

Then I knew.

I stared. He was unmoving. His eyes did not even blink. Beneath his roaring red parka his chest seemed unbreathing. And I was a panting fool, unable to move myself. How I knew I cannot say, but the certainty, the overwhelming sureness

was just there in that frozen red form. I was hot everywhere. My heart raced thumping in my ears and the boiling sickness in me rose and rose and into that numbing air I cried and the tears froze to my beard. I clung to Lepus and the dogs stood still and nothing stirred, not even the air, while I cried.

Behind him the tip of fat gray Erebus sparkled for a minute in deep warm gold and the wispings steam flecked in the first sign that the sun was edging closer to the horizon in its giant golden and unseen curves.

"Sidney!" I called. He did not move.

"Sidney! Sidney! Get on the sledge, Sidney." And still he did not move.

With all the might I had left I yelled to him one last time. "Sidneeeeeeeee!"

He started and he looked at me and through his fat red beard he said, as he always said, "Ah, yes. Ah, yes. Come on, Henry, get on the sledge and mind you don't fall off, ay. Come on."

I pulled Lepus around so she faced east to Scott Base and I let go and Sidney called, "Huit up now boys. Huit up," and the sledge shot off and I jumped onto my pemmican boxes as they whisked by.

We went straight east until we hit the Nodwell tracks and the dogs locked on and when we saw a turn in the tracks ahead Sidney gave his little commands.

"Houk, now. Houk. Arrrah. Arrrah. Arrrah."

The light still shone when we got back and clipped the exhausted dogs on the chain. Inside I took my gear off and dunked my head in a bucket of hot water to melt the glob of ice that cemented my scarf to my beard. Then I went to the little chow hall with the big picture of Robert Falcon Scott hanging on the south wall. Ivan the cook had kept two meals hot and he pulled them out of the oven and put them on the table. It was mutton and steaming baked potatoes. I waited for Sidney and looked out the small square window.

It looked south. It was growing dusky in mid-afternoon and the sun that had never come up was going. And from far beyond Minna Bluff, out further than beyond the Plateau, from somewhere far far to the south, a low cold wind was coming fast. It blew the loose gray snow and it poured from between the mountains and it smothered the surface of the earth in a smooth gray moving veil. And then it swished up and around the little window in swirling, diving, crashing eddies that engulfed the whole earth in a violent shuddering cold. And I couldn't see out anymore so I turned inside and looked at the food and the rising steam billowing into the soft warm air.

I don't know just why, but never in my life have I felt so happy.

THE HEALTH SYNDICATE / *Washington's Noble Conspirators*

by Elizabeth Brenner Drew

Health ranks high up with motherhood as a condition to be espoused, and that helps to explain the seeming ease with which a small dedicated band of research-and-cure devotees have combined their ideas, concerns, and intimations of mortality into one of the most effective lobbies Washington has ever seen. In another of her deep-down examinations of the working of government, Mrs. Drew calls the roll of the health lobby, describes its achievements, and suggests respectfully some of the problems provoked by its multibillion-dollar success.

SINCE the end of World War II, the direct involvement of the U.S. government in trying to improve the health of its citizens has grown by enormous proportions. Federal agencies support research into the causes of diseases, into development of cures and application of the most advanced medical findings. At the National Institutes of Health in Bethesda, Maryland, the government has built the greatest biomedical research institution in the world. In the eleven institutes on the Bethesda campus — each devoted to a specific problem such as heart disease, cancer, neurological diseases, mental illness — and through grants to researchers in clinics and medical schools, the NIH directly supports over 40 percent of the biomedical research in this country. It is, moreover, a government enterprise of exceptional quality which attracts many of the nation's outstanding scientists.

Yet even more interesting than the fact of the growth of the government's role is how it happened.

For one thing, it probably represents a unique historical phenomenon. For another, the decisions behind it have been made, as they must be, in the political context. And while there is no question that it represents a great achievement, within that overall achievement, even because of it, there have arisen some distortions and questionable departures in federal health policy.

The extraordinary growth of the federal role in medical research had as its base a historical confluence of forces in the post-war period. First, the "payoffs" from research in the physical sciences during the war — radar, the Bomb — gave basic research new respectability in political circles. Second, the end of the war left the nation with unemployed scientists and more money. Third, the medical societies concerned with specific diseases such as polio and cancer were taken over from the doctors by civilians and turned toward promotion to raise money and educate the public. Finally there were three remarkable men in positions of great power in Washington whose consuming interest was medical research: Dr. James Shannon, for the last twelve years the director of NIH; the late Representative John E. Fogarty of Rhode Island, who died of a heart attack early this year; and Senator Lister Hill of Alabama.

But it was Mrs. Mary Lasker, a very wealthy public-spirited citizen of New York with a fierce interest in health, who spun the web that linked all of these factors together. She did it with the help of what is referred to as her "stable" of doctor-allies, including men from the great medical centers such as Dr. Sidney Farber of Harvard and Dr. Michael De Bakey, the famous heart surgeon, of the Baylor Medical School, and a doctor who guards the health of the President of the United States; of her longtime friend Mrs. Florence Mahoney,

who entertains government figures in her elegant Georgetown home and pushes both her own and Mrs. Lasker's causes; of her able Washington lobbyist, Mike Gorman, a redhead who wears a Phi Beta Kappa key and talks like a rough, cynical impresario. She also did it with her own brains, charm, appetite for power, and unshakable belief in the efficacy of money. For the past twenty years Mrs. Lasker has been, in the words of one federal health official, "the most important single factor in the rise of support for biomedical research." In the process, she has helped the NIH budget to explode from \$2.5 million in 1945 to \$1.4 billion this year, influenced Presidents, immobilized Secretaries of Health, Education, and Welfare, selected health policy makers, and pushed health policy in controversial directions.

Mrs. Lasker's network is probably unparalleled in the influence that a small group of private citizens has had over such a major area of national policy. One federal official refers to it as a "noble conspiracy." Gorman calls it a "high class kind of subversion, very high class. We're not second story burglars. We go right in the front door."

Speaking at the Lasker Medical Awards luncheon last year, Douglass Cater, President Johnson's White House assistant on health matters, told the audience: "President Johnson's last appointment before he left the White House for the hospital was with Mary Lasker. And he didn't get away, either, without two memoranda from her to study while he was recuperating." "Mary and her colleagues," said Cater, "have set a new fashion in lobbyists. The moving and shaking done by such womenfolk affects everybody, including the most obdurate of politicians. Be glad for them, for our children's children will reap the benefits."

A problem with health policy making in general, and the role of the health syndicate in particular, is the tendency to attempt to translate personal experience and concerns into national health policy. This leads to a good deal of flukiness. There is probably no more award-laden field — in which the \$10,000 Lasker Awards are the most prestigious. Everyone who is for health is doing the Lord's work. This does not, however, preclude some questions about who has a direct line to heaven, or some fallings-out among the disciples.

THE health movers and shakers found each other through a combination of accidents and word of mouth. When Albert D. Lasker, an advertising genius, married Mary Woodard Reinhardt in 1940, his bride, a cum laude graduate of Radcliffe and former graduate student of Oxford, was already a successful businesswoman and energetic devotee

of public causes. Albert Lasker, meanwhile, amassed a fortune, which one associate estimates at close to \$80 million by the 1940s.

In 1942, Lasker liquidated his advertising business and set up the Albert and Mary Lasker Foundation, to push for federal support for medical research, then a new and controversial idea. It was Albert Lasker's thought that the foundation should provide the "seed money" for research projects, then catalyze the federal government to follow on once the private efforts became established. Their primary interests were in mental health, birth control, and — after the Laskers' cook was stricken with cancer in the early 1940s — cancer research. (Albert Lasker died of cancer in 1952.)

Albert Lasker used to vacation in Miami Beach, and there he introduced Mary to his friends Florence and Daniel Mahoney. Daniel Mahoney's late first wife had been the daughter of Ohio Governor James Cox, and Mr. Mahoney had inherited a substantial position in the Cox family newspaper chain, the largest Democratic chain in the country. Florence had always been interested in medicine, to the point of taking pre-med courses. Now, through her husband's own interest in medicine, the Cox family's connections, the outlet of the newspapers, and her access to the congressional press galleries, she could push her causes.

Florence Mahoney read about the crusade to improve treatment of the mentally ill by an Oklahoma newspaperman named Mike Gorman. "I asked Mahoney," she recalls, "to get him to work on the paper in Miami. He came for two weeks and stayed for six weeks. He wrote a sensational series — headlines every day. Then Mike went to the state legislature to lobby them, and he got \$6 million for mental health within six weeks."

In 1944, Senator Claude Pepper (Democrat, Florida) was persuaded by the Mahoneys (whose newspaper support he needed) and the Laskers (who contributed campaign funds) to hold hearings on federal support of health research. Mrs. Lasker supplied the senator with horrifying statistics about the mortality and morbidity rates of various diseases. She suggested that he read these off, have outside witnesses testify to the need for more research, and then ask federal officials how much they were spending to combat the diseases. The total being spent at the then modest National Institute of Health and its affiliated Cancer Institute was \$2.5 million. The Lasker forces believe that the Pepper hearings, the first of their kind, were very influential. Historically, they were the beginning of what became the health syndicate's highly developed *modus operandi* in Congress.

Both Mrs. Lasker and Mrs. Mahoney were friendly with the Trumans (Mrs. Truman was helpful in passing on messages and memoranda to her busy

husband), and during the Truman Administration there was White House support for building the NIH. The budget began to be increased, and the number of subsidiary institutes expanded. The great defeat of the Truman health insurance program taught Mrs. Lasker, who had devoted large amounts of money and energy to the fight, that head-on clashes with the AMA were to be avoided. But the AMA was so busy combating "socialized medicine" that it failed to notice the implications for medical practice and medical education of the growing federal budget for health research. This, in turn, provided health research as a platform from which congressmen could voice a concern for health without incurring the powerful wrath of the AMA.

Toward the end of the Truman Administration the President established, largely through the efforts of his medical adviser, Dr. Howard Rusk, the President's Commission on the Health Needs of the Nation. Dr. Rusk has been a friend of Presidents through his pioneering work in vocational rehabilitation in his clinic at New York University and his influential medical column in the *New York Times*. He has also been a friend of Mrs. Lasker's. The executive director of the President's commission and author of its report was Mike Gorman. The report called for higher levels of federal spending for medical research.

This was the first evidence of what was to become another piece of the health syndicate's pattern: what Gorman calls "the White Paper device." "Through this type of study," he explained in a recent speech, "you develop the facts, you involve a great number of organizations previously not interested, and you hopefully create a militant consensus in support of the findings of the Commission. The White Paper, or Commission report, is the foundation stone for legislation, and it provides an obvious answer to the familiar myriad of charges raised by hostile legislators — you didn't study the problem long enough, your conclusions were hastily drawn, you didn't consult a broad enough segment of professional groups or of the American people at large, and so on."

After his effective work on the commission, Mrs. Lasker asked Mike Gorman to run a Washington operation for the Lasker Foundation. Gorman, with his great interest in psychiatry and mental health, wanted a committee of his own to operate. "You want a committee?" he recalls Mrs. Lasker asking, and they thereupon set up what is now the National Committee Against Mental Illness — Mrs. Albert D. Lasker and Mrs. Florence Mahoney, co-chairmen; Mike Gorman, executive director. From the committee's offices on Connecticut Avenue, Gorman pushes Mrs. Lasker's interests in Washington.

In 1950, Mrs. Mahoney, having divorced her husband, moved to Washington and established

what has become the utterly purposeful social side of the syndicate's operations. It is probable that there is no one who has been important to health policy in Washington who has not dined — on, among other things, assorted but tasty health foods — at Mrs. Mahoney's. They usually leave with an armload of reading matter. (At one point, Mrs. Mahoney sent material on birth control to the Pope.) When Kennedy White House aides played softball, Mrs. Mahoney showed up at the games and invited them back to her house for beer. She taught Jacqueline Kennedy about export porcelain, and when Luci Johnson was married she gave her a set of rare china. Mrs. Mahoney will help officials' wives find maids, and she will send a tureen of soup to the officials at their offices.

Both Mrs. Lasker and Mrs. Mahoney are guests at the intimate dinners given by the Johnsons. Happily for Mrs. Lasker, she and Mrs. Johnson now share an interest in planting shrubs and flowers all over the country. Mrs. Lasker is known for her parties at her Beekman Place townhouse in New York, where the worlds of politics and medicine meet, and when she comes to Washington she stays and entertains at Mrs. Mahoney's. Mrs. Lasker is admired; Mrs. Mahoney is liked. Mrs. Lasker has been considered an able woman who has done good things but is too covetous of power, too insistent on her pursuits, too confident of her own expertise in the minutiae of medicine. Mrs. Mahoney is seen as gentler and warmer, and since she has never made the same claims, she has been easier to take.

WHEN Mrs. Lasker comes to Washington, she puts in long and strenuous days in pursuit of health. She carries in her handbag a folded onionskin chart tracing the rise of NIH appropriations over the years. Mrs. Lasker is known to be one of the nation's more generous campaign contributors. "I'm on a first-name basis with one hundred fifty, one hundred seventy-five members of the House," says Gorman. "You know. A warm relationship." "We work on all the members of the Appropriations committees," he says. One year, the key vote was held by the late Senator Styles Bridges of New Hampshire, the ranking Republican on the Senate Appropriations Committee. Mrs. Lasker had been cultivating Bridges' friendship; she sent him the latest drugs and brought him special diet food for his hypertension. One day Mrs. Lasker waited over three hours to see Bridges. Once in his office she talked about his hypertension and discussed the importance of more research facilities. "General Motors can't work without equipment, Styles," she told him. Bridges agreed to support an increased appropriation.

Early in 1967, Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield of Montana agreed to host a luncheon for his colleagues, at which Mrs. Lasker could press for more funds for heart research. Some thirty-six senators attended. Dr. De Bakey and other distinguished cardiologists told the senators about the million people who die of heart disease each year. "I order the food," says Gorman, "and see that the tables are bussed properly; Mansfield makes the opening remarks, and we go to work."

When Lyndon Johnson was running the Senate, Mrs. Lasker befriended him, too. In 1959, Mr. Johnson agreed to speak in support of a \$200 million increase in the NIH budget over that requested by President Eisenhower. (Two years later Vice President Johnson was the featured speaker at the Lasker Medical Awards luncheon.) The 1959 speech was his maiden speech on health research. It was written by Mike Gorman. It was a classic of sorts: "In the childhood of many of us in this chamber, diphtheria, typhoid fever, smallpox, pneumonia, tuberculosis and a host of other diseases brought heartbreak to hundreds of thousands of American families. Few were the families in Texas, or in any part of the country for that matter, who did not lose at least one child to one of these major killers. . . . Over the past decade alone, cancer has claimed the lives of five members of this body. . . . Cancer has killed many of our military heroes whom enemy bullets failed to stop. . . . By another ironic twist of fate, the Senate Appropriations Committee hearings on the Budget for the National Cancer Institute for the coming year were held on the very day that our great Secretary of State, John Foster Dulles, was laid to rest. . . . Its deadly stranglehold upon the fiber of our democracy was nowhere better assessed than in a brief editorial which appeared several days after the death of John Foster Dulles in the 'Machinist,' the official publication of the International Association of Machinists: 'For six years the Communists tried every trick in the book to get John Foster Dulles out of their hair. What the Commies couldn't do to our former Secretary of State, cancer did.'"

THE technique of reminding the lawmakers of their mortality has been consistently effective in raising the ante for health research, and this accounts in good part for the astounding exponential growth of the NIH budget. So do the "fact books" produced by the National Health Education Committee, another Lasker organization in New York, showing how biomedical research has increased longevity, and the clear-cut definition of what the congressmen were being asked to vote for: to "cure"

cancer, heart disease, and so on. "Cancer and heart disease have more money," says Mrs. Lasker, "because they are major causes of death, and the members of Congress can understand that." The story goes that in the days when one of the NIH branches was called the Institute of Microbiology, one congressman asked, "Whoever died of microbiology?" The name was changed to the Institute of Allergy and Infectious Diseases.

The growth of NIH can also be attributed to the concurrent appearance on the scene of Senator Hill, Representative Fogarty, and Dr. Shannon. John Fogarty was a brilliant rough-edged Irishman who entered Congress in 1941 at the age of twenty-eight with a high school education and ten years' experience as a bricklayer. In 1949 he became the chairman of the House Appropriations subcommittee that handled the funds for health, a post of great power. Until a couple of years ago, Fogarty underscored his own power by denying sufficient staff to the secretary of HEW. Gorman claims that Mrs. Lasker "made" Fogarty, taught him everything he knew, but this is not quite the case. It understates Fogarty's independent, impressive mastery of the details of federal health programs. Moreover, though Mrs. Lasker and Fogarty were close allies, Fogarty was even closer to Dr. Shannon. Shannon, through an extraordinary combination of professional standards and political instincts, traits which in other men are frequently at cross-purposes, managed to build both a great research institution and a political base for it in Congress. Mrs. Lasker was closer to Hill than to Fogarty. Hill, as it happens, had an innate interest in health policy: his father was a prominent surgeon, five cousins and two brothers-in-law were doctors, and Hill himself was named for the great surgeon Joseph Lister. Hill directed health policy from a dual position of power in the Senate, as chairman of the Labor and Public Welfare Committee, which authorizes health programs, and as chairman of the Appropriations subcommittee which provides the money.

In the raising of the budget, Fogarty, Hill, Shannon, and Lasker performed each year as a highly polished quartet. First, the Administration would submit a budget request. As with just about every government agency's request, it would be lower than the NIH had suggested to HEW and than HEW in turn had suggested to the Budget Bureau. Holding his hearings, Fogarty would castigate the White House for the "cutbacks" and elicit from the NIH officials, as if he didn't already know, the amount they had initially requested and the comment that they could do well with the full amount. Fogarty would say that he did not care what the bureaucrats in the Budget Bureau thought; he wanted to hear from the "experts." Then Gor-

man would field his "citizen witnesses," well-known physicians such as De Bakey, Farber, Paul Dudley White, Karl Menninger, who would state the case for more money.

Finding good medical witnesses, according to Gorman, is not easy. "Their language is extremely technical, jargonistic. I *forbid* doctors to use the term 'myocardial infarction.' I say, 'You call it heart attack or you leave the room.' That and 'no smoking.' Those are the two rules. It's hard to find the right combination. De Bakey is unique; he has the aura of the surgeon, he's articulate, enthusiastic. Most doctors are not enthusiastic, not used to the verbal give and take. The Rusks, Farbers, De Bakeys have the evangelistic pizzazz. Put a tam-bourine in their hands and they go to work."

Carefully assessing the mood within his own subcommittee, and the more conservative full Appropriations Committee, Fogarty would then raise the NIH budget and write a justifying report in which Gorman and Shannon usually had a hand. Such is the stature of the Appropriations subcommittee chairmen in general, and such was Fogarty's in particular, that he had his way when the bill came to the House floor.

The budget raises which Fogarty produced enabled Hill to take them still higher. Essentially the same routine would be followed in the Senate — "citizen witnesses" and all. During this time, Gorman and Mrs. Lasker would be making their rounds, doing what they could to assure the success of Fogarty's and Hill's budget-raising performances.

In 1959, after years of what Gorman calls "glorious adversity" during the Eisenhower Administration (the NIH budget went from \$59 million to \$400 million between 1953 and 1960), some Republicans began to propose a closer look at the runaway NIH budget. Senator Hill graciously offered to direct the study himself, and appointed a Committee of Consultants on Medical Research. Among its members were Michael De Bakey, Sidney Farber, and others who were in the health syndicate's inner circles. Gorman helped out with the report, which called for a substantial rise in federal support for medical research. The study, says Hill, was "very helpful."

IN THEIR view, one of the most satisfying successes of the health syndicate is the federally sponsored system of special centers for the treatment of heart disease, cancer, and stroke which is now being established throughout the country. In 1960 Mike Gorman succeeded in getting inserted into the Democratic platform a call for a special White House study of heart disease and cancer. In 1961, a specially appointed body produced a report now known as the "Bay of Pigs Report," both because it

was presented to President Kennedy on the day of the invasion, and because it was so badly done that it was a bit of a disaster in its own right. The Lasker forces pushed for another commission, and it is said that it was suggested now that it be a commission on stroke as well as on cancer and heart disease, although strokes are considered a subspecies of heart disease, to appeal to President Kennedy, whose father had suffered a stroke. In any event, the President was considering a new commission before he was killed.

Behind the efforts for such a commission lay the Lasker group's growing impatience to get the results "off the shelf," as they say, and out into the country. They visualized a network of heart, cancer, and stroke institutes which would conduct research, training, and patient care. The idea appealed to President Johnson. Beyond the fact that Mr. Johnson likes Mrs. Lasker and admires her achievements, her impatience to get practical application of the fruits of research was consistent with his own nature. In the spring of 1964, the President's Commission on Heart Disease, Cancer and Stroke was established. Its chairman was Michael De Bakey. Among the members were Mrs. Florence Mahoney, Mrs. Harry Truman, Dr. Sidney Farber, Dr. Howard Rusk, Dr. Edward Dempsey, and a number of others close to the Lasker circle. "We had a quorum," says Gorman.

Included in that quorum was Dr. J. Willis Hurst of Emory University, the man who monitors President Johnson's heart. ("He's with us," says Gorman.) Being the President's doctor seems to be a promising route into a position of health policy making. Dr. James Cain of the Mayo Clinic is a longtime friend of Mr. Johnson's and has general responsibility for his health. Dr. Cain told the President over dinner one night that he was worried about the way that the Pentagon was drafting doctors, and this led to establishment of the National Advisory Commission on Health Manpower (its areas of concern were broadened at the insistence of other health officials). Dr. Cain, of course, served on the commission. Dr. Wilbur Gould, who operated on the President's larynx, has been suggested by the White House for a position on a health advisory council, and he is expected to be making health policy before the year is out. Even Luci Johnson Nugent's doctor's wife was named to a consumer advisory council not long ago.

In December, 1964, the President's Commission on Heart Disease, Cancer and Stroke reported, calling for a national network of heart disease, cancer, and stroke centers which would conduct research, training, and patient care. So hurriedly was the legislation drafted for the forthcoming session of Congress that one man working with the White House who saw the bill zip by says that "in all my

experience I never saw a piece of legislation leave the White House on which there was less clarity on what the federal government was going to do." Nevertheless, the President made it one of his priorities, and the bill was passed by Congress in 1965.

While the goals of the Lasker forces in pushing the heart disease, cancer, and stroke program may seem unexceptionable, others who are as in favor of health as they are are disturbed by the decision to embark on this type of program. For it raises some of the most serious and difficult questions, moral as well as medical and financial, involved in defining the federal government's role in health care. The centers are to provide the most advanced treatment of these diseases, but in most cases even the most advanced treatment can only ameliorate them, not cure them, and can only postpone death. Is the government therefore assuming responsibility for the care of these patients for the rest of their lives? If the federal government is going to begin to provide centers for certain diseases, would it be better to provide them for diseases which can be cured or for those which cannot yet be cured? Similarly, if such a departure is to be made, should it focus on diseases which affect primarily the elderly, as these do, or on diseases which affect primarily the young? These kinds of policy considerations should have preceded a decision to initiate a program of centers for heart disease, cancer, and stroke, but they did not. The very name of the commission, and its membership, preordained its conclusions.

Moreover, the issues involved in producing the "payoffs" from research, in getting the findings "off the shelf," are not so simple as the Lasker forces make out — as President Johnson, at great pain, learned this past year.

THE Lasker forces feel that the NIH directors must be pushed into more concern for faster "pay-off" from the research dollar. "They should be paying more attention to helping human beings," says Mrs. Lasker, "who after all are the ones who are paying for research. I know you have to have basic research, but once you've spent \$8.5 billion, I think you should do more to see how the dollars apply to human beings. The NIH people are not people with a sense of mission to reduce the death rate directly. I don't mean that they're not well motivated. Too many of them are without a sense of deep urgency." As Gorman puts it, "We figure they get the seven-year itch in eight years."

One of the ways that the Lasker group has pushed for "payoff" has been through getting themselves appointed to the NIH advisory councils, which approve all research grants and therefore have considerable voice in NIH policy. Mrs. Lasker has

served on the councils more often than has anyone else, and way up there are Mrs. Mahoney, Dr. Farber, and Dr. De Bakey. Mrs. Lasker's sister, Alice W. Fordyce, is on the National Advisory Allergy and Infectious Diseases Council. Their uses of these positions have often put them at odds with Dr. Shannon and the directors of specific institutes.

A few years ago, for instance, the National Advisory Heart Council stated that the highest priority should be given to a \$100 million program to develop an artificial heart. Shannon resisted, on the grounds that there was not yet a sufficient scientific base on which to develop an artificial heart. He knew, moreover, that development would be highly expensive, and once started, the demands for the product could end in consuming all of the funds for research on artificial hearts — at the cost of a better product in the longer run. The limits on medical and economic resources raise, again, difficult social as well as medical issues. When is it scientifically feasible to proceed with the development of such devices? Would the price, in deaths, of postponement be offset by the saving of more lives through a more effective instrument at some future time? Shannon initiated instead a much smaller, highly directed program designed to learn a good deal more about what kinds of devices would be useful at what stages in what sorts of heart problems. Resisting the all-out artificial heart production program was not easy, particularly since it had the backing of Dr. De Bakey, a physician quite adept at publicizing his causes.

Another way that the Lasker group has pushed for earlier cures is through allies in Congress. Senator Hill has been especially helpful. "There is nothing more important," he says, "than getting the findings and getting them out to the patient's bedside." Dr. Farber has been a strong supporter of studying the effects of various drugs on cancer, and Senator Hill, through simply adding the money for it to its budget, pushed the NIH into a massive program of cancer chemotherapy. The program, which began in 1955 over the objections of a large number of scientists, has now cost about \$250 million. Although there have been a few useful results, many question whether more progress would not have been purchased through a similar investment elsewhere. A special committee which studied the NIH in 1965 (this group contained no traces of the syndicate) said that the program had been begun on too large a scale, based on too little scientific data. "The availability of money," it said, "exceeded the availability of sound ideas." A second objection to the cancer chemotherapy program has been that it was a search for a cure when there was little knowledge about the cause, and that this seldom works. Finally, the availability of research money in a given medical field has circular

effects: the money attracts the researchers who in turn request more money. There are always vogues in medicine. If the most enthusiastic supporters of a certain vogue have political access, the circular effect can be intensified. If the program doesn't show sufficient results, its backers can say that it is because it needs more money. This can cause some serious displacement. Cancer chemotherapy research, for example, consistently received ever expanding funds, while those interested in viruses as a cause of cancer received little support. It now appears that the study of viruses might produce the most important knowledge yet about cancer.

In recent years, Mrs. Lasker has become increasingly insistent upon large-scale field trials of drugs. People who know her ascribe this to a combination of her general interest in health and her own intimations of mortality. This year, for example, her forces persuaded Senator Hill to add \$4 million to the NIH budget, without asking NIH, for a test of an anti-coagulant drug, to see if it will reduce heart attacks. NIH scientists say that the project is poorly conceived, and that it may take ten years and over \$100 million to test just this one drug.

Still another way to push for "payoff" is to go straight to the President. One day last spring, during a White House meeting of doctors and hospital officials on Medicare, President Johnson made the slightly irrelevant announcement that he was "serving notice" on his secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare to convene a meeting of the NIH directors, which the President would attend, to "hear the plans, if any, they have of reducing deaths and disability, of expanding research." It pleases the Lasker group that this was the first that HEW officials heard about it. But no one was unclear about where the President got the idea. At the meeting which took place a few weeks later, the President asked the NIH directors a series of questions, drawn up by Mrs. Lasker and Gorman.

The President's initiative, as if he didn't have enough problems, caused an explosion among the scientists and in the universities. They took it to mean that the Lasker forces were in the saddle; that support for applied research and development was to be substituted for support for basic research by an anti-intellectual, unsophisticated President who could never understand such things. Many scientists feel that basic research in general gets shortchanged. (Officially, less than half of the federal health research budget is classified as going for basic research; in many other scientific fields, the balance is heavily on the side of application and development.) They know that premature application can lead to wasteful, or imbalanced, programs. They feel that national policy reflects this country's instinct for the practical, its assumption, as one leading scientist put it, "that it can buy re-

search by the yard." This leads them to conclude that basic research must have the strongest possible advocacy in the public arena. Their opponents argue that too high a proportion of the biomedical research dollar has gone to basic research, and that unless the strongest possible advocacy is given to clinical testing and production of medical services, the fruits of the research will remain in the laboratories. Too much of what might help us, they say, is left to serendipity and Germanic journals.

While there is obviously some validity to what both sides say, the argument is not quite real because it implies far greater separations and distinctions between basic and applied biomedical research than actually exist. There are many examples in the work at NIH. Through basic research in genetics, more was learned about the origins of a number of diseases. Basic research on tissue culture led to a series of virus vaccines. The argument posits a clear-cut choice between one or the other. This is an issue which calls for sophisticated policy-making machinery, not to come up with a single policy, but constantly weigh the priorities between alternatives, each of which is laudable. This is not an issue which should be decided on the basis of who happens to have the President's ear.

Sometime last spring Mrs. Lasker thought it was time for the President to prod the NIH directors again. This time, however, the President heard from some of his official advisers that the entire affair had done him no good. In a dramatic attempt to recoup, the President helicoptered to the NIH campus in Bethesda, nodded approvingly at its facilities, and made a speech which managed not to make either side mad. He bowed to basic research ("The government supports this creative exploration because we believe that all knowledge is precious; because we know that all progress would halt without it") and to cures ("There is no use in opening someone up and saying, 'It is too far gone. I can't do anything about it'"). But most of all he made the men at NIH happy by calling their institution a "billion-dollar success story." In scientific circles, the President's trip is referred to as "the Pedernales solution."

There are a number of thoughtful people with a role in health policy who are apt to become highly exasperated with Mrs. Lasker. But then they remind themselves of the contribution that she and her group have made. In its buccaneering fashion, the health syndicate has done great good.

"People get so mad at her," says one government man, "that they say that Mary Lasker is almost always wrong. In fact, she has been almost always right. Her instincts are very correct — that biomedical research must be built up, that there must be more delivery of health services. The problems come when these get mixed up with her personal

interests, her politicking, and her taste for power, and then she gets into trouble and causes trouble.” The exasperation stems largely from the fact that Mrs. Lasker’s group would not recognize the need for choices, but then do-gooders seldom do. It is questionable that the Lasker forces should be blamed for the fact that they were so successful, or for the related fact that there were no equivalent forces pressing for other health priorities. It is not their fault that the U.S. Public Health Service, a quasi-military corps based on an eighteenth-century concept, has been so lacking in courage and imagination, so deferential, in dealing with everything from disease prevention to pollution control, to the status quo.

Nonetheless, the resulting distortions in federal health policy cannot be blinked aside. To be very hard about it, the prevention, or postponement, of death among the aged may not be the most important priority in medicine, yet that is the decision that the politicians have made. The resources that go into the research and treatment of diseases which affect primarily the aged, in combination with Medicare and Medicaid and other health programs of benefit to the elderly, consume at least 50 percent of the federal health budget. While roughly one eighth of the U.S. population is over 60, almost half of it is under 25. And for all of its medical prowess, the United States has an infant mortality rate that is worse than that in fourteen other countries. About 40 percent of those called up for the draft fail to pass its tests for mental, physical, and emotional health. It has been estimated that large percentages of the handicapping conditions which children now suffer — congenital malformations, vision or hearing defects, psychiatric problems, and others — could be prevented. This year, the federal government is spending only \$167 million on child health services programs, and another \$65 million on child health and mental retardation research at NIH’s Institute of Child Health and Human Development, as against \$165 million at the Heart Institute for research alone. There is much less federal support for research on trauma and accidents, which hospitalize more than 2 million people each year and kill another 100,000, than there is on diseases that kill or disable far fewer people at a far lower social cost. Moreover, distortions beget distortions. Physicians who go into research are attracted to the fields where there is a large amount of support for research.

Nor can some of the assumptions on which health policy has been sold be accepted on their face. Despite the claims of the Lasker group about how our investment in health research has produced longevity, this is not at all clear. Longevity in the United States has increased, but it has increased more in other nations, even those which started

from a higher longevity base. The mortality rate is a crude indicator, in any event. It says nothing about the social, economic, or emotional consequences of diseases. It does not measure the effects of chronic diseases that are not primarily killers.

It is not at all clear, either, that in buying health services we have bought health. HEW policymakers say that they have searched, but have not been able to find, documentation of the assumption that people who receive regular medical attention are healthier than those who do not. This may require an entirely new definition of the components of “health.” A great many more deaths might be prevented, or diseases “cured,” if smoking were reduced, if automobiles were safer, if the air were cleaner, than through post-facto, disease-oriented research and services. In the days when there were less social and military claims on the budget, and when these alternatives were less understood, such choices did not have to be faced. But now they do.

Even the “payoff” argument has somewhat missed the point. It is now widely believed that the great gap in the delivery of health services is not simply between the laboratory and the practitioner, but between the treatment received if one is lucky enough to have access to a great university medical complex and the treatment received in the small towns and rural areas, or between the treatment in the medical complexes and the ghetto. These gaps are less romantic, and they are more difficult to deal with.

There is increasing concern among health policy makers over the disorganization and inequities in medical services. There is a growing feeling that the categorical, disconnected, disease-oriented, specific-fee-for-specific-service approach is outmoded. (Even Medicare does not ensure comprehensive medical treatment; it ensures the payment of doctors’ bills.) The comprehensive health clinics which the poverty program has begun to open in ghetto neighborhoods, using new approaches to health care, are seen as the first step in a new direction. This, the general awareness of the needs of the poor that came with the poverty program, the demands of the labor movement, the involvement of the insurance companies, the restiveness of the medical students — all are going to have an increasing voice in defining health policies.

This means that the voice of the health syndicate will be diminished. This comes at a time when its powers would inevitably fade. John Fogarty is dead. Lister Hill is seventy-two and in political trouble. Mary Lasker and Florence Mahoney are no longer young women. The political climate is changing. The health syndicate has been, therefore, a historical phenomenon, probably an unparalleled one, certainly an important one. There may never be anything like it again.



THE PROMISE OF THERA

A Bronze Age Pompeii

by Emily Vermeule

The excavations on the island of Santorin, ancient Thera, which were directed for the Archaeological Society of Athens by Professor Spyridon Marinatos, attracted worldwide attention last summer, and still do. An old idea was revived, that the eruption and collapse of Thera under the sea had helped create the legend of the Lost Atlantis. The public and press were excited by the "new Pompeii" so well preserved under volcanic ash. In the article which follows, Professor Marinatos' colleague sets the matter in more scholarly perspective. Mrs. Vermeule, who attended the American School of Classical Studies in Athens after her graduation from Bryn Mawr, is now a fellow for research at the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, and a professor of art and Greek at Wellesley College.

EXACTLY one hundred years ago, Greek and French archaeologists uncovered the remains of a "prehistoric Pompeii" deep under the ashen surface of the Greek island of Thera in the Cyclades. What they saw then was extraordinary — houses still standing to the roof, with windows overlooking the sea, frescoes on the walls, grain in the granaries, painted vases and stone tools, bones of animals and branches of trees, and a little old man caught in the Bronze Age disaster of Thera. Nineteenth-century scientists felt a childlike wonder at this glimpse of daily life from an era so ancient they could not identify it.

Thera is the most southerly of the Cycladic islands, which fill the Aegean Sea between Greece and Crete. It is an active volcano, near a major earthquake fault, and during its violent past the whole central mass of the island has blown high in the air, once or perhaps twice, and fallen back in again. After long discharges of ash, in about 23,000 B.C. and 1500 B.C. it seems that the normal volcanic outlets became plugged, and super-hot gas-charged magma burst up from under the earth through a solid cap of island, throwing huge boulders fifty kilometers in the air and scattering hot ash, or *tephra*, over the whole eastern Mediterranean. When

the magma chamber under the earth drained out, the remaining pillars of matter were too fragile to stand, and everything collapsed into the new hollow with a huge inrush of sea. This invasion of water was accompanied by a trembling of the earth, incredible noise, 150-foot tidal waves, electrified atmosphere, gales, steam, sulfuric mist, and showers of ash which barred the sunlight and turned much of the world dark. In 1500 B.C., when the Mediterranean was densely inhabited by highly civilized people, the eruption of Thera must have caused a shocking amount of physical damage and mental agony on all the neighboring coasts.

As you sail into the caldera of Thera now you quickly sense the presence of a natural power too demonic to understand neatly. The whole island is volcanic sculpture, layers of pale ash and pumice thrown up from inside the earth to mask the original limestone flanks of the island mountain. Only the rim of the crater survives, sheer cliffs of ash rising 1200 feet above the sea, layered in tones of rose and tan and white, broken by bizarre bastions of tougher debris, held between a bed of black lava below and a coating of vineyards and white villages above.

The circle of the crater is broken three times,

once in the north and twice in the west, where the sea has flowed in to isolate the little block of Aspronisi, the longer arc of Therasia. The whole gap, four times larger than the hole the volcano of Krakatoa made in itself when it blew up the Sunda Straits in 1883 and staggered the world, is four miles across and 1200 feet deep. Three volcanic islets, the Kameni, or Burnt Ones, grow slowly in the center, steaming gently and oozing brown lava, warming the sea and attracting sharks.

The last major eruption of Thera took place in 1925, and there were minor convulsions in 1928, 1939, and 1950. Between convulsions earthquakes rock the island. Thousands of islanders left after the quake of 1956, which killed scores in falling rock, smashed the villages, and expelled the sea nearly a thousand feet from the coasts. One admires the Therans who stay. It would be interesting to explore their deeper thoughts about life on a volcano, and to assess the quality of their childhood terrors. Yet Greeks are full of courage and disconcerting honesty; they are used to the threats of nature. From day to day they are more concerned with poverty than with forces under the earth.

Thera is not rich, although some individuals are. Rain scarcely falls there. There is only one hillside brook, springing from the one big limestone hill to project above the ash, Prophet Elias, which carries the gray stone city of classical Thera on one peak and a white monastery on the other. Elsewhere people depend on cisterns and on black bags of water towed in by boat. In this dry land the houses are paradoxically damp because they are partly hollowed out of the cliffs like troglodyte caves, vaulted free-form honeycombs where the sun never reaches. The volcanic soil is good for acid fruits — small tomatoes, and the grapes which make the famous Santorini wine. Both crops are troublesome. The wind blows so hard that the grapes cannot be propped up to catch the sun; the wine is too sweet to sell abroad much.

Transportation depends on a few old Fords and an army of donkeys. Only donkeys can manage the hairpin stone trails from the landing stages to the towns a thousand feet above. In this flat, sheared-off country without earth, water, or trees it is hard to make a living. The villagers say their income often does not exceed \$60 a year to feed a family of four, although in good years they may make \$200. In such an economy men go to sea, or wait on tourists, or mine pumice.

THE prehistoric ruins of Thera were first exposed over a century ago in the pumice mines. French engineers for Suez realized that Thera provided

a prime cheap source of cement for the canal and the installations of Port Said. They started open-air mines in the huge deposit of ash south of the main town of Phirá, on the southern tip of Therasia, and at scattered points around the circumference of the island wherever ships could come in close. Houses all over the Middle East are still built out of Thera.

The white volcanic ash when mixed with chalk makes a fine hard waterproof concrete; the wetter it gets the harder it grows. The pumice, which comes in pale porous nuggets or chunks, is exported raw and ground at its destination for building, industrial abrasives, and cleaning inky fingers. Some dentists use it too, though most American teeth are cleaned by Italian volcanoes. Freighters moor close under the cliffs where wooden chutes carry the volcanic glass, crashing a thousand feet down into the waiting holds. One foreman with forty years' experience in the mines, Mr. Savvas, has watched a solid half mile of Thera sent overseas since his boyhood, and like his predecessors, he has seen innumerable traces of ancient civilization chewed up by commerce. The men are so used to the world underneath the ash that they scarcely pay attention to it anymore.

The mines of Phirá make a wild white landscape which grows eerie at noon under the sun's heat. The crucial level for prehistory lies between 90 and 120 feet down, where a layer of weathered brown lava was the surface of Thera in the second millennium B.C. House walls are tossed aside in wavering lines by the machines; pottery and plaster litter the ground. The miners often see wood — parts of Cycladic houses or simply the trees which once grew in the fields. A few years back a wild almond with bark and leaves excited much comment but was not saved.

Exploration started in the mines across the caldera on Therasia. A maze of walls appeared under the property of Mr. Alaphousos, "a foreigner from the other side of the island." The professor of chemistry in Athens Christomanos saw them and understood their significance; the distinguished Thera Dr. Nomikos joined Alaphousos in exploring them. The Greek scientists were vastly curious about how so much volcanic matter had arrived on top of constructions which were clearly very primitive, but the danger of the site hampered their investigations. Cascades of loose pumice kept rolling down to threaten them with live burial.

At an early stage the explorers were joined by a lucid and energetic Frenchman, Ferdinand Fouqué, whose name should be honored on Thera forever. Fouqué was a highly trained geologist sent out by his government to keep watch on the long eruption of Thera which started in 1866 and continued for several years. He realized at once that Nomikos'

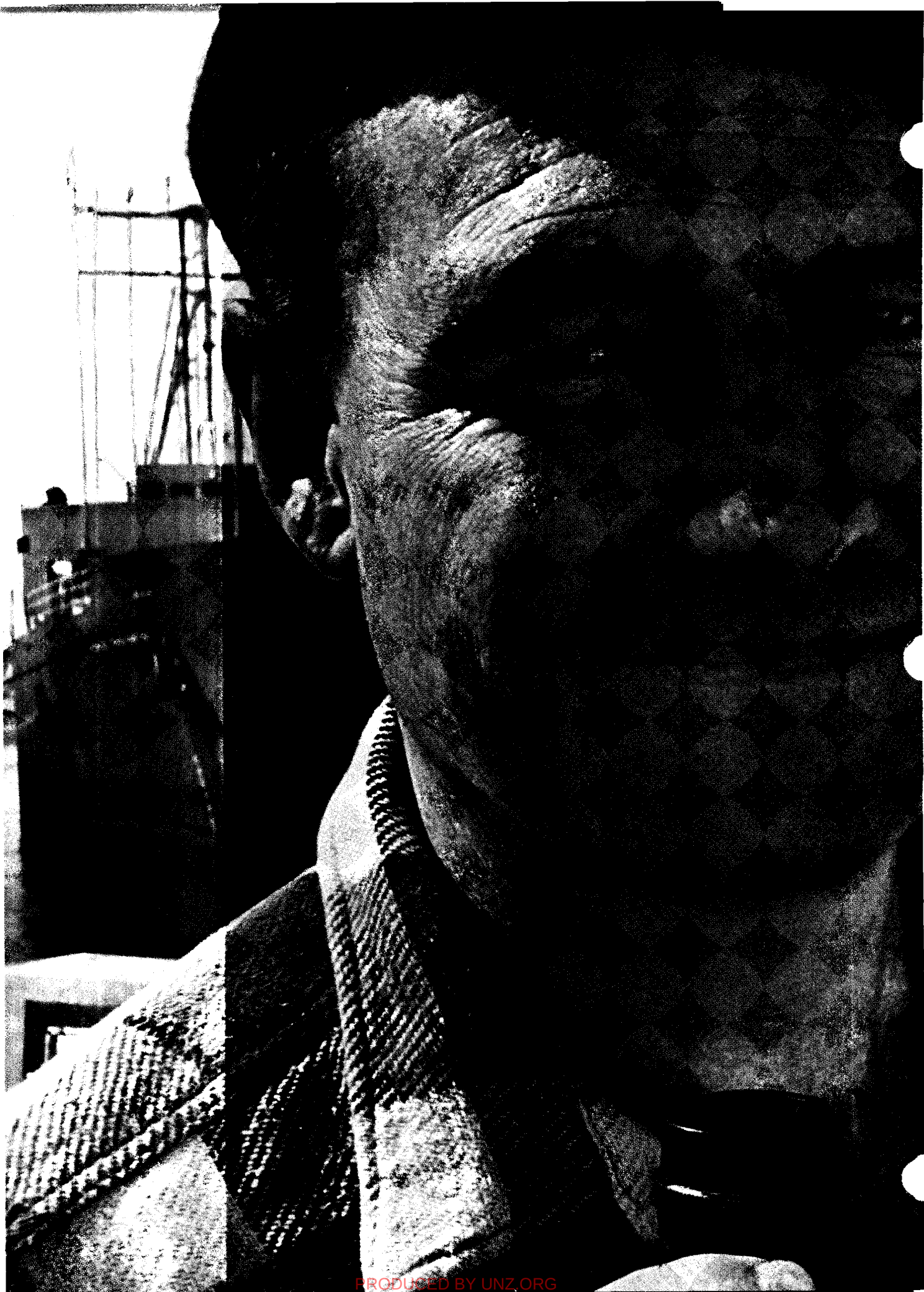
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Ed Coughran is developing techniques to help oceanographers speed things up: by going down to the sea with computers.

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ruins under Therasia were the first good evidence for the date of the big eruption which had made the caldera and shrouded the remnants so thickly in ash. A hundred years ago no one could tell precisely how old the Therasia ruins were, but they were clearly pre-Greek. In the end Fouqué and his colleagues had cleared six principal rooms of what seemed to be a large farmhouse, built of lava boulders, with branches of wild olive inserted into the walls as an elastic framework. There was a columned hall, and stairs, and windows overlooking the sea. The farm was still full of household furnishings. Fouqué made detailed records in a neat and vivid style, which makes it sad that his monumental book *Santorin et ses éruptions* should be so rare today. There seemed to be only one victim, an aged man crumpled by the falling roof. The human situation was not like Pompeii, no crowds of choked contorted sufferers. The Therans may have had warning and escaped to sea.

The Therasia site was dangerous. Fouqué thought that ruins he had been shown at Akrotiri might be easier to investigate — here the deposit of ash and pumice was much shallower, only six to thirty feet. Akrotiri is an important village built around a medieval castle, on the south coast of the horned crescent of the main island. It commands the inner and outer seas, and possesses a large undulating terrain of vineyards broken by ravines, terraced erosion gullies lined with modern retaining walls of lava boulders. The paths at the bottom of these ravines run just above the basements of the ancient houses. Fouqué saw walls sticking accessibly out of the ash, but a misunderstanding over the price of prime vine land kept him from large-scale excavation; he was able to extract a number of vases, however, and two rings of nearly pure gold. In 1870 he persuaded the École Française d'Athènes to send out to Akrotiri two young scholars named Mamet and Gorceix.

MAMET and Gorceix had astonishing success at Akrotiri under difficult circumstances, which were probably aggravated by their speaking very little Greek. Their preliminary report, written as letters to the director, is filled with wonder and harassment. Mamet was the archaeologist, Gorceix a geologist who liked mines and who was fascinated by the volcano which still went boom eight times an hour, sending spurts of white vapor 300 feet into the air. On May 9, 1870, they began to have "happy results surpassing our hopes." They worked in the ravine east of Akrotiri, 400 meters from the sea. Under the angular pumice they found three rooms of a buried building built directly on top of the cindery gray lava which represented the late

Bronze Age surface of the island, laid down by earlier eruptions. The walls of their house still stood five or six feet high.

The French were impressed by the quantity of household furniture which appeared everywhere — obsidian knives, mortars, pestles, mills, lamps, weights for looms and fishnets, carpenter's tools, pottery painted and plain, often full of carbonized food — in the end they had identified barley, rye, lentils, chick-peas, straw, and the bones of rabbits, sheep, goats, a dog, a cat, and a donkey.

Their most exciting experience came when they tried mining galleries underground in the unstable banks of pumice.

A few blows of the pickaxe discovered for us an underground corridor whose vaulted roof was formed of pumice which fell down at the slightest shock. One wall was still covered with white chalk-plaster covered with designs in red and violet and black.

This underground painted tunnel was like a child's dream; its loveliness disappeared equally quickly as the roof fell in.

The frescoes of Thera were the first paintings known to the modern world from that brilliant period of Aegean civilization in the sixteenth and fifteenth centuries B.C., when artists devoted so much of their energy to fresco. The walls of Akrotiri showed brightly colored bands, and flowers with long yellow stamens like lilies, and iris bending toward each other in the wind. This pretty style of garden fresco originated in the palaces of Crete. Even a century ago, before Crete was explored, it suggested that the buried houses of Thera were not simple peasant farms.

Mamet and Gorceix also discovered, inside the island, high over the little harbor of Balos, under 60 feet of ash, house walls jutting directly from the face of the cliff 150 feet above sea level. This proved that their settlement had stretched across the abyss when the great eruption came; all that survived was the seacoast fringe of a greater town.

In the end the French turned up all sorts of evidence for an advanced civilization still miraculously preserved by the catastrophe of the volcano, shrouded in ash, sealed off from destructive air and rain. The houses stood, in at least one case, up to the second story; the wooden beams and doorjambs could still be seen; a pair of little granaries still held straw and wheat. Great storage jars were partly filled with food; the household casseroles and tripods, bathtubs and basins, lamps and oil presses were still where Cycladic wives had left them, only partly tumbled about by earth tremors. No wonder Fouqué spoke of a new Pompeii.

To impatient scholars it may seem astonishing that a century passed before another serious probe was made at Akrotiri. Yet we must remember

how long ago this was in the short history of archaeology. While Mamet and Gorceix were on Thera, Heinrich Schliemann was making his first announcement that he had found Homer's Troy. Mycenae and Knossos were still buried. For the world at large the sublime monuments of antiquity were classical statues, preferably in Roman copies. Fouqué's discoveries seemed too primitive, and too dangerously buried, to trouble about.

Years passed. Fouqué's great book appeared in 1879. In 1883 Krakatoa erupted and taught the world directly about the power of volcanoes. In 1885 the first connections between Thera and Plato's legend of the Lost Atlantis, that virtuous island which had sunk under the sea in a single night, were made by Auguste Nicaise in a lecture entitled "*Les Terres Disparues: L'Atlantide, Théra, Krakatoa.*" In 1899 the renowned German scholar Baron Friedrich Hiller von Gaertringen, who was excavating the lovely classical city high on Thera's mountain, sent a colleague down to Akrotiri to look around. Robert Zahn cleared one prehistoric house built of red lava and found abundant remains of timber, pottery, and food — even coriander and anise — and a storage jar of local clay on which were inscribed mysterious symbols in an unknown writing. In the same year Sir Arthur Evans began the preliminary exploration of what would turn out to be the Cretan Labyrinth, the palace of King Minos at Knossos.

From 1900 onward the strange beauty and originality of the Minoan civilization on Crete began to unfold. Soon archaeologists realized that the writing on Thera was in fact Minoan, in the script called Linear A, which is still undeciphered through scarcity of documents. Even so the Cyclades remained curiously unexplored. Only the British excavations at Phylakopi on the island of Melos (another volcano, long extinct) revealed the strong Cretan influence in the islands — the governor's palace, the frescoes, the writing on pottery. Even the marble figure of a musician playing a harp, said to come from third-millennium Thera, failed to waken further interest in what lay under the ash. Money and permits were scarce; there was too much work to be done elsewhere; what the nineteenth century knew about Thera the twentieth century partly forgot.

IN 1939, a significant ripple at last moved across this surface of neglect. Professor Spyridon Marinatos published a now classic article in the British periodical *Antiquity*, entitled "The Volcanic Destruction of Minoan Crete." His thesis was that the eruption of Thera in the sixteenth century B.C. was directly responsible for the widespread

damage done to Minoan civilization on Crete at about the same time. Marinatos calculated from the Krakatoa statistics how much greater the eruption of Thera must have been; he cited his own discoveries at Amnisos, the harbor of Knossos, to suggest the magnitude of the tidal waves emanating from Thera and the masses of pumice deposited on Crete's north shore; he sketched a moving recreation of the horror, noise, banging objects, rushing water, gas, wind, hot ash, darkness, lightning, and nervous shock which must have been felt by the Minoans, only sixty miles south of Thera, as manifestations of divine anger. The waves, which may have been nearly 200 feet high, took just over half an hour to hit Crete by Marinatos' conservative reckoning; since most Cretans lived near the sea and depended on it for their livelihood, the island must at the least have been stricken to a point of temporary impotence.

In retrospect it is amazing how much skepticism greeted these suggestions. The theory was scientifically plausible and dramatically appealing, as Marinatos' theories often are, but excavators in Crete failed to detect any evidence for accepting it, such as a blanket of ash, or saltwater damage to their sites. And Crete in wartime was no place for such delicate research. The first real signs of acceptance came in the 1960s when Dr. Nicholas Platon, Marinatos' successor as ephor of Crete, found, during his careful uncovering of the new treasure-filled palace at Kato Zakro in eastern Crete, lumps of vitrified matter which were tentatively identified by a visitor as volcanic scoriae.

Then two fine new excavations of the same historical epoch as Thera's — Professor John Caskey's on Keos, Professor George Huxley's on Kythera — combined with a bitter international dispute about the real date of the destruction of Knossos, reminded people that crucial knowledge still lay buried on Thera.

In 1960, word began to get around that Professor Angelos Galanopoulos had found a new way to link Thera with Plato's myth of the Lost Atlantis. Since 1909 it had been a commonplace in archaeological handbooks to connect the peculiar features of the drowned civilization on Atlantis with the peculiar features of Bronze Age civilization on Crete; much was formerly made of Atlantis' worship of the sea god Poseidon, of the royal bull games and bull sacrifice there, of the princely baths, luxury, and virtue in the palaces. (Un-Cretan aspects of Atlantis, like its marble temples, its elephants, its triremes and brass-bound walls and huge gold statues, were largely ignored.) Yet Plato's utopia was regarded by trained classicists as essentially a myth, however much a distant, contaminated knowledge of the prehistoric past might have contributed to its formation in classical

times. Professor Galanopoulos, who knows a great deal about volcanoes and earthquakes, tried treating Plato's description as pure archaeological fact which ought to be divided by ten. Through a confusion between the symbols for 100 and 1000, he said, in the Egyptian sources from which Plato claimed to take his account, the numbers and measurements of Atlantis were all too large, which forced Plato to put it out in the open Atlantic Ocean because the Mediterranean would not hold it. If you divided every figure by ten you would have a story originating in the sixteenth century B.C. instead of 9000 years before Plato's time, and an island-continent exactly the size of Thera.

Some of Galanopoulos' ideas on Atlantis were delightful. He hoped to interest oceanographers in reconstructing the original shape of Thera — perhaps Plato's ring-shaped harbors could be matched in Thera's inner circle. He pulled out a piece of wood from under the pumice in the mines which yielded a radiocarbon-14 date of about 1403 B.C. for the big eruption, a date more persuasive to some than Marinatos' 1520 B.C. He speculated on possible links between the eruption and Deukalion's flood, or the plagues and darkness mentioned in contemporary Egyptian records. Perhaps, he suggested, the Jews making the Exodus were poised on the bank of the Sea of Reeds just as the ocean flowed into the new magma chamber of Thera and lowered the water level enough to let them pass; the following tidal wave would have caught Pharaoh in his pursuit.

These ideas were reinforced in 1965 by a stimulating research paper called "Santorini Tephra" from the Lamont Observatory at Columbia. Dragoslav Ninkovich and Bruce Heezen published a number of neglected scientific data about the volcanic ash of Thera. In deep cores drilled out of the seabed of the Aegean they found two widely separated layers of Thera ash; they calculated that two big prehistoric eruptions had occurred, in about 23,000 B.C. and in 1500 or 1400 B.C., ash from the latter being carried more than 700 kilometers distant on northwesterly winds. The Minoan eruption, they suggested, took place in at least two major phases a number of years apart. Like Galanopoulos, the Columbia scientists thought there might be connections between the convulsions of Thera and a number of Bronze Age myths about floods, sinkings, darkness, and natural disaster. Their paper circulated rapidly among Aegean archaeologists. In the same year the distinguished Bryn Mawr scholar Rhys Carpenter made a plea for recognizing the links between Thera and Atlantis, which had been rejected by his colleagues as "too sensational."

Another happening in 1965 was to have equal consequences. A naval engineer named James W.

Mavor, Jr., met Professor Galanopoulos in Athens and heard the tale of Thera-Atlantis. The following summer he announced to the American press that he had found Atlantis and returned to Greece for his first visit to Thera. He was able to persuade the research vessel *Chain*, from his own Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution, to sail a day around Thera taking more seabed cores. The next two weeks were spent with Professor Harold Edgerton of MIT, testing Edgerton's new short-ping sediment profiler in the caldera from a rented caique. The boat was too small and the pit too deep, but Mavor thought it promising that Thera's caldera had several outlets to the sea like the harbors of Atlantis.

He was also delighted by a friend's discovery on one of Thera's black lava beaches of the fossilized head of an African green monkey, which, Mavor explained, had

no economic function, was imported and used as a pet by wealthy Minoans, thus indicating that on Thira lived Minoans with a high standard of civilization.

There is an indication that the monkey was killed as part of a religious practice. In Plato's story of Atlantis, the metropolis is described as a religious center of their civilization.

This information points to Thira as the center or metropolis of the Atlantis civilization.

Mavor's monkey-head identification of Atlantis was not taken seriously by scholars, but it generated considerable popular appeal. His enthusiasm was infectious among many different kinds of people. Without his strong desire for a full exploration of the history and shape of Thera, his grand design for cooperation among all the sciences which might be useful there, the excavations by the Archaeological Society of Athens might never have started.

In the autumn of 1966 Mavor began to plan a massive land and sea assault on Thera. He wanted to invite a band of scientists to take core samples, make new seismic profiles, and look for ash between Thera and Crete. He spoke confidently of ample funds, which would stretch to cover a little excavation on land too, and came to me for advice on how to proceed. For all Aegean specialists it was growing more important every year to test the date of the Minoan eruption in the field; Mavor seemed to provide the opportunity.

EARLY in December I urged Marinatos to supervise the projected work on land, and at Christmas-time he agreed to start in May. Marinatos and I knew each other well. We had often talked about the possibilities of Thera when other commitments should lighten; we both thought the centenary of

Fouqué's epochal discovery on Therasia and at Akrotiri was an agreeable moment to begin.

Spyridon Marinatos, professor of prehistoric archaeology at the University of Athens, former rector of the university, member of the Academy, now Inspector General of the Antiquities Service, crack revolver shot, diplomat, astronomer, linguist, and portly wit, has been a formidable presence in Greek archaeology for nearly forty years. The bare list of sites where he has campaigned sounds like an honor roll in Aegean studies. When he added Thera to his other work, one knew things would begin to move.

Mavor was perhaps unprepared for being relegated so firmly to the middle background as he came out of the sea onto land. Although Marinatos was exquisitely polite to him in public and private and offered him every courtesy and confidence, it was very clear who was in charge. Mavor's grand design, the Helleno-American Multi-Disciplinary Scientific Investigation of Thera and Quest for the Lost Atlantis, sounded less impressive in Greece than in America, especially when Mavor confessed ten days before work started that he had been unable to get any backing at all — no ship, no submarine, no scientists, no equipment, no money.

When the grand design went broke, we all panicked. Marinatos procured \$2000 (60,000 drachmas) from the Archaeological Society of Athens. Mavor drew another \$2000 from his publishers as an advance against royalties from a book on Atlantis. The novelist who would write the book, William Wetmore, paid his own way to get local color. The University Museum in Philadelphia sent Dr. Elizabeth Ralph with a cesium magnetometer to graph the prehistoric land surface under the ash. A technically expert friend of Mavor's, Robert Kane of the Titanium Metals Corporation of America, offered three weeks of sound advice on geology and mining engineering. A retired German architect, Werner Schlobcke, volunteered to do the excavation drawings with his wife's help. Crucial to the success of the whole affair was our elegant and tirelessly kind host, M. Jean Koutsogiannopoulos, who had run the Greek Red Cross and smoothed island affairs like a feudal prince.

Marinatos went hunting with Dr. Ralph and Mr. Mavor on May 24. Dr. Ralph's cesium magnetometer encountered such volcanic resistance that it could not display its usual talent; Mavor's seismograph showed nothing. Marinatos surveyed a stretch of broken ash-filled countryside east of Akrotiri, said "Dig there," and found a palace.

Choosing a good place to dig is never a simple matter. It was aggravated on Thera by the lack of precise records or topographical directions from

earlier diggers, by the ash which held down the pottery that normally works up and gives a site away, by the drastic changes in landscape even since Hiller von Gaertringen's photographs. In such difficult country it is essential for an archaeologist to have long experience in the field. Book learning is not enough.

What makes a good archaeologist is not easy to describe; it takes intuitive flair, which is why archaeology is not really a science. A man needs a complete command of the language of the country where he works, and a talent for establishing warm relationships with the people who live around his site, who can almost always tell him what he wants to know if he asks the right questions and takes time. He must have infinite patience, endurance, good humor, tough digestion, and a three-dimensional imagination. Some archaeologists, like Marinatos, have an extra flair beyond all this. While it can seem to the uninitiated to be a miraculous gift, it is probably compounded of keener powers of observation, ability to project fantasy into the past, and an experience of spending an important part of one's childhood in the countryside. At Akrotiri, the choice was unerring.

The first probe lasted only five days. Results were promising — a doorway with limestone cut-back jambs in the Minoan architectural style, a column base, a hint of being upstairs, and, in the masses of handsome local pottery, some obvious imports from sixteenth-century Crete. Further digging was delayed for three weeks while Marinatos did government work in Athens, and took steps toward expropriating the land.

When Professor Marinatos finally returned, on June 21, only a week before we all had to go home, the lovely undulating countryside around Akrotiri began that same day to be clouded with spurts of black lava dust and white ash. Marinatos laid out a series of trenches at right angles to his first ravine. Mr. Chiotopoulos, the scientifically educated owner of one pumice mine, lent us forty miners to make the work go faster. Most Akrotiri villagers were busy with the tomato harvest, but those free to dig walked over their powdery fields with a new respect for whatever lay underneath to attract so many foreigners.

Hounds came from every quarter to join us. Daily more visitors found transportation to the site in the expectation of glories, which disappointed them when they saw the dusty reality — houses just like their own, but not so nicely kept up, full of dirt, no plumbing. In the end there were nine trenches, each with something fragile or interesting; the pumice miners made the work fly.

The first afternoon we had been confident that nothing would happen for a day or two while the upper layers were thinned. By nine o'clock the

next morning a workman was picking white crumbs off a wall. These were the first Thera frescoes since Mamet and Gorceix. They were still in place along one stone wall, with patches fallen in the fill, face up and face down. A few hours later we could not turn around without hitting plaster — on walls, fallen from the ceiling, coated around mysterious constructions with wooden poles at the corners. Some walls had two or three layers in different color schemes — an older decor of black sponge prints on a white ground, a later one with brown on cream. There was pink and green in a series of bays inside a doorway, and a sheet of red, fallen flat with a cooking pot on top of it. Spaces without plaster were either full of holes — not modern roots but cavities from old beams — or full of vases.

A nest of wine jars and jugs and cups outside the front door took us four days to clear, and a big millstone had fallen upside down on top of another shelfful of old Thera tableware. A stone lamp was overturned among pigs' teeth and goat bones. The flagstone floor inside the door was tilted down from the threshold at an angle of forty degrees, as though it had partly collapsed into a basement underneath. Running off into the sides of the trench were walls of large cut limestone blocks resting on hollows you could dimly see into, and walls of mud brick with wooden saplings inside. The richness of the site lent it a certain madhouse quality, and the frescoes were the worst.

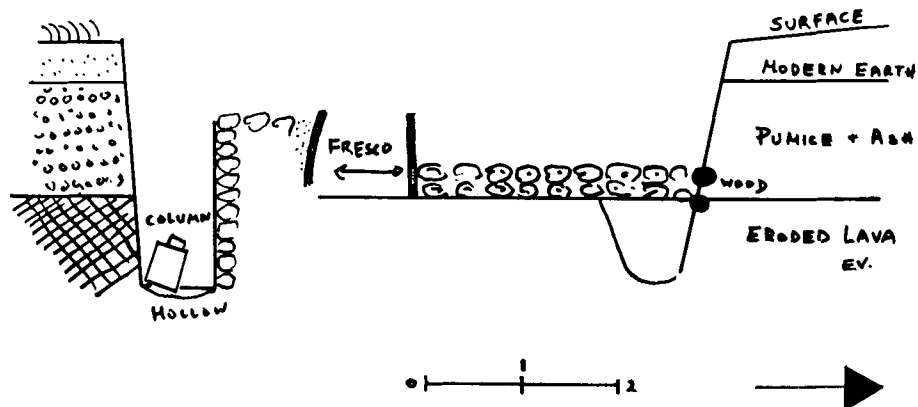
Frescoes are usually found in smashed chunks on a floor after the walls of a house have collapsed. Since a great deal was still in place here, partly supported by wooden crossbeams which had rotted away, we were afraid to clear the walls to the floor level lest they should fall down. Marinatos had spent months on the tangled lily frescoes of Amnisos, and I had watched Miss Mabel Lang give years at Gordion and Pylos to jumbled fragments anyone else would have abandoned as hopeless. For this year, we thought it best to pretend we had never seen the plaster walls of Akrotiri. We covered the whole trench up for the winter.

Marinatos had the other eight trenches to supervise since I was trapped in plaster, and two of them went very deep, with conspicuous problems of their own. One seemed to be a princely facade of limestone blocks facing a courtyard. The other was a basement far down under pumice where a stately row of painted storage jars still stood in

their original position. Spouted jars had been tossed by earthquake over the floor and cracked by heat and pressure. A neat line of loom weights lay across the rims of the storage jars; a hole in the pumice showed where the leg of the loom had been. There was a hearth with all the cooking utensils around it, mortars, stone palettes, stone lamps with soot; like the French a century before, the excavators felt vividly the presence of the Cycladic people whose lives had been changed so unexpectedly by powers inside the island under their feet.

When the pumice miners left in midafternoon there were still drawings to finish, pots to cradle in soft green weeds and pack onto wooden donkey saddles, trays of broken fresco or whole mud bricks to tie safely across the bony donkey haunches for the twenty-minute trot back to Akrotiri.

The rising afternoon wind often whipped ash back onto the frescoes and vases so painfully



cleaned; sometimes an entire scarp rolled back down into the trench. The whole dusty procession of men, women, donkeys, and relics, stumbling over lava boulders, sinking into lava sand, was always just too late to put on a suave smile for Mr. Mavor's ubiquitous movie camera. In the evening, a new life began as the moon climbed over the caldera and important visitors helped Marinatos plan the future.

A vital part of the plan for Akrotiri was to hollow out an underground museum so that the old Cycladic houses could be preserved under a thick shell of pumice with all the household furnishings still in their original positions. Twenty or thirty feet above them, in Marinatos' vision, modern Therans could still plant their vines and pick their tomatoes; the present and the past would co-exist, separated by the shroud of volcanic products which had ended the old civilization and sealed it off safely ever since. Tunneling underground would solve two problems: it would avoid a massive battle in clearing and dumping the overburden, and would keep a natural waterproof roof over the pre-

historic town so that visitors could walk through a fully furnished environment of the sixteenth century B.C. This was an exciting idea, a prototype creation in archaeology. It depended on whether the roof would stay up.

Mr. Chiotopoulos from the mines thought the pumice would stay in place if it was at least four meters thick and properly supported, but a thinner layer would collapse. Robert Kane believed it could be done with roof bolts and wire mesh. There were problems of cloudbursts and ground-water, or the tunnels might be too narrow to expose a complete house; an earthquake or a shudder in the volcano might bring the whole thing down, perhaps with tourists inside it, certainly with enormous damage to the freed ruins. Marinatos insisted on keeping a considerable section undug, for the twenty-first century, when new techniques might solve the problem better. However risky, Marinatos' idea, an imaginative and inspired one which is scarcely possible on any other site, was worth exploring.

So much happened on Thera in June it seemed like a half summer, but it was only six digging days. Marinatos was recalled to Athens on urgent government business; I was left to fill in the trenches, classify and store the finds. The whole operation had been the briefest kind of trial sounding, but enough to convince everyone concerned that, where Fouqué had been baffled, Marinatos would succeed, and that Thera did indeed conceal a Bronze Age Pompeii whose implications for Aegean archaeology would be enormous.

That was only the beginning of a story which still continues daily with alternating brilliant and bitter episodes, and which will continue for another decade at least. Marinatos was appointed Inspector General of Antiquities and said he could not return to the island. His American colleagues all left separately for home with Marinatos' instructions to raise money for the coming season. Mavor had written permission from the Archaeological Society of Athens to use slides, movies, popular articles, and books for this purpose; the fund-raising campaign promised to be arduous. Marinatos thought that the site needed bulldozers, front-end loaders, mining and drilling tests, a road, a little harbor, and other things which tend to swallow large sums of money. I estimated \$30,000 for machinery and men on land; Mavor wanted more than \$700,000 for profitable oceanography.

In Athens, Marinatos announced his success to the press, and suddenly found time to return to the island. This time he took trained men and equipment. Eleven days later in Boston, Mavor and I released the news through the Museum of Fine

Arts. This was altogether too effective, a volcano in its own right. The next morning headlines all over America cried, "Lost Atlantis Found," or "City Buried 3400 Years Uncovered by Americans." It was a slack and silly season, with a lull in the war; the press inflated the preliminary soundings on Thera out of all proportion. Dozens of buried cities are uncovered every summer by scholars of all nations, but the combination of Atlantis and Pompeii made this one seem special, as indeed it was, on its own terms.

No one seemed interested in the sponsorship of the Archaeological Society of Athens. American papers emphasized Mavor and me; the Italians chose Galanopoulos; the British stressed students who had visited Thera the year before; the Greeks, in their haste to be in the swing of things, simply clipped the wire-service stories from the bottom up, neatly eliminating Marinatos from his own dig — "Oceanographer Discovers Atlantis." The Inspector General was understandably bitter. Abruptly he divorced Mavor from future work on Thera, and told him that neither his oceanographic talents nor the Lost Atlantis was wanted in Greece.

Marinatos himself dug harder. By August he could suggest in the Italian press that Thera concealed a palace perhaps more beautiful than Minos' at Knossos, with frescoes which would drive the world mad. But, he insisted again in September, "attempts to connect the excavation with tales about Atlantis are irresponsible."

Plato had written too well. His vague, fragmentary tale of an earthly paradise sunk beneath the waves, from which we are barred forever, has been a siren call to navigators of the ocean and of the spirit for 2400 years. Atlantis has been found many times and always lost again. It is an indestructible, necessary daydream. The quest is what matters, not the discovery. No one can be sorry that Professor Galanopoulos and Mr. Mavor, hunting Atlantis in the Aegean, focused attention on Thera again after so many years.

It may even be true that when Thera sank under the sea with roaring and darkness it helped create one of the world's great myths of nostalgia. Yet in practical terms of excavation Plato has been a nuisance.

The promise of Thera is vivid now as it was a hundred years ago. The island may answer questions scholars have asked for years, if they are left free to look quietly. If they find lava-and-olive-wood houses instead of the marble temples of Atlantis, that is the truth, to be protected at any cost. If the work goes forward with proper care, whatever lies sealed under the ash will be reward enough.

Gadfly on the Rump of Education



*A self-styled "lobbyist for the children" and lamenter of "the passing of the patriot," California's Superintendent of Public Instruction is perhaps the most controversial figure in a state overrun with politicians who have a penchant for exciting passionate followers and passionate enemies. Here he is, observed and diagnosed by **Mark Harris**, author of the recent ATLANTIC article on the flowering of the hippies, as well as of many good books (WAKE UP, STUPID; A TICKET FOR A SEAMSTITCH), essays, and articles. Mr. Harris is professor of English at San Francisco State College, teaching this year at Purdue.*

Max Rafferty of California

IN RECENT weeks Dr. Max Rafferty, Superintendent of Public Instruction for California, has been, as he says, "taking soundings" to discover whether people want him for United States senator.

Some do. Some don't. The right does and the left doesn't. He cheers one and enrages the other. Right or left, people feel very strongly about Dr. Rafferty, whose foremost quality often appears to be his capacity for arousing extremes of passion.

He speaks with the voice of authority, decisiveness, and discipline, say his admirers. He speaks with a forked tongue, say his enemies. He is the savior of the schools. He will destroy the schools. He is the friend of true Americanism. He is the enemy of free speech and speculation. He is the new Paul Revere, warning the countryside of alien infiltration. He is old Joe McCarthy resurrected, finding a Red beneath every beard. He is a gorgeous orator. He is mindless. He is valiant. He is despicable. He has brought important reform to education. He is a mischief-maker.

To the California right, which thinks it knows him, Dr. Rafferty stands for patriotism (he is the author of a superb metaphor equating love of country with love of mother), the three R's, astronauts, more homework for children, more discipline for children, prayers and flags, strong local government, weak federal government, police, a balanced budget, and clean literature.

To the California left, which thinks that he belongs to the right, Dr. Rafferty appears as that lurking, waiting, furtive dark man of power around whom, at a moment of crisis, the worst exponents of

conservatism will rally. The left, alarmed by recent tendencies in California, its instincts alert to every overtone of right-wing extremism, fears Dr. Rafferty's power at the polls, the influence of his high office on public education, and the extravagance of his utterances.

If the "soundings" encourage Max Rafferty to run for the United States Senate, he will announce his candidacy by January, and when he runs, he will run as a Republican. Strictly speaking, the issues of education are nonpartisan and nonpolitical — questions of federal subsidy, selection of textbooks, racial segregation in the schools, crime and punishment, Supreme Court rulings, the teaching of Darwinism. On all these questions Dr. Rafferty's nonpartisan nonpolitical position has resembled the Republican position — hard to the right.

Yet, behind each yes or no which seems to categorize him, his language and logic offer reason to believe that the response is more than blind reflex. His arguments against federal subsidy, for example, are deeply grounded in a tradition of localism which governs his thinking at many points. His opposition to the controversial textbook *Land of the Free* was not based upon an antagonism to civil rights but upon what he believed to be the authors' frequent inability (Dr. Rafferty cited eighty-one errors of one sort or another) to distinguish between fact and opinion.

Dr. Rafferty, often accused of racism, believes, in fact, that any child may attend any school he wishes, and that it is the duty of the district school board to find room. (Charges of racism against him

somehow lose force when one observes that his own residence stands in an integrated neighborhood, or that one of his few appointees is his Negro secretary.)

Dr. Rafferty has called himself "a gadfly on the rump of education." He aspires now to the rump of politics, and the California voter, taking soundings of his own, discovers that mystery deepens as acquaintance advances. For the fact is that nobody really knows what Max Rafferty would stand for if he became the next United States senator from California, perhaps not even Dr. Rafferty himself, who knows himself very well, what he stands for, and the turnings of his racing mind. He is a close student of his own origins, education, career, and convictions. In spite of the widespread notion that he is daily in the public eye, he is by nature introspective, and by training a historian who views himself with humor as mortal living tissue and imminent fossil.

The best clue to his commitment may be his description of himself (he is his own writer and his own press agent) in the "biographical sketch" he freely distributes — "complete individualist." Since he delivers several hundred speeches a year, whether election year or not, he delivers a great many sketches to a great many masters of ceremony, who introduce him to a great many audiences. In this way, and by the most adroit use of newspapers, radio, and television, he is known — superficially at least — in every community of California. In 1966, when he won his second four-year term as superintendent of public instruction, he gathered nearly three million votes in the primaries, more than twice the tally of either ex-Governor Brown or Governor Reagan.

Of course everybody *thinks* he knows what Dr. Rafferty would stand for as senator, how he would vote, and the banners he would fly.

Depending upon their political viewpoint, people rejoice or despair, for they believe that Max Rafferty possesses the power to translate conviction to practice. As a matter of fact, however, the man with three million votes possesses relatively little power, a truth he conceals by a show of much. He is merely the executive arm of the state board of education, whose decisions he must obey. He has almost no appointive power, and therefore no political apparatus within the department of education, whose 2300 workers are effectively protected by civil service. He has slight impact upon the legislature, which at the populous center views him with neither the joy of the right nor the fear of the left, easily assesses his true power, and temperamentally recoils from complete individualists.

But nobody knows better than Dr. Rafferty that if he has captured three million voters, they have also captured him. They shape his public convic-

tions, his method, and his style, imprisoning his ingenuity. Such a course of life, political issues aside, pleases him, amuses him, entertains him, informs him, invigorates him, and has its bracing effect upon a man whose love of debate, motion, ovation, and applause is equaled only by his scholarly love of the detached contemplation of so marvelous a spectacle. The job pays \$25,000 a year; he earns \$6000 more for a syndicated newspaper column; and he receives additional sums for out-of-state speaking engagements.

As long as Dr. Rafferty meant only to be superintendent, not senator, he cared little about people's interpretations of his politics. More recently, however, as the idea of becoming senator took hold, Dr. Rafferty saw that he would be required to woo the center without losing the right, a task he might more easily have accomplished had his image as a rightist not been so thoroughly and perhaps inextricably stamped upon the public mind.

Conceivably — and for Dr. Rafferty this would solve everything at once — he will become senator by appointment in the event of the retirement of George Murphy, who is said to be ailing. More likely, however, he will be forced to contend with Senator Kuchel for the Republican nomination in 1968. Both possibilities presuppose the support of Governor Reagan, which is by no means certain; the governor's support of Dr. Rafferty would suggest to Californians the triumph of the right, would foment Republican disunity, and therefore conflict with the governor's own national ambitions.

Senator or superintendent, win, lose, or withdraw, Max Rafferty may finally be seen as a tragedy of American life and politics who could never fly the trap of "image." His political identity became fixed forever in all minds which had no access to him except through the mass media; the medium itself lazily perpetuated the image it had come to accept; and Dr. Rafferty's future may be doomed by the success of his past.

To remain politically viable he must retain the imagination of the political right by the means he has thus far employed, by making hundreds of speeches at breakfast, lunch, and dinner, by continuing to capture sensational newspaper notice, and by continuing to place his head and shoulders, if not his whole soul, upon television. In this way he can steadily offer the impression to the right that he stands as its most stalwart defender of nostalgic Americanism, and to appear in this light he must continue to reduce everything to the simplest terms. "It's just as simple as that," he often says, usually of issues he knows are far from simple. He is the master, wrote a hostile newspaper, of "the anticipatory panic syndrome." He can set loose the whole right in pursuit of an alleged subversive or an alleged sexual deviate in the schools, a radical

textbook, an obscene dictionary, one teacher's skirt too short, one teacher's beard too long.

But nobody notices — surely the right never notices — that Max Rafferty has no personal intention of pursuing anybody. He has only extended the official courtesy of his office to a taxpaying citizen (an American Legionnaire, say) who wishes to insert his complaint into channels. If in the official course of things press and public gain the impression that Dr. Rafferty either initiated the complaint or pursued the suspect, then they are mistaken. It is a nicety. The media are his tool, and he manipulates them, while accusing the Johnson Administration of managing the news.

Dr. Rafferty himself is too eclectic to take serious notice of transient phenomena. "If I may wax medieval for a moment," he occasionally says, proceeding to observe that almost any modern instance has its counterpart in antiquity. He is one of the few men in high elective office whose breadth of reading in history and literature carry him philosophically to other worlds, although publicly he insists that 1968 will be a "year of decision" comparable with 1492, 1776, or 1860.

His dilemma is that the longer he woos the right, the greater his difficulty in recruiting support from the center. Nevertheless, he has begun to succeed. In nearly five years in office he has traveled ceaselessly about the state (the superintendent is a member *ex officio* of several bodies meeting frequently over wide areas), winning a great many people informally whom he had earlier antagonized with public statements. These people often find that the seeming ogre of television is remarkably easy and open in his person, and neither repressed nor puritanical in his code. All sorts of people whose inclination was to fear him or to hate him quickly find themselves bewildered by the discrepancy between the man and the image. Said one member of the academic senate of the state colleges, "My God, it's impossible to believe that that guy at the table is the wild man who says all those things on TV."

Within his own department of education, Dr. Rafferty has impressed employees with his fairness, his aggressiveness in seeking equal racial opportunities in employment, and his cordial relationships with political opponents. No scandal has touched his office. One veteran educator, now high in the structure of the department, asserts that he was "scared stiff" by Dr. Rafferty's election, but he has come in time to value his chief for his "loyalty, warmth, kindness, and forthrightness."

Whether Dr. Rafferty can sufficiently penetrate the political center by 1968 is a question. But 1968 may not matter. He is only fifty years old, and with a stroke of his speech-writing pencil he might easily postpone the "year of decision" to 1970 or

1972. He will defer meanwhile to the will of governor and party, avoid becoming the cause of disunity, and thereby win allies among moderate Republicans. By 1970 or 1972 he will have delivered several thousand additional public speeches, formed hundreds of new personal acquaintances, and he may have developed techniques of employing the media to address the center without losing the right.

If that time arrives, Max Rafferty as representative of the general center will no longer represent Max Rafferty the complete individualist. Television will be less amusing to look at, and the newspaper less amusing to read. Uneven, erratic, fickle, inconstant Max Rafferty — the autonomous man whose true ambition may be the creation of a system of public schools where children of genius might thrive — *that* Max Rafferty will disappear from public life. We shall have, then, only one more United States senator, all fire extinguished, one more architect of consensus and compromise, one more hundredth part of an august body trading this *aye* for that *nay*.

Then Max Rafferty shall conform at last, the self-styled Hercules diminished, Paul Revere unhorsed, Nathan Hale alive and well: for the principal thrust and meaning of his life have been his ambition to be not senator but hero, rescuing children by giving them heroes and resounding oratory, the ideals, and the grammar of America as it used to be.

PRIOR to 1962, when he ran for his first term as state superintendent of public instruction, almost nobody had heard of Max Rafferty except readers of the *Journal* of the California Teachers Association and of the *Phi Delta Kappan*, where his plain-speaking essays appeared, and residents of five public school districts in Southern California where for more than twenty years he had taught history and other subjects, coached athletics, and served successively as vice-principal, principal, and district superintendent. He had never run for public office.

His most formidable literary contribution, in a spirit quite different from that shown in his lively essays, was his collaboration with his friend Emery Stoops upon the awesome textbook *Practices and Trends in School Administration* (1961). Its quality of manual, with its emphasis upon the *how* of things, and its general heaviness contrast strikingly with Dr. Rafferty's essays and newspaper columns, which are dogmatic and irreverent in the style of Mencken, whom he admires. The contrast between the two styles of Dr. Rafferty suggests the division within the man as well. Grown weary of attempting to reform education from inside, the schoolmaster became

ambitious to reform it on the grand political scale. Like artists before him in other fields, weary of addressing the specialist, Dr. Rafferty reached for the masses in the style of populism.

Either way, the means was the Word. When Maxwell Lewis Rafferty, Jr., was three years old, he could read, and his mother lavished books upon him. Thereby she handed him the world, the past, the culture of the ages, the exhilaration of the sound of language, and shaped the principal item of his philosophy of education — his insistence that the basic instrument is the book. His war upon “progressive education,” which he calls “the fraud of the century,” has been a war upon whatever theories suggest the possibilities of basic instruction with other tools:

For only through a program of basic education that stresses the importance of offering and mastering organized, systematic, and disciplined subject matter do boys and girls learn the really important things. Familiarity with our cultural heritage does *not* rise spontaneously and inevitably out of the permissive, Pollyanna-ish, “life-adjustments” approach to instruction. Contrary to what the progressive educationists would have us believe, a child will *not* necessarily learn the location of Nyasaland by building a mud hut in the middle of the classroom floor, any more than he will understand the historical importance of the North American Indian migrations by making a Hopi kachina mask out of papier-mâché. After more than two decades in this rather Alice-in-Wonderland profession, I am more convinced than ever that the fastest and simplest way to learn about Eskimos in Alaska is to read about them and discuss them, not to construct harpoons and eat whale blubber.

To deny a child books is to deny him the history of the human past, and to deny a child the past is to deny him his present life: “life adjustment” — if Dr. Rafferty’s interpretation of it be accurate — urges adjustment to life as it is presently known; but by reading the child will know a great range of options.

Through his mother, too, Dr. Rafferty inherited the right to membership in the National Society of the Sons of the American Revolution. Dr. Rafferty’s father’s family, on the other hand, arrived in America only about one hundred years ago, by immigrant steerage. Since neither his father, who is a Catholic, nor his mother, a Baptist, was overwhelmingly devoted to birthright religion, young Max, by compromise, was declared Episcopalian. In Sioux City, Iowa, the elder Rafferty was engaged in the paint-and-wallpaper business, but when Max was fourteen, his father, he recalls, went broke and said, “If we’re going to be hungry we might as well be warm.” The family moved to Southern California.

There his father was for a time unemployed, and

Dr. Rafferty remembers a period when his family shared a home with another. But here again his experience forces him to quarrel with “progressive education” — at this point with its emphasis upon economic determinism — for “the hungry thirties,” as he has called them, are scarcely memorable to him for any bleakness of material circumstance; rather, he remembers more vividly than hunger the conditions of his schooling.

To be poor was only to be poor. But misery in the schoolhouse was a far deeper tragedy of childhood. The boy who had been able to read at three was unfit for school; put another way, school was unfit for Max Rafferty.

Periodically “skipped” in school, soon finding himself most miserably two years ahead of himself, “class freak . . . grind . . . bookworm,” too young for fraternities, too small for football, Max Rafferty was determined when he enrolled at the University of California at age fifteen to blend indistinguishably into the landscape. He would “adjust,” live peaceably among his fellows. He earned a bachelor’s degree in history.

Practically, he then became a graduate student in school administration, where he obtained a teacher’s certificate with little outward difficulty, but where he was again confronted with that dilemma of his earlier life which was to be the dilemma of his political future: his private objective clashed with prevailing standards, his moral being clashed with his public person.

PROFESSIONAL training at UCLA in the 1930s, as Dr. Rafferty recalls it, was “*rabid* with Deweyism,” gripped by that fraud of the century, “progressive education,” perpetrated by “St. John Dewey and his disciples,” most of whom, in Dr. Rafferty’s several accounts, he seems to remember as “thin-lipped.” It taught “that there are no positive, eternal values”; it stressed “life adjustment” and “group acceptance,” but “downgraded the role of the individual.” It opposed “memorization,” catered to the “interests and needs of the group,” opposed competition among individuals, and experimented with all sorts of techniques of learning, thus minimizing the importance of books.

“You see,” he says, “I became a modest authority on Deweyism. Well, I had no choice. It was survival. It was root hog or die. It was the only way I could get a credential. I became a Grade-A number-one hypocrite, and by dint of hard work and hypocrisy I rose.” Able student that he was, he passed through that school as he had passed through others, but he would afterward insist that in all his schooling he had profited from only two courses:

"Latin, because it taught me to think, and Debate, because it taught me to think *on my feet*."

Every day at UCLA he read, engraved upon Royce Hall, that sentence of the philosopher which, in his opinion, summarized the defects of "progressive education." "Education," said Josiah Royce, "is learning to use the tools which the race has found to be indispensable." Max Rafferty adopted the legend as his own definition, and marveled more and more as the years passed that although almost everyone at UCLA must have seen the inscription frequently, everyone nevertheless went forward believing, in ignorance or hypocrisy, that he was inventing new tools.

He resented, too, the implication of the Deweyites that no alternatives existed, a viewpoint they advanced by a denial of eclectic history, refusing to study or examine historical traditions of education which might challenge their own. Such a crime was equivalent, in Max Rafferty's eyes, to the crime of denying books to children.

Two decades later Dr. Rafferty's relentless argument during his fierce campaign for his first public office would be his promise to end "progressive education" in California, and to replace it with "education in depth," whose outlines suggest a political appeal as well as guidelines for education. "Education in Depth maintains that there are lasting values . . . holds that the teaching of organized, disciplined, and systematic subject matter is the principal objective of the schools . . . intends to regard the individual as the be-all and end-all of the educative process . . . teaches that committing important names, places, events, dates, and passages of poetry and prose to memory is a necessary part of instruction . . . wants a curriculum to provide for the individual the tools and skills he needs to be a cultured, productive, patriotic American citizen . . . regards reading and recitative discussion as still the most effective and economical method of instruction . . . believes that the very survival of our country and the success of the individual in later life depend upon how well he is taught to hold his own in a highly competitive world."

As superintendent he was also to carry into practice a training program for teachers which would emphasize subject matter, not technique. This conviction, too, was formed early. Dr. Rafferty recalls the experience of his first hour as a classroom teacher. As fledgling, he was placed beneath the supervision of Emery Stoops, who later became his collaborator on *Practices and Trends*. "The last thing in the world Emery was prepared to do was impose his *techniques* on somebody else. Teaching is an *art*. Emery introduced me to the class — it was an eighth-grade class in history — and he said to the kids, 'This is Mr. Rafferty and

he's going to be your teacher,' and he left me alone in the room. Emery was no Deweyite. Divine certainty had never been unveiled to Emery."

For twenty years Max Rafferty more or less adjusted to the environment, earned his living, raised his family, and periodically issued critical essays which relieved feelings of hypocrisy without dramatically altering patterns of education in California. His essays were always an implicit assault upon "progressive education," but they carried forward a battle against general tendencies as well — against such oddities as the illiterate teacher of English, against abuses of unionism and tenure, against jargon ("pedageese"), and against amateur psychiatry in the classroom. In style he strove for informality, concluded that he was often a "facile" writer, refused to enslave himself to consistency, and surprisingly confessed, in a recent conversation, that when the choice lay between "being interesting" or "being accurate," he had a weakness for the former at the expense of the latter.

WHEN the large, public opportunity presented itself to Dr. Rafferty, he was neither seeking it nor expecting it. In 1961, after six years as district superintendent at Needles, in the furnace of the Mojave Desert ("I tell you, as far as *weather* goes, I served my time in Hades there"), he accepted a position as superintendent at La Canada, on the outskirts of Los Angeles. In the schoolman's timetable of career, the job should have been his last. To La Canada he went. The month was June. "It was the best and biggest job I'd ever had and I was extremely anxious to be a success. I was unfamiliar with the community, and the community was unfamiliar with me. Somebody said, 'Say a few words so the people can get to know you.' All right, I'd make a speech. What should I talk about? I wanted to be noncontroversial. I looked at the calendar, it was just before the Fourth of July. I said to myself, 'I'll be patriotic.'"

Therefore, in the presence of a hundred people, he delivered a speech he entitled "The Passing of the Patriot." The speech was formed of scraps and segments of speeches given elsewhere, and its entire center had appeared as the essay "Suffer, Little Children" five years before. "Hell, I'd given similar ones out on the desert to mild splatterings of applause," says Dr. Rafferty, who was astounded by the response of La Canada.

He recalls it this way: "When I was about two-thirds of the way through, all quadruple hell broke loose. Someone jumped up on a chair and began shouting at me, 'You're preaching hatred,' and somebody else jumped up on another chair and began shouting, 'This man is a patriot, shut up and

hear him.' Half of the people were booing, and the other half were cheering."

Dr. Rafferty has always insisted that the response to the speech was only partly the response of patriots of the right. It was his impression that the people who soon urged him to run for state superintendent, a nonpartisan group known as the Citizens Advisory Committee on Education, valued the speech primarily for its celebration of traditional literature. "Everybody reads whatever they want to read into anything," he observes. "I don't know which half was booing or which was cheering. It was mixed. I've always said that when they're throwing rocks at you from both sides you must be right."

The first quarter of the speech was duly patriotic, in which Nathan Hale stands, "surrounded by his jeering foe," in the moment of his execution. After a somewhat liberal dramatization of Hale's last moments, time darts forward and the "jeering foe" is transformed to that "substantial number of young men" who "sold out" to the Chinese and North Koreans, and whom we have come to know as turncoats. "What went wrong?" asks Dr. Rafferty, moving into his familiar theme of the failures of "our classrooms."

Except for a brief return at the conclusion of his speech to God and flag in the manner of a century of patriotic oration, the speech focuses upon a comparison between the inspirational literature of the past and the "insipid" texts now approved for use in schools.

Ulysses and Penelope have been replaced by Dick and Jane in the textbooks of our schools. The quest of the Golden Fleece has been crowded out by the visit of Tom and Susan to the Zoo. The deeds of the heroes before Troy are now passé, and the peregrinations of the local milkman as he wends his way among the stodgy streets and littered alleys of Blah City are deemed worthy of numberless pages in our readers. . . . Bobby and Betty pursue their goal of a ride in the district garbage truck with good old crotchety Mr. Jones, while the deathless ride of Paul Revere goes unwept, unhonored, and unsung. It is interesting and significant, I think, that education has deliberately debunked the hero to make room for the jerk.

Today's hero — if there is one — is fashioned in the blasphemous image of Ourselves.

He is "Daddy" in the second reader, who comes mincing home with his eternal briefcase from his meaningless day in his antiseptic office just in time to pat Jip the dog and carry blonde little Laurie into the inevitable white bungalow on his stylishly padded shoulders.

He is "Mommy" in the third-grade books, always silk-stockinged and impeccable after a day spent over the electric range, with never a cross word on her carefully made-up lips and never an idea in her empty head.

What idea should she have in her head? Dr. Rafferty's litany of heroes — Wilfred of Ivanhoe, Richard the Lion-Hearted, Arthur, the Musketeers,

Siegfried, Horatius, and Andy Jackson — lead but to ideas of patriotism and nationalism. "Watch their faces. See the eyes brighten and the spirits ruffle. See the color come, the backs straighten, the arms go up. They dream, they live, they glow. Patriotism will come easily to them now, as it does to all of us who know our nation's past — and love it. . . . We educators had better not be caught short. We had better not be caught withholding from the nation's children the wonderful, sharp-edged glittering sword of Patriotism."

When the Citizens Advisory Committee asked him to run, he at first declined. He hesitated to resign his new job, especially since a losing campaign built upon an antagonism toward "progressive education" would probably make difficult his gaining another. At length he agreed to run, subject to certain conditions: he would take no hand in fund-raising, and he would require a guarantee of appreciable support in the mass media. Several months later — December, 1961 — the committee returned to him, assuring him of sufficient funds and newspaper support; Dr. Rafferty resigned at La Canada and filed for office.

NOBODY had ever fought hard to be superintendent. In the past, the office had always been conceded to the incumbent (not since 1918 had an open race occurred), who, if he stepped down, conveniently did so at midterm to permit the governor to appoint his successor.

In 1962 the race began quietly, as always. In a field of nine candidates in the June primaries, Ralph Richardson, the favored candidate, ran first with 705,330 votes, but Max Rafferty's total of 641,808 forced a November runoff.

California sought changes in public education. It was prepared, in the years after Sputnik, to attach itself to reform, and it was inclined to delegate the matter to experts. Richardson was its logical choice. UCLA professor, chairman of the Los Angeles Board of Education, quiet, apparently intellectual, and a bit glamorous in the tradition of Adlai Stevenson, he was instantly endorsed by every organization of educators, by labor, by many prominent citizens, and by ranking Democratic politicians.

But his supposed assets proved liabilities. He had "the defects of the characteristic liberal," as one analyst of politics phrased it, "and people didn't rally to that kind of moderation." Moreover, he was badly cast as reformer, for if reform was his aim — a question often asked by his challenger, Max Rafferty — why was he supported by "virtually every professional group in the state which had a vested interest in the *status quo*?"

Official Democratic support for Richardson deflated his claim to nonpartisanship, and a hard-running, hard-fighting Max Rafferty, whose claim would always be that he was nonpartisan and non-political, skillfully exploited the political bases of the issues of education. It is dangerous and innocent to believe, as Dr. Rafferty claims, that "The Passing of the Patriot" is "noncontroversial." It is equally dangerous to read a man's mind. But the fact was that the complete individual became, in 1962, the complete candidate, running hard to the right, where his support was, as he will be forced to run hard to the right again in the event he challenges Senator Kuchel. His campaign symbol in 1962 was a replica of "the little red schoolhouse," and his promise was that he would be "lobbyist for the children," giving to children the kind of education their parents wanted them to have. "Cultured, productive" became synonymous with "patriotic." He would teach "basics," "fundamentals," and the three R's, all somehow the same thing as the love of heroes, which would make America once again — so he concluded "The Passing of the Patriot" — "this lovely land of ours as it once was." In their hearts, everybody knew what *that* meant.

Master of television, Candidate Rafferty could answer any question swiftly and decisively, in exactly as many seconds as the tape allowed. In face-to-face debate with Richardson, Max Rafferty scored heavily with techniques learned not so much in school as out. He could think; he could think *on his feet*; and he was no doubt passionately motivated by the prospect of vanquishing a representative of "progressive education" based at that very UCLA campus where the young Max Rafferty had lived so bitterly with his own unwilling hypocrisy.

Did Candidate Rafferty simplify the issues? Did he reduce the complexities of education to easy understanding? Did simplification and reduction give him the sound of opportunist? Did the classicist go to the marketplace? Did the Aristotelian abandon logic? Did the historian become immediate? Did the idealist go pragmatic? Dr. Rafferty is a learned man, and he understands the questions very well. "I'm an educator," he thoughtfully says. "This job should be held by an educator. The only way I could get it was to run for it."

Between June and November of 1962 his manner of running created his permanent image. For that moment, at least, it served. In a California political year when Governor Brown won over Richard Nixon, Max Rafferty should have been swamped by Ralph Richardson. Instead, he carried his own day against the trend, winning the race for superintendent by more than 200,000 votes (2,528,712 to 2,319,590), becoming thereby one of only seven statewide officeholders, and by virtue of his char-

acter, if not the tradition of the office, a strong contender for whatever political rewards await men with the gift of winning.

Critics of Superintendent Rafferty soon accused him of spending his first term of office running for governor. Said Governor Brown in Sacramento, "I wish he'd stay in town a little more." An aide to Dr. Rafferty replied that the superintendent worked twelve hours a day six days a week at his desk, and Dr. Rafferty pointed out that he was required by the education code to visit all school districts, some of which had not set eyes on a superintendent in sixty-five years.

Critics of Dr. Rafferty argued that he had failed to reform the school system. Dr. Rafferty replied that of twenty-seven major areas of necessary reform he had completed the work in nineteen, though he confessed that reforms in the remaining areas had "not yet been fully carried out."

His critics said that "progressive education" was on the wane anyhow, and indeed, in that respect, and in most others, truth was always in the middle of vastness: the little red schoolhouse had 4.5 million students and a budget of more than \$1 billion, and both were increasing annually.

In 1966, instead of running for governor, Dr. Rafferty ran for re-election as superintendent, winning his office in the primaries by gathering 2,925,401 votes against negligible opposition. His poll was greater than the combined votes of Ronald Reagan and Governor Brown in their primary races, and Superintendent Rafferty was now a logical candidate not for governor but for senator.

However, mass adoration is only one form of political power. The superintendent's popular support has not been matched by the support of his more immediate bosses — the state board of education, and the legislature — partly because both bodies are Democratic, but also because of their mistrust of his complete individualism. His interesting virtue and his public technique have not regularly been accompanied by that spirit of self-denial which attracts the support of political men. Dr. Rafferty has not been drawn toward the center at the risk of alienating his right; he has not supported moderate Republicans. His argument is that his work is education, not politics, but the gray-flanneled organization men of politics remain skeptical of that claim, and Dr. Rafferty, as a result, remains a great wheel not quite attached to the main machinery.

"The Irish," says Dr. Rafferty, "are known for their blarney, their ability to argue convincingly any side of the question." Possibly he argued too convincingly the side of the political right between June and November of 1962, creating forever an image he had intended to last only to election day. His genius may have been his undoing.

THE ARABS, 1967



by John S. Badeau

The flash war in the Middle East brought swift victory to the Israelis, humiliating defeat to the Arabs, but it has done little to settle the long-term issues in that part of the world. A leading American authority on the Arabs here tells why. Professor Badeau, director of the Middle East Institute at Columbia, lived in the Arab world from 1928 to 1953, and again from 1961 until mid-1964, when he was American Ambassador to the United Arab Republic. For seventeen years he was variously a professor, dean, and president at the American University in Cairo.

As the dust of battle settled over Sinai after six brief days of fighting, only the spoor of fleeing Arab forces remained to mark the tragic Arab-Israeli conflict of June, 1967. Yet though the victory was swift and irrevocable, it has not yet proved decisive. Will stunning defeat bring the Arabs to their moment of truth, marking the beginning of the end of their hostility toward Israel? Or may it be the end of the beginning of Israel's existence, ushering in a Hundred Years' War in which the rising tide of Arab population and resources ultimately will engulf the tiny state? These questions cannot now be answered; much will depend upon the accuracy and realism with which the causes of the recent struggle are appraised and their lessons applied to the future.

In the immediate aftermath of conflict, there has been a tendency to oversimplify and emotionalize the issues, reducing them to terms of innocence and blame which absolve each party from responsibility in its own eyes. To both sides and their supporters, the key lies in "aggression," that portmanteau word which modern man must eschew since it is not respectable to admit anything but "defensive" military action. Thus the Arabs claim their action was "defensive" since (they maintain) Israel fired the shot and launched the invasion which precipitated war. Israel points to the closing of the Gulf of Aqaba as the *casus belli*, to which their military action was only a defensive response. Which was the true cause for the outbreak of war?

The answer must be that neither was; what broke out in overt conflict was the surfacing of disputes and policies to which each contestant had long contributed. On their part, the Arabs had persistently underestimated the reality and predictability of Israel's reaction to nineteen years of unrelenting hostility by the encircling Arab world. Faced with a sustained state of belligerency, the target of constant threats and innuendos, beset with intermittent border raids and terrorist attacks, Israel could not be counted upon to exercise restraint under mounting provocation — as any perceptive Arab leader should have known. No state can acquiesce in a permanent threat to its existence, no government can abdicate its responsibility to protect the lives and property of its citizens from attack. Sustained periods of guerrilla terrorism, such as that which began in the summer of 1966, would inevitably generate a sharp Israeli

reaction, and the Arabs have only themselves to blame if they failed to recognize this.

That they consistently underestimated the temper of Israel is due in part to the difference between the credibility of Arab and Israeli statements of intent. The Arab world is highly verbal; words are often ends in themselves and not necessarily forerunners of action. The fact that an Arab leader states a purpose publicly is not an invariable sign that he will carry it out, as the shrill crescendo of verbal inter-Arab warfare during the past few years clearly shows. Too often the Arabs tended to give the same weight to Israeli statements that they gave to their own, to their dismay when prompt action followed.

Moreover, Arab estimates of Israeli intentions were affected by their conviction that the great powers (especially the United States) really controlled the country; hence Israel would not make a major move without foreign support and acquiescence, if not with actual urging. The possibility of Israeli armed action thus went beyond what Israel itself might purpose and be capable of doing, involving estimates of what the West would allow Israel to do. The immediate and universal Arab acceptance of the fiction that American planes assisted Israel in its attack against the U.A.R. was due in part to the belief that Israel could not have undertaken military action without the encouragement and support of the United States — hence it appeared credible that American planes were dispatched to help Israel. This seemed the more logical in view of the long history of American commitments and arms sales to Israel, and the flood of public statements across the years from leading American personalities and politicians giving uncritical support to Israel's cause.

BUT THE Arab action which led to the 1967 conflict had deeper roots. The reasons for sustained Arab hostility toward Israel are more profound and intricate than many Americans allow themselves to believe. Such simple answers as "Arabs hate Jews," "the backward Arab world fears the existence of a modern and democratic state in its midst," "the Arabs in general do not feel deeply about Israel, it is their leaders who whip up enmity for their own purposes" not only explain nothing, but are untrue. Such shallow estimates of Arab motivation have led many supporters of Israel to underestimate the depth and stamina of the Arab response and to be oversanguine that a determined display of force will lead to peace. The question is not one of accepting the Arab point of view, but of understanding it, so that approaches and policies will be grounded in realism and not in wishful

thinking. If the Arabs have persistently, and to their hurt, underestimated the fact of Israel's existence and its predictable response to their enmity, Israel and its supporters have as persistently, and to their hurt, underestimated the facts of Arab feelings and the problems Israel's existence poses for them.

The outbreak of conflict in the spring of 1967, after nine years of relative peace, encapsulated the principal elements in the Arab attitude toward Israel. Its most basic lesson is that Arab hostility is still bitter and ubiquitous after nearly two decades of fruitless struggle. In many ways, 1967 was not a repetition of 1956, when the Egyptian response to Israel's invasion of its territory was a limited action and did not precipitate general Arab war. It was rather a return to 1948, when the Arabs fought as a group against the existence of Israel as a country. It is this fact which has baffled and angered so many who support Israel. They feel it is irrational and irresponsible for a people to continue hostility so long and in the face of such repeated failure. By this time the Arabs should have made their peace with events and come to terms with what they could not undo. That they have not done so, the argument runs, must be due to an irrational streak in their temperament, to the cynical machinations of their leaders, to irradicable anti-Jewism, or to the scheming of the Soviet Union.

Yet of all people, the Jewish community should understand the tenacity of racial memory and long-sustained feeling. Through the years of dispersion, they never forgot Palestine, although it was only since the last century that this steadfastness involved dedication to the re-creation of a Jewish state in the long-remembered homeland.

This is not to say that the factors involved in the Jewish attachment to Israel are precisely the same as those contained in the Arab sense of connection with Palestine. Palestine was not the original historical center of life and religion for the Arabs, as it was for Jewry. The Arabs were not a minority dispersed through many lands, and they did not suffer under discrimination and persecution, as many Jews had. They never faced a threat of racial extinction, as European Jews did under Nazism, in which a national refuge became a matter of life and death for many. Although Palestine had been an Arab land since at least the seventh century and contained important religious sites (both Christian and Muslim), it did not fill the horizon of Arab consciousness, as it did for many Jews. Why then is the Arab connection with Palestine so strong and the sense of outrage at its loss so deep?

The most basic cause is found in the intense Arab reaction against long-continued domination of their destinies by foreign countries. In the fading days of Ottoman rule, the Arab communities of

the Middle East were stirred by nationalistic consciousness akin to that involved in the emergence of the Zionist ideal in Jewry. They sought cultural revival, political expression, and community selfhood within the body of the Turkish Empire — a recognition of “Arabistan” as an entity in which the destiny of the Arab people could be achieved. Thwarted in their struggle, some of their principal leaders responded to British promises during the First World War and joined the Allies in the overthrow of Ottoman rule. They did so on the understanding that their national aspirations would be recognized and some form of independent Arab rule achieved.

In recent days there have been repeated references to the statement of Faisal (a principal leader of the Arab Revolt in 1916–1918 and later King of Iraq) that there was no conflict between the aims of Zionism and Arab nationalism. Those who quote it leave out the essential condition which Faisal attached to his statement, that *all the promises made to the Arabs should be fulfilled*. This was not done; the attempt to create an Arab state was checkmated by France and Great Britain, who carved up the Arab portion of the defunct Ottoman Empire to suit their own purposes. The creation of Iraq, Syria, modern Lebanon, Jordan, and (mandated) Palestine was not a fulfillment of Arab independence, but the parceling out of Arab populations to suit the convenience of the victorious Allied Powers.

THE Arabs never forgot this. It was the Great Betrayal of their national cause, the incontestable proof that the West meant to divide and rule them in its own interests. After two decades of sharp struggle between individual nationalisms in Arab countries and their Western masters, the Second World War came to erode imperial ties and create a new organ of international action. Arab nationalism took new hope and looked forward to becoming at last the master of its own destiny.

It was at this juncture that the creation of Israel was forced on the Arab world. The plea that Nazi persecution justified the creation did not move the Arabs, since these persecutions were the product of anti-Semitism in the Western world and not in the Middle East, where Arab-Jewish relations had been remarkably good. “It was the West which persecuted the Jews,” said the Arabs; “now they want to get rid of their problem by pushing it off on us and using our land.”

But the Arabs did not see Israel simply as a device of the West to rid itself of an unconscionable problem at the expense of another people. It was for them a tactic of fading imperial power to continue its control of Arab destinies. The position of the

British in Arab lands was rapidly and irrevocably fading; now they sought to bolster up their weakness by creating Israel as a Western bridgehead, confronting the Arab world with a situation which would trouble and divide it. In the ensuing attack on the new state, the Arabs were not so much responding to the existence of Israel per se as to a long history of foreign control, domination, and manipulation at the hands of the great powers. Israel became, and has remained, the symbol of the Arab national struggle against foreign control.

This reaction was not merely a psychological fact of the Arab mind; it stemmed from and was given content by the process through which Israel came into being. The United Nations did not consult the wishes of the majority community in Palestine (the Arabs were nearly two thirds of the population) in regard to their political future. On the basis of Jewish ownership of some 23 percent of the total cultivatable land area of the country, Israel was given nearly 40 percent of Palestine. The vote in the United Nations which created the state came only after long debate and was due in part (the Arabs allege, with some justification) to the Western bloc and the pressure it was able to mount on client states. The Arabs have always maintained that the United Nations did not have the authority under its charter to dispose of their territory, especially without regard to the wishes of the inhabitants. They can only see that Israel was rammed down their throats by the same forces which so long had manipulated their national life.

Perhaps the Arabs should forget all this after nineteen years of fruitless struggle and recognize that history seldom moves to right past wrongs; but they have not, and they will not. After all, two decades is a short span in the thirteen centuries of Arab history; Palestine has been lost to the Arabs before and ultimately regained — it could happen again. The inherent superiority of Arab resources (presently thirty times the population of Israel and eight times its gross national product), the growing modernization of Arab life, the rising power of the non-Western world in international affairs, and the legitimacy of their aspirations make the Arabs feel that time is on their side more than it is on Israel's.

Moreover, the Arabs read Israel's policies since its founding as proof that it intends to be a law unto itself, not bound by the international community to which it owes its existence. On the eve of the creation of the new state, the Zionist radical underground launched a series of unprovoked attacks on certain Arab territories to force their inclusion within Israel, although they did not lie within the borders created by the United Nations resolution — a fact which has been acknowledged with some gratitude by Israeli leaders. In recent

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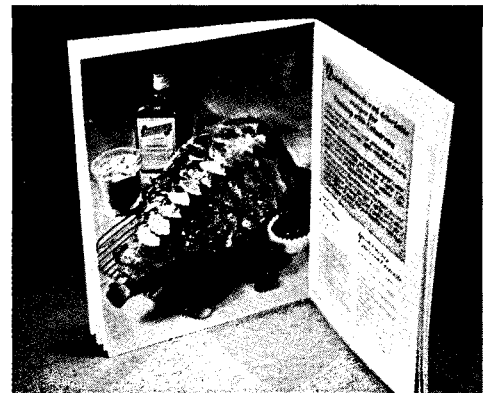
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years, Israel has been deliberately uncooperative with the United Nations Mixed Armistice Commission, refusing to participate in many of its meetings. After the 1956 attack on Egypt, Israel categorically refused the United Nations' request to station a new peacekeeping force (UNEF) on its soil, although Egypt accepted for its own territory in the Gaza Strip. The demilitarized zones, created by the Armistice Agreement which ended the 1948 fighting, have been a cause of continuing dispute. Repeatedly Israel has attempted to extend agriculture and land reclamation into these areas, over the Arab insistence that this violated their status quo under the agreement. This was one reason for the intermittent clashes along the Syrian border which led to the 1966-1967 Syrian hostility. In Arab eyes, this record gave the image of an aggressive Israel, only accepting United Nations controls and operations when they served its own purposes.

THIS image was sharpened by the one problem which, more than any other aspect of the existence of Israel, has stirred Arab resentment and fanned the embers of Arab hostility — the plight of the Arab refugee. As a result of the founding of Israel, over one million Arab inhabitants of Palestine became refugees in neighboring countries. Nearly a quarter of the original refugee group fled their country before the British forces were withdrawn and Israel came into being. The remaining three quarters were uprooted during the hostilities and the period when the cease-fire was being negotiated. One of the first actions of the United Nations after the 1948 conflict was to call for the return of these refugees to their homes; on December 11, 1948, the General Assembly adopted a resolution stating "that refugees wishing to return to their homes and live at peace with their neighbors should be permitted to do so at the earliest practical date, and that compensation should be paid for the property of those choosing not to return and for the loss and damage to property."

This resolution was repeatedly reaffirmed, yet Israel did not take steps to implement it, the Israeli view being that it would discuss the refugee problem only in the context of a general peace settlement. The Arabs have maintained that the right of people to return to and reside on their own property is a basic human right, not subject to collateral conditions, and cite the UN resolution in defense of this.

Israel and some of its supporters have countered this claim by maintaining that the refugees left voluntarily, being lured from their homes by provocative Arab broadcasts which promised that they would return in triumph once victory had been

won. There is no dependable historical evidence that this counterclaim was true; tapes allegedly recording such broadcasts have been cited, but never produced for impartial inspection. The fact is that most of the refugees fled because they were afraid, afraid of being caught between the lines of battle, afraid of terrorist raids by the Zionist underground such as that which destroyed the village of Dar Yassin on April 9, 1948, in which some 250 unarmed Arabs were massacred. Yet, regardless of the reasons for flight, the Arabs (and apparently the United Nations) have taken the view that a man has a right to return to his home no matter what the reason for his leaving — so long (as the UN resolution stated) as he intends to live peacefully with his neighbors.

This tragic situation has left in the heart of the Arab world a mass of dislocated and bitter people, dependent on international charity for their existence, taxing the resources of the countries to which they have fled, and nursing a deep sense of grievance against those who now occupy their homes. Movements like the Palestine Liberation Organization and leaders like Ahmed Shukairy are not due so much to the calculated policy of Arab states as to the festering sore of the refugee camps. The failure of Israel to show any concern for this problem, to make any serious attempt to carry out the United Nations resolution, or even to admit a responsibility toward the refugees which it could not presently implement because of its own security problem is read by the Arabs as proof that Israel is basically anti-Arab.

Admittedly, these Arab views of Israel are partial, emotional, not taking into account Israel's own problems and the problem Israel itself was created to solve. The dispassionate political analyst will not read the situation either as the Arab or as the Israeli does. Both Arab and Israeli motives are mixed, and both highlight the factors which favor their cause and neglect those which weaken it. But Arab feelings are genuine, deep, founded upon a case which cannot be summarily dismissed as simply irrational hatred or political maneuver. This case and the feelings it engenders are a fundamental cause of the 1967 conflict; without taking full account of them, any explanation of Arab actions is partial and misleading.

IT is still too early to establish a definitive account of all that transpired in precipitating the outbreak of hostilities in June, 1967, but there are certain general factors affecting the Arab action which are clear. One was the continuing effect on Egypt and the Arab world of the 1956 Israeli invasion of Egypt. Because this was followed by ten years of

relative (if uneasy) calm, it has largely been forgotten in the West, but Egypt and President Nasser did not forget it. From that bitter experience, the military and political leadership of Egypt drew three conclusions.

The first was that Israel would "try it again" when a propitious opportunity for military action offered itself. In the winter and spring of 1967, the U.A.R. and Syria believed they had evidence that Israel might be preparing for another round. In response to continued border raids, Premier Eshkol gave public warning in the Knesset that Israel might take drastic action, hinting at a military retaliation against Syria. This warning was given unusual weight by the Syrians and Egyptians because of the Israeli punitive action against the Jordanian village of el Sammu in November, 1956. To Eshkol's warning was added the fact that at the annual parade in Jerusalem on Israel's Independence Day, some heavy military equipment was conspicuously absent — could it be massed on the borders of Syria for an attack? The suspicion was confirmed when the Soviets apparently reported to the Syrians in late April or early May that their intelligence had detected an Israeli armed concentration on the Syrian border. It is not possible to know whether this was a complete fabrication or rested upon some hard evidence; the important thing is that it confirmed Syrian and Egyptian fears. Shortly thereafter both the Syrian and Egyptian intelligence claimed that they had independent confirmation of the Soviet report.

Many will scoff at the idea that Israel was preparing to repeat its 1956 maneuver, or had any aggressive intent toward its neighboring Arab states. What is important is not the fact, but the belief in Syrian and Egyptian minds. Given the experience of a sudden Israeli attack eleven years earlier, which obviously had been well planned, it is not surprising that the Arabs were prepared to believe the worst. This belief did not concern Israel alone; it also included Arab estimates of Western policy. In 1956, Israel had been aided and abetted by France and Great Britain, the full story of whose complicity is just beginning to be revealed.

In 1967 it seemed to the Egyptians that Great Britain and the United States might be urging Israel on in its alleged aggressive policies. Britain and the U.A.R. had long been involved in a confrontation in South Arabia, where Egypt was supporting the most radical wing of the Aden national struggle. American-Egyptian relations had steadily deteriorated since 1965; American aid to the U.A.R. had virtually ceased, and by the winter of 1967 President Nasser believed that the United States had written off the U.A.R. in its Arab policies and was determined to undermine his position. On several occasions he and other

senior members of his government expressed the conviction that a "confrontation" between the two countries was inevitable. Given the American connection with Israel and the memory of the carefully concealed Anglo-French involvement in the 1956 affair, it seemed plausible that behind Israel's disquieting statements and (reported) military movements lay Anglo-American conniving.

A SECOND lesson drawn from the 1956 experience was that never again could Egypt afford to be caught with its armed forces unmobilized in the face of a possible invasion. The 1956 attack caught the Egyptian Army completely unprepared — although the crescendo of border incidents should have warned them of the possibility of a major Israeli response. Defeated once by unpreparedness (as they saw it), they would not run the risk of a second experience. The development of the Egyptian Army after 1956, with its better training and larger supply of advanced weapons, gave confidence that if the army were in position, it could prevent an aggressive action, perhaps even carry war into Israeli territory. At the same time, mobilization would serve to warn Israel and those allegedly behind it that the U.A.R. was on to the game and would not be caught napping this time.

But in mobilizing, it is doubtful that the U.A.R. felt it ran too great a risk of actual conflict, for the third lesson it drew from 1956 was that the world community would not allow another war between Israel and the Arabs. President Nasser freely expressed this conviction on a number of occasions, saying that since the world community had stopped Israel in its attack against the Arabs in 1956, it would also stop an Arab attack against Israel, giving this as one reason why he opposed plans for a general Arab-Israeli war.

Despite the usual flood of bellicose statements, it does not appear on the basis of information now available that the U.A.R. was planning to attack Israel out of hand. It seems rather to have responded to what it considered the possibility of Israeli action by taking the step of complete and challenging mobilization on Israel's borders, believing that it could do so with safety on the basis of its own military strength and the probability that international forces would restrain Israel and find some way out of the situation short of war.

It may be argued that President Nasser's request for the withdrawal of UNEF from the Gaza Strip makes this view invalid, his true object being to get the United Nations out of the way so that he *could* attack Israel. No conclusive judgment can yet be given on this, but there is evidence which suggests that the U.A.R. did not expect or plan for

the complete dismounting of the UN peacekeeping operation. From his standpoint, Secretary-General U Thant acted correctly; no UN peace force could remain on the soil of a host country over that country's objection. Moreover, it seems to have been the Secretary-General's conviction that unless a peacekeeping force had full freedom to exercise its function, it must be withdrawn, both to protect the UN from blame of ineffectiveness for which it was not responsible, and to secure freedom for future peacekeeping operations in other situations. Additionally, Yugoslavia and India appeared to be considering the withdrawal of their contingents from UNEF.

Despite these conditions and the logic they imposed on the situation, it appears that the U.A.R. was taken by surprise by the instant and complete dispersal of UNEF. Apparently President Nasser expected that the observers would be withdrawn from the borders to Gaza, then the matter carried back to the UN with delaying diplomatic tactics which might result in some compromise solution.

That this did not happen seems to have been an important element in the outbreak of conflict. Once the UNEF force was withdrawn from the Strait of Tiran, the Egyptian Army naturally replaced it. In Egyptian eyes this returned the Gulf of Aqaba to its pre-1956 position. The chief gain Israel had made from 1956 was the opening of the Gulf of Aqaba, which became the symbol to the Egyptians of their defeat and the unwarranted "fruit of aggression" on the part of Israel. The temptation was too strong to be resisted. Encouraged by plaudits from the Arab world, Nasser moved to erase the last blot from the Egyptian scutcheon and return his country's sovereignty over its own territory to what it had been before the Israeli attack in 1956.

IN ALL this it is clear that the Egyptians were badly misled when they assumed that the world of 1967 was so like the world of 1956 that hostilities would be prevented by international action. American-Soviet cooperation was not possible, as it had been eleven years earlier. The Soviets were under pressure from their dispute with China and at odds with the United States over Vietnam. The problems of the NATO alliance, with the defection of France and the weakening of the British position, made united Western action highly improbable — as American failure to rally support against the closing of the Gulf of Aqaba showed. Israel had strengthened its political and foreign policy self-determination and had increased its military power. 1967 was not 1956, and it was a calamitous miscalculation to assume that Arabs could confront Israel

with impunity behind the shield of an expected international intervention.

While the memory of 1956 and the lessons the Arabs drew from it formed the general framework for their actions in 1967, there were at least two other important factors involved. The first was the relationship between the U.A.R. and Syria. After the dissolution of the Egyptian-Syrian union in 1961, the two countries entered a period of intermittent cold war and revolutionary rivalry. Syria has always felt that it was the wellspring of Arab unity, and its Baath Party saw itself as the original and true delineator of Arab socialism. Nasser's claims to Arab leadership and socialist pioneering did not sit well with the Syrians, who resented what had happened to them under the United Arab Republic. Part of Syria's proprietary sense of Arab unity was expressed by its uncompromising stand against Israel; of all Arab countries, Syria was the most consistently provocative in its Israeli policies.

Syria was a problem to the U.A.R. Its stand against Israel could not be openly repudiated, nor its claim to revolutionary socialism written off. After some five years of tension, the U.A.R. moved (partly under Soviet prodding) to plaster over its differences with Syria, and in the fall of 1966, entered into a defensive alliance with Damascus. On the surface this appeared to be a move against Israel, but in fact it was partly a device through which the U.A.R. hoped to restrain Syrian adventures which might embroil the U.A.R. in an unplanned and undesired conflict. This objective was also present in the earlier formation of the Unified Military Command, a device by which the U.A.R. hoped to have some influence in the military planning of other Arab states as a partial guarantee against their unilateral action.

During the growing tension between Syria and Israel in the winter of 1967, the U.A.R. was relatively quiet, but after the major air battle in the early spring, when the Syrians were badly defeated, Syria pressed the U.A.R. to honor its commitment. Credibility is as important to the U.A.R. as it is to the United States, and Nasser either had to repudiate his undertaking or to fulfill it. Given the circumstance already described, and certain special Egyptian problems presently to be discussed, the U.A.R. threw in its lot with Syria, and to a measure, became a captive of that country's aggressive anti-Israel policies. That Nasser did this was due in part to his conviction that the U.A.R. military establishment could stand up against Israel should conflict break out.

This is only one illustration of how the Palestine problem has been a continuing factor in inter-Arab politics. This is the one issue on which no Arab leader can turn his back without risking his posi-

tion, either in his own country or in the Arab world. Bourguiba was able to take a soft line toward Israel without imperiling his domestic position, but he paid for it by losing influence among his Arab neighbors.

This leads to the second factor in U.A.R. actions other than the impact of 1956 — the particular problems Egypt was facing in its relations with the Arab world. After the Syrian defection in 1961 and President Nasser's growing stalemate in Yemen, Egyptian reputation steadily eroded. King Faisal's adroit diplomacy checkmated the U.A.R. on a number of occasions, the Unified Military Command, which Egypt had sponsored, began to break up, divisions within the Arab League were so sharp that it was impossible to hold a proposed chief-of-states conference to consider common Arab problems. Thus the U.A.R. found itself increasingly isolated from many of its neighbors.

The issue went far beyond President Nasser's personal leadership. As the largest Arab state, Egyptian influence in recent years has been a constant and natural factor in Arab politics; no plans for concerted Arab action could be made without Egyptian concurrence and participation. As the possessor of the area's largest armed force, the center of revolutionary change, and the most active Arab state in international affairs, the U.A.R. could not be shoved aside without generating a sharp reaction.

This reaction did not create the recent Arab-Israeli clash as a cynical maneuver to regain lost influence. As has been made clear, the elements of the crisis were all present in the situation and in the Arab suspicions of Israel's intent. But as the crisis developed, it seems clear that the U.A.R. saw in it an opportunity to reassert its "natural" leadership and this in connection with the one issue which most unites the Arabs. If a clash with Israel seemed imminent, the U.A.R. could not stand aloof from it or afford (with its large military force) to be halfhearted in its involvement. This does not mean that Egypt decided to launch an overt and aggressive attack on Israel at the head of united Arab armies. There is good reason to believe that President Nasser was pursuing a political rather than a military objective, and believed that a determined stand against what he and the Arabs felt to be the threat of Israeli action might force the United Nations to review the situation and institute a settlement more favorable to the Arabs. This was a return to the 1948 situation rather than to 1956; what was sought was not simply to curtail possible Israeli invasion, but to reopen the entire question of Palestine, including the refugees, in the hope that some new UN resolutions might result.

It is not yet possible accurately to assess the degree and form of Soviet responsibility for Arab actions. Apparently the Egyptians did not consult or clear with the Soviets when they closed the Gulf of Aqaba, and the Soviets did not support this action in their speeches at the Security Council. It has been claimed that Russian technicians participated in Syrian military action; if so, the number was small. There is no evidence that Russian personnel assisted the Egyptians.

It seems clear that the Soviets saw in the mounting tension between the Arabs and Israel an opportunity to increase their influence in the Arab world and to embarrass the United States while its attention was absorbed in Vietnam. In general, Soviet objectives have been served by keeping the Arab-Israeli dispute simmering, but not allowing it to come to a boil. To settle the conflict would increase the stability of the area, which the Soviets do not want; to push it to overt conflict would imperil their large investment in some Arab lands and risk the danger of a global confrontation.

Here the Russians seem to have miscalculated as badly as the Arabs. They apparently assumed that the United States could and would control Israel on the brink of conflict, throwing the matter into the United Nations, where they could wage a prolonged diplomatic campaign in support of the Arabs. Part of their miscalculation seems to have been based on unrealistic estimates of Arab strength, which, if it could not defeat Israel (as any competent Soviet military analyst must have known), could at least stand off an attack until international intervention carried the matter from the battlefield to the debates of the United Nations.

Had UN intervention developed, the U.A.R. would have had a political triumph which would have restored its waning leadership, set forward the unity of the Arab world, and alleviated some of the deep frustrations which the Arab-Israeli impasse had created. This was one reason why President Nasser was willing to play the game of brinkmanship in the Gulf of Aqaba and on the southern borders of Israel, setting the stage for an Israeli response while continuing to believe that the worst would not happen.

But the worst did happen; the Arabs miscalculated their own military strength, the ability of the international community to intervene, and the determination of Israel to use direct military measures. The stunning defeat which followed has made that clear beyond all doubt; what it has not made clear is that any of the basic forces involved in the Arab reaction to Israel's presence has changed or been obliterated. That is the problem of the future, and any course of action which assumes that the recent war has settled the long-term issue will be unrealistic and unproductive.

DISTANCE

A Story by GRACE PALEY

You would certainly be glad to meet me. I was the lady who appreciated youth. Yes, all that happy time, I was not like some. It did not go by me like a flitting dream. Tuesdays and Wednesdays was as gay as Saturday nights.

Have I suffered since? No, sir, we've had as good times as this country gives; cars, renting in Jersey summers, TV the minute it first came out, everything grand for the kitchen. I have no complaints worth troubling the manager about.

Still it is like a long hopeless homesickness my missing those young days. To me, they're like my own place that I have gone away from forever, and I have lived all the time since among great pleasures but in a foreign town. Well, OK. Farewell, certain years.

But that's why I have an understanding of that girl Ginny downstairs and her kids. They're runty, underdeveloped. No sun, no beef. Noodles, beans, cabbage. Well, my mother off the boat knew better than that.

Once upon a time, as they say, her house was the spit of mine. You could hear it up and down the air shaft, the singing from her kitchen, banjo playing in the parlor, she would admit it first, there was a tambourine in the bedroom. Her husband wasn't American. He had black hair — like Gypsies do.

And everything then was spotless, the kitchen was all inlay like broken-up bathroom tiles, pale lavender. Formica on all surfaces, everything bright. The shine of the pots and pans was turned to stun the eyes of company . . . you could see it, the mischievousness of that family home.

Of course, on account of misery now, she's always dirty. Crying crying crying. She would not let tap water touch her.

Five ladies on the block, old friends, nosy, me not included, got up a meeting and wrote a petition to Child Welfare. I already knew it was useless as the requirement is more than dirt, drunkenness, and a little once in a while whoring. That is probably something why the children in our city are in such a state. I've noticed it for years, though it's not my business. Mothers and fathers get up when they wish, half being snuggled in relief, go to bed in the afternoon with their rumpy bumpy sweethearts pumping away before three P.M. (So help me.) Child Welfare does not show its concern. No matter who writes them. People of influence, known in the district, even the district leader, my cousin Leonie, who put her all into electing the mayor, she doesn't get a reply if she sends in a note. So why should I as I'm nothing but a Primary Day poll watcher?

Anyhow there are different kinds coming into this neighborhood, and I do not mean the colored people alone. I mean people like you and me, religious, clean, many of these have gone rotten. I go along with live and let live, but what of the children?

Ginny's husband ran off with a Puerto Rican girl who shaved between the legs. This is common knowledge and well known or I'd never say it. When Ginny heard that he was going around with this girl, she did it too, hoping to entice him back, but he got nauseated by her and that tipped the scales.

Men fall for terrible weirdos in a dumb way more and more as they get older; my old man, fond of me as he constantly was, often did. I never give it the courtesy of my attention. My advice to mothers and wives: Do not imitate the dimwit's girlfriends. You will be damnfool-looking, what

with your age and all. Have you heard the saying, "Old dough won't rise in a new oven?"

Well, you know it, I know it, even the punks and the queers that have wiggled their way into this building are in on the inside dope. John, my son, is a constant attendant now at that Ginny's poor grubby flat. Tired, who can blame him, of his Margaret's shiny face all pitted and potted by Jersey smog. My grandchildren, of which I have close to six, are pale, as the sun can't have a chance through the oil in Jersey. Even the leaves of the trees there won't turn a greenish green.

John! Look me in the eye once in a while! What a good little twig you were always, we did try to get you out with the boys and you did go when we asked you. After school when he was eight or so, we got him into a bunch of Cub Scouts, a very raw bunch with a jawful of curse words. All of them tough and wild, but at attention when the master came among them. Right turn! You would've thought the United States Marines was in charge they was that accurate in marching, and my husband on Tuesday nights taught them what he recalled from being a sergeant. Hup! two, three, four! I guess is what he knew. But John, good as his posture was, when he come home I give him a hug and a kiss and "what'd you do today at Scouts, son? Have a parade, darling?"

"Oh, no, Mother," says he. "Mrs. McClellon was collecting money the whole time for the district-wide picnic, so I just got the crayons and I drew this here picture of Our Blessed Mother," he says.

That's my John. And if you come with a Polaroid Land Camera you couldn't snap much clearer.

People have asked and it's none of their business. Why didn't the two of you (meaning Jack and me — both working) send the one boy you had left to college?

Well now to be honest, he would have had only grief in college. Truth: He was not bright. His father was not bright, and he inherited his father's brains. Our Michael was clever. But Michael is dead. We had it all talked over, his father and me, the conclusion we come to: A trade. My husband Jack was well established in the union from its early struggle, he was strong and loyal. John just floated in on the ease of recommendation and being related. We were wise. It's proved.

For now (this very minute) he's a successful man with a wonderful name in the building trade, and he has a small side business in cement plaques,

his own beautiful home, and every kid of his dressed like the priest's nephew.

But don't think I'm the only one that seen Ginny and John when they were the pearls of this pitchy pigsty block. Oh, there were many, and they are still around holding the picture in the muck under their skulls, like crabs. And I am never surprised when they speak of it, when they try to make something of it, that nice-looking time, as though *I* was in charge of its passing.

"Ha," Jack said about twenty times that year, "She's a wild little bird. Our Johnny's dying . . . Watch her."

OK. Wild enough. I guess. But no wilder than me when *I* was seventeen, as I never told him, that whole year, long ago, mashing the grass of Central Park with Anthony Aldo. Why I'd put my wildness up against any wildness of present day, though I didn't want Jack to know. For he was a simple man . . . Put in the hours of a wop, thank God pulled the overtime of a decent American. I didn't like to worry worry worry him. He was kindness itself, as they say.

He come home 6:00 P.M. I come home 6:15 P.M. from where I was afternoon cashier. Put supper up. Seven o'clock, we ate it up and washed the dishes; 7:45 P.M. sharp, if there was no company present and the boy out visiting, he liked his pussy. Quick and very neat. By 8:15 he had showered every bit of it away. I give him his little whiskey. He tried that blabbermouth *Journal American* for news of the world. It was too much. Good night, Mr. Raftery, my pal.

Leaving me, thank goodness, the cream of the TV and a cup of sweet wine till midnight. Though I liked the attentions as a man he daily give me as a woman, it hardly seemed to tire me as it exhausted him. I could stay with the late show not fluttering an eyelid till the very end of the last commercial. My wildness as a girl is my own life's business, no one else's.

Now: As a token for friendship under God, John'd given Ginny his high school G O pin, though he was already a working man. He couldn't of given her his union card (that never got customary), though he did take her to a famous dinner in honor of Klaus Schnauer: thirty-five years at Camillo, the only heinie they ever let into that American local; he was a disgusting fat-bottomed Nazi so help me, he could've turned you into a pink Commie, his ass, excuse me, was that fat. Well, as usual for that younghearted gang, Saturday night went on and on, it give a terrible jolt to Sunday morning, and John staggered into breakfast, not shaved or anything. (A man, hus-

Grace Paley lives in Greenwich Village with her husband and two children. She has published a collection of short stories, THE LITTLE DISTURBANCES OF MAN, and is currently at work on a novel.

band, son, or lodger should be shaved at breakfast.) "Mother," he said, "I am going to ask Virginia to marry me."

"I told you so," said my husband and dropped the funnies on his bacon.

"You are?" I said.

"I am, and if God is good, she'll have me."

"No blasphemy intended," I said, "but He'll have to be off in the old country fishing if she says yes."

"Mother!" said John. He is a nice boy, loyal to friends and good.

"She'll go out with anyone at all," I said.

"Oh, Mother!" said John, meaning they weren't engaged, and she could do what she wanted.

"Go out is nothing," I said. "I seen her only last Friday night with Pete, his arm around her, going into Phelan's."

"Pete's like that, Mother," meaning it was no fault of hers.

"Then what of last Saturday night, you had to go to the show yourself as if there wasn't no one else in the Borough of Manhattan to take to a movie, and when you was gone I seen her buy two Cokes at Carlo's and head straight to the third floor to John Kameron's . . .

"So? So?"

". . . and come out at 11 P.M. and *his* arm was around her."

"So?"

". . . and his hand was well under her sweater . . ."

"That's not so, Mother."

"It *is* so, and tell me, young man, how you'll feel married to a girl that every wild boy on the block has been leanin' his thumbs on her titties like she was a Carvel dairy counter, tell me that?"

"Dolly!" says Jack. "You went too far . . ."

John just looked at me as red and dumb as a baby's knees.

"I haven't gone far enough into the facts, and I'm not ready to come out yet, and you listen to me, Johnny Raftery, you're somebody's jackass, I'll tell you, you look out that front window and I bet you if you got yourself your dad's spyglass you would see some track of your little lady. I think there are evenings she don't get out of the back of that trailer truck parked over there and it's no trouble at all for Pete or Kameron's half-witted kid to get his way of her. Listen Johnny, there isn't a grown-up woman who was sitting on the stoop last Sunday when it was so damn windy that doesn't know that Ginny don't wear under-pants."

"Oh, Dolly," says my husband, and plops his head into his hands.

"I'm going, Mother, that's libel, I'll have her sue you for libel," dopey John starts to holler out

of his tomato red face. "I'm going and I'll ask her and I love her and I don't care what you say. Truth or lies, I don't care."

"And if you go, Johnny," I said, calm as a dead fish, my eyes rolling up to pray and be heeded, "this is what I must do," and I took a kitchen knife, a bit blunt, and plunged it at least an eighth of an inch in the fat of my heart. I guess that the heart of a middle-aged lady is jammed in deeper than an eighth of an inch, for I am here to tell the tale. But some blood did come soon, to my son's staring, it touched my nightie and spread out on my bathrobe, and it was as red on my apron as a picture in an Italian church. John fell down on his knees, and hid his head in my lap. He cried, "Mother, Mother, you've hurt yourself." My husband didn't say a word to me. He kept his madness in his teeth but he told me later, Face it: the feelings in his heart was cracked.

I met Ginny the next morning in Carlo's store. She didn't look at me. Then she did. Then she said, "It's a nice day, Mrs. Raftery."

"Mm," I said. (It was.) "How can you tell the kind of day it is?" (I don't know what I meant by that.)

"What's wrong, Mrs. Raftery?" she said.

"Hah! wrong?" I asked.

"Well, you know, I mean, you act mad at me, you don't seem to like me this morning." She made a little laugh.

"I do. I like you a great deal." I said, out-witting her. "It's you, you know, you don't like Johnny. You don't."

"What?" she said, her head popping up to catch sight of that reply.

"Don't, don't don't," I said. "Don't, don't!" I hollered, giving Ginny's arm a tug. "Let's get out of here. Ginny, you don't like John. You'd let him court you, squeeze you, and he's very good, he wouldn't press you further."

"You ought to mind your business," says Ginny very soft, me being the elder (but with tears).

"My son is my business."

"No," she says, "he's his own."

"My son is my business. I have one son left, and he's my business."

"No," she says. "He's his own."

MY SON IS MY BUSINESS. BY LOVE AND DUTY.

"Oh, no," she says. Soft because I am the older one, but very strong. (I've noticed it. All of a sudden they look at you, and then, it comes to them, young people, they are bound to outlast you, so they temper up their icy steel and stare into about an inch away from you a lot. Have you noticed it?)

At home, I said, "Jack now, the boy needs

guidance. Do you want him to spend the rest of his life in bed with an orphan on welfare?"

"Oh," said Jack. "She's an orphan, is she? It's just her mother that's dead. What has one thing to do with another? You're a pushy damn woman, Dolly. I don't know what use you are . . ."

What came next often happens in a family causing sorrow at the time. Looking back, it's a speck compared to life.

For: Following this conversation, Jack didn't deal with me at all, and he broke his many years after-supper habits and took long walks. That's what killed him, I think, for he was a habitual person.

And: Alongside him on one of these walks was seen a skinny crosstown lady, known to many people over by Tompkins Square — wears a giant Ukrainian cross in and out of the tub, to keep from going down the drain, I guess.

"In that case, the hell with you," is what I said. "I don't care. Get yourself a cold-water flat on Avenue D."

"Why not? I'll go. OK," said Jack. I think he figured a couple of weeks vacation with his little cuntski and her color television would cool his requirements.

"Stay off the block," I said, "you slippery relic. I'll send your shirts by the diaper-service man."

"Mother," said poor John, when he noticed his dad's absence, "what's happening to you? The way you talk. To Dad. It's the wine, mother. I know it."

"You're a bloated beer guzzler!" I said quietly. (People that drink beer are envious against the ones in favor of wine. Though my dad was a mick in cotton socks, in his house, we had a choice.)

"No, Mother, I mean you're not clear sometimes."

"Crazy, you mean, son. Huh? Split personality?"

"Something's wrong!" he said. "Don't you want Dad back?" He was nervous to his fingernails.

"Mind your business, he'll be back, it's happened before, Mr. Two-Weeks Old."

"What?" he said, horrified.

"You're blind as a bat, Mr. Just Born. Where was you three Christmases ago?"

"What! But Mother! Didn't you feel terrible? Terrible! How'd you stand for him acting that way? Dad!"

"Now quit it, John, you're a damnfool kid. Sure I don't want to look at his dumb face being pleased. That'd kill."

"Mother, it's not right."

"Phoo, go to work and mind your business, sonny boy."

"It is my business," he said, "and don't call me sonny."

About two months later, John came home with Margaret, both of them blistered from Lake Hopatcong at ninety-four degrees. I will be fair. She was not yet ruined by Jersey air, and she was not too terrible-looking, at least to the eye of a clean-minded boy.

"This is Margaret," he says. "She's from Monmouth, Jersey."

"Just come over on the *Queen Mary*, dear?" I asked for the joke in it.

"I have to get her home for supper. Her father's strict."

"Sure," I said, "have a Coke first."

"Oh, thank you so much," says Margaret. "Thank you, thank you, thank you, Mrs. Raftery."

"Has she blood in her?" hollered Jack after his shower. He had come home by then, skinny and dissatisfied. Is there satisfaction anywhere in getting old?

John didn't inquire an OK of his dad or me, nor answer to nobody Yes or No. He was that age that couldn't live without a wife. He had to use this Margaret.

It was his time to go forward like we all did once. And he has. Number 1: She is kept plugged up with babies. Number 2: As people nowadays need a house, he has bought one and tangled it around in Latin bushes. Nobody but the principal at Holy Redeemer High knows what the little tags on the twigs say. Every evening after hard work you can find him with a hose scrubbing down his lawn. His oldest kid is now fourteen and useless. The littlest one is four, and she reminds me of me with the flashiest eyes and a little tongue sharpened to a scrappy point.

"How come you never named one for *me*, Margaret?" I asked her straight in her face.

"Oh," she said, "There's only the two girls, Teresa, for my mother, and Cathleen, for my best sister. The very next'll be for you."

"What, next! Are you trying to kill my son?" I asked her. "Why he has to be working nights as it is. You don't look well, you know. You ought to see a smart Jewish doctor and get your tubes tied up."

"Oh," she said, "Never!"

I have to tease a little to grapple any sort of a reply out of her. But mostly it doesn't work. It is something like I am a crazy construction worker in conversation with fresh cement. Can there be more in the world like her? Don't answer. Time will pass in spite of her slow wits.

In fact it has, for here we are in the present, which is happening now, and I am a famous widow baby-sitter for whoever thinks I am unbalanced but within reason. I am a grand story-book reader to the little ones. I read like an actress, Joan Crawford or Maureen O'Sullivan, my voice

is deeper than it was. So I do make a little extra for needs, though my Johnny sees to the luxuries I must have. I won't move away to strangers. This is my family street, and I don't need to.

And of course as friendship never ends, Johnny comes twice a week for his entertainment to Ginny. Ginny and I do not talk a word though we often pass. She knows I am right as well as victorious. She's had it unusually lovely (most people don't) — a chance to be some years with a young fellow like Blackie that gave her great rattling shivers, top to bottom, though it was all cut off before youth ended. And as for my Johnny, he now absolutely has her as originally planned and desired, and she depends on him in all things. She requires him. Her children lean on him. They climb up his knees to his shoulder. They cry out the window for him, *John, John*, if his dumb Margaret keeps him home.

It's a pity to have become so right and Jack's off stalking the innocent angels.

I wait on the stoop steps to see John on summer nights as he hasn't enough time to visit me and Ginny both, and I need the sight of him, though I don't know why. I like the street anyway, and

the hot night when the ice-cream truck brings all the dirty kids and the big nifty boys with their hunting-around eyes. I put a touch of burgundy on my strawberry ice-cream cone as my father said we could on Sunday, which drives these sozzle-headed ladies up the brown brick wall, so help me Mary.

Now, some serious questions, so far unasked:

What the devil is it all about, the noisiness and the speediness, when it's no distance at all? How come John had to put all them courtesy calls into Margaret on his lifelong trip to Ginny? Also, Jack, what was his real nature? Was he for or against? And that Anthony, what *did* he have in mind as I knuckled under again and again (and I know I was the starter)? He did not get me pregnant as in books it happens at once. How come the French priest said to me, crying tears and against his order, "Oh, no, Dolly, if you are enceinte (meaning pregnant), he will certainly marry you, poor child, now smile, poor child, for that is the church's promise to infants born." To which, how come, tough and cheery as I used to be, all I could say before going off to live and die was: "No, Father, he doesn't love me."

EARLY DECEMBER IN CROTON-ON-HUDSON

(for Charles Hertz)

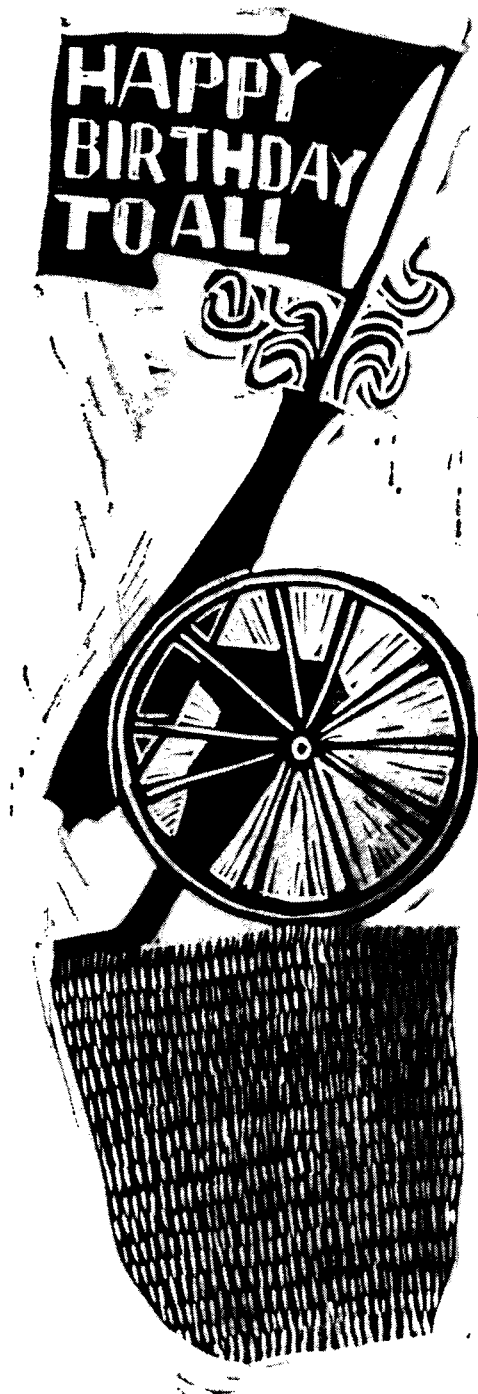
BY LOUISE GLÜCK

Spiked sun. The Hudson's
Whittled down by ice.
I hear the bone dice
Of blown gravel clicking. Bone-
pale, the recent snow
Fastens like fur to the river.
Standstill. We were trying to deliver
Christmas presents when the tire blew
Last year. About the stalled Ford pines pared
Down by a storm stood, limbs bared . . .
I want you.

accent

The Birthday Way out of Vietnam

by Herbert Mitgang



Hawks, owls, and doves have all offered formulas for ending the Vietnam War based on various artifices to bring the North Vietnamese and National Liberation Front to the conference table. Yet at this moment, when the birds of prey are in the ascendancy, the 'Thirty Years' War seems a brief encounter by comparison with the prospects for peace in Vietnam.

The trouble is that diplomats and politicians have proposed only diplomatic and political answers — old doctrinaire ideas based on United Nations goodwill, Geneva conferences, Locarno pacts, or what's good for dynastic presidents or rival presidential aspirants. The time has come to put forward, in all modesty, a *proved* method of peacemaking.

What has escaped the attention of honest brokers and otherwise — not to mention the gentlemen of Hanoi — is the fact that only one thing has actually succeeded in ending the shooting and bombing South, DMZ, and North: holidays and birthdays.

The guns have been capped in the past for both Western and Asian holidays — at Christmas, New Year's, and Tet (their New Year celebration). Some months ago, the South Vietnam government proposed a twenty-four-hour truce to celebrate the anniversary of Buddha's birth. Not to be outdone in peacemaking, the presidium of the central committee of the NLF upped the ante and declared that it would observe a forty-eight-hour truce. It worked. The United States went along — what else could we do but stop the bombing of the North when both Asian enemy and ally took away the only war we had?

In this manner, Gautama Buddha (c. 563-483 B.C.) succeeded ("Right action is abstaining from killing, stealing and sexual misconduct" — one of the paths to Nirvana) where Lyndon B. Johnson ("Bring home the coonskin" — one of his paths to Gehenna), U Thant, De Gaulle, and other well-meaning men failed.

But to get down to practical cases: Ho Chi Minh was born on May 19, 1890. If we or he suggests a cease-fire in honor of his birthday, the Buddha anniversary could begin several days ahead and spill over to May 23 (it would make no sense to stop shooting, resume for sixty hours, and start cease-firing all over again).

Such a gesture can pick up speed by another cease-fire next August 27

to prepare for President Johnson's birthday. A bit later, on October 8, a day's truce can be called to celebrate — or, if that word offends, then observe — the birthday of Fly-boy Ky, or whoever is running South Vietnam. By similar anti-*force-majeure* reasoning that applies to Buddha and Uncle Ho, Christmas and Lady Bird Johnson's birthday (December 22) could be paired to lengthen the yuletide spirit.

Of course, face would compel the North and South Vietnam wives to insist that their birthdays be declared of equal value with Mrs. Johnson's. What ceremonial breaking of champagne bottles over the bows of warships or dedications of orphanages can compare in prestige with the socially powerful silencing of mortars, the stilling of napalm canisters, the unarming of punji sticks, and the quieting of birthday machine-gun chatter?

The second bananas in the ministries, who have prosecuted the war so faithfully, should by right have their loyalty rewarded. Next June 9, a one-day halt would honor Secretary McNamara's birthday, followed, on February 9, by that of Secretary Rusk. Ditto for their opposite numbers in North and South Vietnam. Whether Cabinet wives of this rank would be entitled to birthday truces would depend on conflicting bookings for more important personages or holidays.

Since the Viet Cong rule the country at night, a half-day compromise observance can be worked out in the form of honorable mentions for grandchildren of dignitaries.

Surely the outspoken United States senators who have been less than enthusiastic about the Vietnam charivari would have their birthdays looked upon favorably by the National Liberation Front and Hanoi regime. A peaceful period can be planned next monsoon season between the birthdays of Senator Hatfield (July 12), Senator McGovern (July 19), and Senator Church (July 25), when fighting in the central highlands is a drag anyway.

In this respect, a slice of cake would be handed to Senator Morse, who, in fairness, would get a truce lasting forty-eight hours beyond his birthday blowout on October 20 be-

Herbert Mitgang, a member of the editorial board of the New York TIMES, has visited wartime Vietnam.

The hope of doing each other some good prompts this advertisement

Ayari, Bardawil, Gomes, Häyrén, Imbert, Sidek

People in this country or any other country who seek employment and can't find it are tragic figures. Our particular contribution to the solution of the problem is to offer jobs. Jobholders, however, expect payment for their work. This is possible only to the extent that our products are wanted at prices customers are willing to pay. Last year the arrangement worked out well enough to create Kodak jobs for some 10,000 more people around the world. Many of these differ in appearance and other respects from the folks in the house across the way from your house, whoever you are. Nor are they all Americans, or want to be. Among the non-Americans:



Elias Ayari, member of the Luo Tribe, citizen of Kenya, native of Kisumu where he made Standard VIII at Ramba Intermediate School, skilled employee of Kodak (East Africa) Limited. After your next camera safari drop off your 126 cartridges at one of the many photo dealers in Nairobi who offer Kodak's Color Photofinishing Service. You will like the quality of the KODACOLOR Prints from the electronic color printer he operates. It is considerably more complex than the black-and-white darkroom equipment with which he learned photographic technology before becoming a Kodak man in October, 1966.



Miss Odette Bardawil, already promoted from telephone operator at Kodak (Near East) Inc. to secretary for an executive. Evenings find her at a course in English literature at Beirut's American Language Center. At Adventists High School, her alma mater, Arabic and English get equal emphasis.



José Fernandes Gomes, salesman who joined Kodak Brasileira at São Paulo in October last year and is proud to have already sold two automatic x-ray processing machines, aside from other products. Not only does he sell the processing machines, but he also installs them and sees to it that they keep turning out highest-quality radiographs at a speed such that the radiologists need not keep the crowds waiting as long as before at the Clínica Roaldo Amundsen Koehler in Curitiba and the Clínica Dr. José Silva Villela in Araçatuba.



Kaarlo Häyrén, who last year changed his profession from the chemistry of aniline dyes, high polymers, and edible oils to a new career with Kodak Oy, our Finnish name that is bursting far beyond an identification with family snapshots. He is busy feeding all kinds of professional photographic materials into scientific, industrial, and government activities of his country as well as into its studios (portrait, movie, and TV). His present career really had its start when his home town of Viipuri became Soviet territory and he turned his thoughts at 18 to learning how to process his own color film.



Christian Imbert, chemical engineer who finds himself at 27 responsible for quality control of the polyester that Kodak-Pathé started manufacturing for film base last year at Chalon-sur-Saône, a town 200 miles southeast of Paris which had been better known for the magnificent vineyards which surround it. Despite the substantial investment we have already made in the plant, most of its 200-acre expanse looks as though it were still available for rugby, a sport that greatly interests M. Imbert.



Mohammed Sidek bin Mohammed Nor, driver of Kodak (Malaya) Limited trucks in and around Kuala Lumpur, formerly peon (which means general messenger) at Headquarters of the 17th Gurkha Division in Seremban, capital of one of the 11 states of West Malaysia. Where other members of our Malay staff have an average of six children—one with 13—Sidek and his wife have only one to lavish affection on.

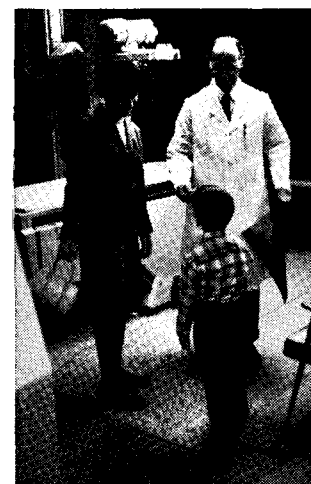
In the interests of solvent customers and mild air

Defenders of air pollution are now scarcer than foes of motherhood or friends of sin. Something will doubtless be done about automotive fumes. Furthermore, attention is turned to how you pollute the air when you paint your dwelling and all that solvent evaporates. As a maker of solvents we feel involved. We sympathize with our paint-and-lacquer-manufacturing customers, with the regulatory authorities, and with the innocent public, which includes us too. The issues are not only ethically and economically complex but also chemically so.

On the roof of the laboratory of the National Center for Air Pollution Control in Cincinnati, plastic containers of air are exposed to the sun. The air in the boxes has been loaded with about the number of parts per million of various olefins and aldehydes that might be encountered in a vicinity where people are earning a livelihood, maintaining their possessions, or just strolling in the park. A bit of the energy in the sunlight is trapped to initiate a series of chemical interactions, and it winds up as oxidizing power in certain compounds that may or may not make the eyes smart and the vegetation suffer.

From earlier studies of these phenomena, regulations have gone into effect in Los Angeles County, limiting the sale and use of solvents that can store sunlight and release it unpleasantly. Living up to the Los Angeles rule in less populous regions brings on its benefits a little sooner. In helping work out equally effective replacement formulas with minimum rise in cost, our competitive instinct has forced us to outperform competitors in service to our solvent customers—even when necessary to include competitors' solvents in our suggestions!

Meanwhile, the reception room is full



The physician is one figure, the businessman another.

As businessmen beyond denying, we ourselves are best acquainted with those physicians—radiologists—who have dedicated their minds and eyes to the use of x-rays. They buy our x-ray film. They buy a lot of it. Since x-ray film isn't the cheapest stuff to manufacture properly and since proper x-ray equipment costs what it does, the radiologist who scorns economics may find his attention regrettably diverted from his patients. So, though our service to him is

basically through the technology we deliver, he and we and the hospital administrators talk business.

Result: All over the country machines we make to process x-ray film in 90 seconds are being installed. "Waiting for the x-rays" is becoming less of a stock phrase, and the costly x-ray generating equipment need spend less time idle. At the expense of some damage to older traditions, some principles common in industrial management come into play, but a population of doctors that falls far short of rising with the general population manages to provide it with far more effective medical care than might be expected.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY

cause of his long anti-Vietnam oratory. Something of an international celebration would commence next April 9 and go on a full seven days (somewhat less in Arkansas) in honor of Fulbright Week.

Since the war has worldwide implications, the holiday and birthday celebrations would not be selfishly confined to the United States and Vietnam. Other nations could contribute. The cease-fire would extend under this plan to whole months. In November, for example, the birthday of Dr. Sun Yat-sen is a day off in Taiwan on the twelfth. Hong Kong the next day celebrates a holiday called the Day Following Remembrance Sunday. Dr. Duvalier's dictatorship may put a bone in the soup of political prisoners on November 18, a day of feasting to celebrate the Battle of Vertieres, or Army Day, in Haiti; on the same day Iraq observes Revolution Day. And so on for the rest of November through the thirtieth, a big holiday in the Philippines to celebrate Bonifacio Day.

Somewhere in the world there is dancing in the streets for sound holiday reasons almost every day of the year. It may be an inconvenience to turn Vietnam on and off, contingent on birthdays and holidays; and for all I know, the constant cooling and heating of the armament may be harmful to the precious military metals. But, like the theater of the same name, a war of the absurd is a dialogue without end buried in tunnels leading nowhere, and requires a solution as farfetched as Vietnam itself.

So far, neither force of firepower nor realpolitik nor pacification, alone or combined, has succeeded. Therefore, why not escalate birthdays and holidays? For the interminable future, only an overkill of celebrations can turn the trick of causing a 365-day, year-after-year, temporary truce.

Old Folks at — Home?

by Elinor Goulding Smith

Elinor Goulding Smith has written many books and light articles since she first contributed to the ATLANTIC in 1943.

I'll tell you the kind of house I live in, here in the dead center of Manhattan: if I'm rolling out a pie crust, I'm afraid the neighbors will

complain to the landlord and ask to have us evicted as undesirable tenants.

I keep having this feeling that making a pie is morally reprehensible, and what I should be doing is beating drums, having a jam session, taking part in a rock 'n' roll rehearsal, with plenty of stamping in rhythm, practicing flamenco dancing, having a party with forty people frugging, jerking (it always makes me very nervous to type those words, let alone say them), and smoking marijuana, or, failing that, I should at least be hanging around the lobby in boots, miniskirt, white mesh stockings, fun fur, my false eyelashes (freshly cleaned in false-eyelash cleaner) sticking out pertly in front of me, with my miniature poodle or Chihuahua or Pomeranian on my arm, awaiting gentlemen friends, or anyway acquaintances, or anyway acquaintances of acquaintances.

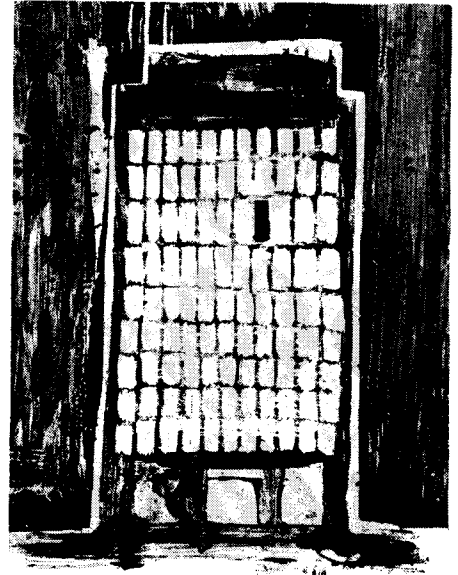
Oh, there's an oven in the apartment all right, but somehow I have the strong conviction that it's not meant for homemade pies, but only for frozen dinners, or frozen canapés, or frozen hot tamales, and if the landlord should ever find out that I've used it to roast chickens, or make apple pies and brownies and cup custards from old family recipes, he would chide us for abuse of the premises for which all we pay each month is enough to make the bank blanch when I write the check.

Besides, I'm embarrassed to go in and out and have people see me right out in plain sight in the elevators and lobby in my natural-colored stockings (well, she's a nut — in a building this size, you're bound to find *some* nuts) and my plain old eyelashes, the ones that just happened to grow there on my eyelids. Of course I've had my hair bleached since we moved here, and that helps some. But my skirts come to my knees, and the only boots I have are for snow and rain, and I don't have silver nail polish or silver lipstick. It's red.

The fact of the matter is that the *wrong element* (that's us) is moving back to Manhattan as their children grow up, and since all the staid old buildings, still rent-controlled, are unavailable, we (the wrong element) move into the new ones, where we stick out like a warthog in a basket of Siamese kittens.

We're very quiet people. We can't *have* more than two people at

a time to dinner because I have a bad back; the last time we gave a party was twelve years ago. Besides, we don't have enough chairs. If we did give a party, it would have to be in a hotel, and that's out because with the rent we pay now, we can just barely keep ourselves in cigarettes — the old-fashioned tobacco kind.



We have these gay, mad evenings when we sit down to dinner, watch the news on TV, read, discuss quietly the advisability of getting out of here, watch any special and really important TV shows, like the Miss Teen-age America Pageant, click off the set at eleven o'clock (that's our big noise of the evening, that click of the TV knob), and go to bed. We make a big racket from about eleven to eleven ten brushing our teeth, and then we read in bed till midnight. I make one last crashing noise at midnight as I set the alarm clock and turn on my electric blanket, and of course there are the two clicks of the bed lamps being turned off.

We then close our eyes, snuggle under the covers, and go to . . .

And POW! *That's* when the building comes to life. Buzzers buzz as the doorman announces guests, doorbells ring, feet run, dogs bark with excitement, doors slam, ice cubes clink in glasses, phonographs blast, pianos crash, drums pound, guitars strum and whine, vocal cords strain, walls vibrate, and floors shake, and it's all like the beat, beat, beat of the tom-tom when the jungle shadows fall — and a voice within me keeps repeating damn, damn, damn.

Finally we make our own noise. "I'll kill somebody," my husband says in a low, tense voice.

"I can't hear you through the bounding of the mashed potato," I say.

"I say," he repeats, "I'll kill somebody."

"I wonder," I say, "when they're going to take down the sign on the front of the building that says 'Soundproof Apartments?'"

About two o'clock he gets up, stamps to the bathroom (but of course nobody can hear him through the crashing of cymbals and the clatter of castanets), and takes a couple of sleeping pills. After a while I get up and get a couple for myself. (I wish we had some LSD, or maybe some marijuana or heroin, so we could fit in better.) About four o'clock we fall into a restless sleep. Doors are slamming all over the building as guests drift on home, singing and laughing in the halls; and then, finally, comes the rushing of water in the pipes throughout the building that signals the coming of night just as the garbage trucks start crawling through the street, grinding and whining and gnashing their teeth, signaling the approach of day.

Of course we get our own back the next morning, but we're too pale and exhausted to enjoy it. While everybody else sleeps on (or, more likely, sleeps it off), I probably cause undue disturbance with the shushing of my slippers as I move back and forth from kitchen to dining area, run the water to fill the coffee pot, gulp a couple of capsules of tranquilizer to help me recover from my night's sleep; and then there's the clink of cups on saucers, the stirring of sugar, the buttering of rolls that probably disturb people for whole floors around.

(You're all probably dying to know where this apartment house is by now, but of course I can't tell you, for reasons mentioned below.)

I live from day to day in terror that someone may discover that we have a carpet in our living room. I didn't know, when we moved in, that carpets are forbidden. I didn't notice any clause about that in the lease, so we just plunged ahead and bought it, and it was only after we'd

moved in that we discovered that no apartment has a carpet, and therefore, more than likely there's some rule against it. Naturally the whole thing worries me. The landlord may raise

the rent if he finds out, or call the police and have us taken away. Still, as things are, I'd rather welcome being taken away, because my guess is that in jail everybody has to put his lights out and lay down his guitar at the same time.

"I wonder what it's like in Wyoming," my husband says from time to time.

"Or the more northerly stretches of Greenland," I suggest.

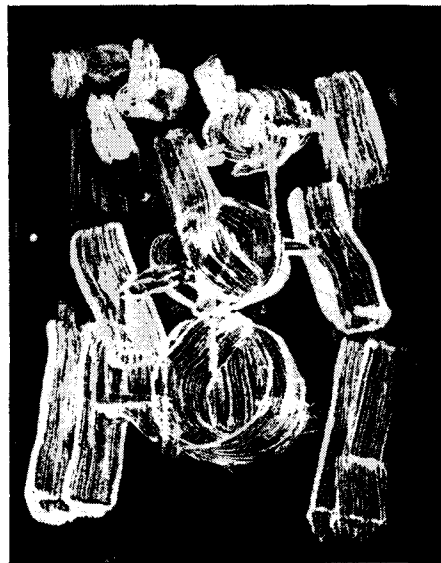
Meanwhile the tub drain in our bathroom is slow and badly needs attention, but I don't dare mention it to the superintendent. I have a walnut torte in the oven and a chicken simmering on the stove, and I don't want to risk discovery.

Tomorrow I'm going to buy a pair of boots and a tuba and start lessons.

Motor Racing: More Slowdowns

by Ken W. Purdy

Ken Purdy, who lives in Connecticut, is widely known as a writer and an authority on the automobile.



Automobile racing is the fastest recreation in which man indulges himself, but victory is not always to the swift: in this year's Indianapolis race the car that led for 196 of the 200 laps and could, in the trade term, run away and hide from any one of the other thirty-two cars, not only did not win, but can never win. It won't be allowed to run again. The car that won the world's premier long-distance race, this year's running of the twenty-four hours of Le Mans, will not win again, for it, too,

has been forbidden to appear next year. This is sport? It's rather as if the heavyweight boxing champion of the world, having beaten everyone in sight, were to be forbidden to fight again — perhaps an unfortunate analogy, but sound nevertheless.

From the beginning of automobile racing at the end of the nineteenth century to this moment, the bitterest competition has not been between driver and driver, or between manufacturer and manufacturer, but between the manufacturers on the one side and the governors of the sport on the other. Race car builders want the machines to go faster; the various governing bodies, ever mindful of carnage like the 1955 Le Mans accident that took eighty-odd lives in a few seconds, want them to go slower, but not so slow as to rouse ennui among the customers. Corollary to this, sometimes national or corporate or vested interest throws a logjam across the track. But the forces carrying the "Slow Down" banners, massively powerful as they sometimes seem to be, win only the skirmishes, never the battles. Year by year, on every race circuit in the world, speeds go up, as if in response to some fixed law. Indeed, such a law has been cited; it is called Pomeroy's Law, after its discoverer, the late Laurence Pomeroy, an eminent British authority on Grand Prix racing who demonstrated that the speed of racing cars rises annually by a fixed percentage. On a gross basis, the years 1906 to 1939 saw maximum speeds go from 93 miles an hour to 195. The curves at Indianapolis were engineered in 1909 for a maximum of 90 miles an hour; today a driver who doesn't take them at 140 isn't in the running.

Cars in the first Grand Prix race, the French Grand Prix of 1906, were held to a maximum weight of 2204 pounds. The winner, a Renault, averaged 63 miles an hour for the twelve hours and fourteen minutes of the event. Since, various formulas have been laid down based on maximum and minimum weight, engine size, amount and type of fuel, and so forth. The present formula, enforced by the Fédération Internationale de l'Automobile, allows an engine three liters in size burning commercial gasoline. The exception is Indianapolis, which allows a 4.2-liter engine burning anything, which means, in practice, alcohol and the so-called exotic or oxygen-bearing

fuels like nitromethane. Engines other than the standard piston type are also allowed — diesel, internal-combustion rotary (Wankel), gas turbine — and thereby hangs the tale.

For Indianapolis in 1967, a gas turbine engine was entered by Andy Granatelli on behalf of the STP Division of the Studebaker Corporation, to be driven by Parnelli Jones. Granatelli, ex-driver, speed equipment manufacturer, is a veteran Indianapolis sponsor. Jones, winner at Indianapolis in 1963, would be on most lists of the half dozen best drivers in this country. The chassis of the car was built on a Paxton modification of the Ferguson Formula, a British system which allows an even application of power to all four wheels, not the usual two, under any condition. Sophisticated observers held from the car's first appearance that it would be a serious threat to the orthodox machinery. Much of the Indianapolis establishment, a loose fraternity of promoters, car owners, and drivers, with a heavy investment in the status quo, showed some fright. Up to 1963, the Indianapolis community had been wholly conservative and remarkably parochial, convinced that the standard Indy "roadsters," which had very similar chassis with identical Offenhauser-Meyer-Drake engines, were unbeatable. The rest of the world had discovered that lighter cars, monocoque, skin-stressed like aircraft, with engines in the rear and the drivers half reclining, were much faster and better handling, and they had been for some time standard on Grand Prix circuits from New Zealand to Italy. When the British designer Colin Chapman appeared in 1963 with such a car, a Lotus, engined by Ford, which hadn't built a racing engine since the year 1, and driven by a slight, quiet Scotsman, Jimmy Clark, who had never appeared at Indy, merriment was general. It turned to horror when Clark (then champion of the world, something that had not seemed significant to the "500" folk) finished second, with many observers convinced that only oil laid on the track by the winning car had kept him from first. There was a general rush to a Lotus-type Ford-engined car, which did not prevent Clark from winning in 1965, and Graham Hill, another British former world champion, in 1966. So the Indianapolis orthodox

Errata for Fall

by Sam Toperoff

The publisher hopes the readers were not vexed by the numerous misprints in the President's text:

"destroyed in the future"
should actually be
"deployed in the future"
on page twenty-three.

change "gun" to "fun"
on page thirty-one.

change "Me" to "we"
on page thirty-three.

"there is nothing to hear"
should more accurately state
"there is nothing to fear"
on page thirty-eight.

change "sweat" to "sweet"
and "fire" to "fine"
both of these changes on page
thirty-nine.

The editor is very worry for any inconvenience.

were suspicious of Granatelli's machine, even though another turbine had made an unsuccessful appearance the year before, when Hill won.

It was not as new as it seemed. The jet engine, of which the gas turbine is a modification, was invented by Sir Frank Whittle in 1937, and the Rover Motor Company of England ran the first gas turbine automobile in 1950 and later campaigned it successfully at Le Mans. A gas turbine is a simple device. It draws in air, compresses it, expands it by burning it in a fuel mixture, uses the resulting high-speed exhaust blast to turn a turbine geared to the driving wheels. The gas turbine uses almost any kind of fuel, runs smoothly and vibration-free (all its motion is rotary), has none of the ignition-timing problems that plague the piston engine, and is extremely powerful for its weight.

In the 1967 race it was crystal-clear from the beginning that Jones and the turbine car, number 40, could not be beaten barring accident. The vehicle was wickedly fast, and its Ferguson drive system, eliminating the problems inherent in

applying great power to either the front or the rear wheels alone, gave it handling qualities so superior to the field that Jones was not restricted to the standard "line" through the corners. Because they may spin if they leave this line, faster are often unable to pass slower ones in the corners. Jones could pull out and pass other cars where he found them. He dominated the race completely, until, four laps from the end a six-dollar ball bearing broke up stripped the gears, and immobilized him. A. J. Foyt, in a now standard rear-engine car, went on to win.

Before the last car had come off the track, rumor that the gas turbine would be barred from competition in 1968 was flying. Similar rumor had been current after the first Lotus appearance in 1963, but there was heavy metal — the Ford Motor Company — involved in that case whereas Studebaker no longer builds cars in the United States. Also the Lotus was not so radical. On June 19, Granatelli sent to the American governing board, the United States Automobile Club, a fourteen-page letter, with accompanying graphs and charts, in refutation of every argument that had been raised against his car. Charges that produced offensive odor, a toxic exhaust, dangerous heat, thermal optical distortion of the air behind it and oil smear on the track he blew out of the water. To the argument that its sound was unexciting and would bore race-goers (a turbine makes a whistling instead of a gun-fire sound) he said he would be glad to produce, by electricity, any volume of sound required. He argued that the horsepower of his engine (a Pratt & Whitney aircraft-industrial type) was not excessive, at 640 absolute maximum and 550 effective, and indeed compared poorly with the 837 horsepower of the Novi car he had several times run without protest. About a week later the USAC handed down its ruling: the gas turbine engine was OK in principle, but the crucial inlet area must be reduced from twenty-three square inches to fifteen to bring the horsepower down to 480. However, as it happens, there is not in existence, anywhere in the world, a gas turbine engine of this size. No one is going to spend the millions of dollars that would be required to build one, and if it were built, it would not, in the view of Granatelli's engineers, be

competitive with Indianapolis-type piston engines. The governors had won another skirmish. Gas turbine engines will eventually dominate Indianapolis. But not tomorrow.

At about the same time, Ford took body blow from the Commission Sportif Internationale of the F.I.A. In 1964 Henry Ford II decided to have a go at the Le Mans 24-Hour Race, in effect picking up the torch that the sportsman-driver-manufacturer Briggs Cunningham had bravely, but never quite successfully, carried in the 1950s. (No American car had ever won Le Mans; closest was Cunningham's second place in 1953.) Ford's only serious opponent would be Enzo Ferrari of Italy, whose cars had dominated the race for years. The Le Mans circuit is a car killer. There is a straight on which 200 miles an hour is routinely touched (220 has been seen) by the biggest cars, with a 35-mph corner at the end of it. These cars are nominal two-seater coupes, but they are faster than single-seat Grand Prix machines. In the first Ford-Ferrari confrontation, in 1965, all the Fords broke down and Ferrari won as usual. In 1966, Fords came in first, second, and third. For 1967, the earhead of the Ford effort was a 4-liter 500-horsepower 8-cylinder car weighing 2205 pounds. Ferrari relied on a 4-liter, 450-horsepower 1875-pound 12-cylinder machine. Ford won in handsome fashion, averaging over 135 miles an hour for twenty-four hours. And for the first time, Ford's winning drivers were Americans: A. J. Foyt and Dan Gurney.

A few days later, the C.S.I. announced a tentative, but possibly permanent, ruling that the 1968 cars must have engines no larger than 3 liters in the limited production prototype class, 5 liters in the sports class. The reason was the usual one, to slow down the race. Some had anticipated the move: the French are understandably tired of seeing their biggest race won year after year by foreign cars, and the French government, after all, has put more than \$1.5 million worth of subsidy into the development of a new engine—a 3-liter engine. But from Dearborn came word that no factory-entered Fords would run

Le Mans in 1968. Enzo Ferrari took a stronger view: he did not, he said, intend to accept "new rules that relegate us to the status of village idiots."



WE'RE ALWAYS ANXIOUS to put up the tree in Jack Daniel's old office. When that's done, we know the holidays are here. We hope your plans are coming along too, and that you have a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

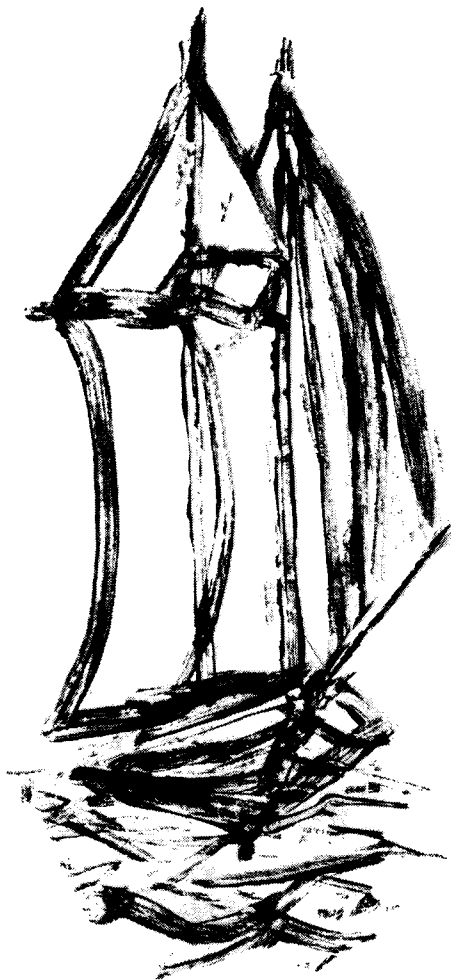


CHARCOAL
MELLOWED
DROP
BY DROP

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places

St. Vincent and Bequia
by James Egan



Connoisseurs of Caribbean islands are fond of comparing St. Vincent with Tahiti, pointing out that both are volcanic, well watered, and extraordinarily lush. A British insurance company that operates in the Caribbean pushed the comparison even further. One year the company calendar featured a photograph identified as Mount Soufrière, the 4000-foot dormant volcano that dominates St. Vincent. Puzzled locals couldn't figure out where the photographer had planted his camera. Pressed for an explanation, the embarrassed insurance company admitted slipping in a shot of Tahiti.

St. Vincent, one of the British Windward Islands, is handier than Tahiti, but it was pretty well cut off from tourists until four years ago when it acquired an airfield. Now twin-engine aircraft hop over in thirty-five minutes from Barbados, about a hundred miles west on the main Caribbean jet routes. Yet St. Vincent is still by no means overrun. The island — eleven miles wide by eighteen miles long — offers a few simple hotels and one imaginative luxury resort with plenty of hammocks and no television. If St. Vincent's amenities seem too worldly, there is always its smaller dependency, Bequia, only nine miles south by boat. This island goes in for oil lamps and mosquito nets in a setting that one visitor described as "pure Maughamsville."

Early last winter, my wife and I put down on St. Vincent and headed for the luxury resort, called Young Island, which occupies its own twenty-acre islet six hundred feet off the south shore. This enterprise is the work of John Houser, an ex-Hilton and ex-American Express executive, who in revolt against high-rise hotels went horizontal with a stylish version of a Polynesian village. He has built nineteen elegantly decorated double cabanas — "I wish I could think of another name for them," he says — scattered along a golden beach, around a free-form lagoon swimming pool, and up a verdant hillside. Bananas and papayas grow outside the doors. Palms and giant almond trees rustle overhead. Excessively large cut-leaf philodendrons screen private terraces and winding native-stone walks. An oval bar in a split-level longhouse plies each arrival with a welcoming drink named the Island Special. Its base is three ounces of

rum. Three spitted hibiscus blossoms rise from the glass. The tropical languor lasts some time.

Young Island's rope hammocks, slung under palm-thatched shelters on the beach, provide a major focus of recreation here. There is also good snorkeling reef just off the beach. One visitor, a nurse by profession, trained digger fish, ordinarily bottom feeders, to come up and snap at toast crumbs. At sunset, one can stroll around the shore to a rocky belvedere and watch a display of wind-whipped clouds shaped like Thai dancers, outlined in red. Ship's lanterns light the way back to the bar and the curiously named Captain Bligh Room, where guests dine very well on such specialties as native lobster cooked over charcoal and three kinds of homemade bread, including an exotic banana bread.

Early one morning, we circumnavigated Young Island to explore Fort Duvernette, a neighboring six-acre islet that rises sheer from the sea either 196, 260, or 400 feet, depending on which tourist literature you read. Crumbling stone steps zigzag up the rock face to the top. Iron cannon, scarcely rusted, command a nearby bay. They bear a crown and the entwined inscription "GR 3" (for George III). The fort was once French, as its name suggests, but the occupants presumably got away with their own cannon when the Treaty of Versailles (1783 edition) dealt St. Vincent to the British for keeps. The native Carib Indians proved more intransigent than the French; they fought on — or "continued giving trouble," as a local history puts it — until 1796. A few descendants survive in a Carib village on the northern end of St. Vincent.

St. Vincent's capital, Kingstown, nestles in a harbor between two high points of land — a town camouflaged by greenery. A back street sign reads, "Everready Funeral Home — with all the latest designs in coffins and caskets — Undertakes Anything." Other merchants feature more cheerful items, like duty-free yard goods of Sea Island cotton, which is grown here. St. Vincent also grows 95 percent of the world's arrowroot, but cornstarch substitutes have cut down the market, and much of last year's crop still sat in warehouses. As a St. Vincent marketing official observed, "You'd think because our people are always smiling

we have no problems, but we do." He sighed. "Visitors talk only of the beauties of the island. Let them try to move our excess crops."

We studied St. Vincent's extravagant palette of greens — cool greens, hot greens, dull and shiny greens — when we toured the fertile Mesopotamia Valley, named after the meeting of two rivers. Beyond lies the Windward Coast, where the rivers run down to the sea and the Atlantic roars in on long black-sand beaches. Rolling downs mark a section called Argyle, which might pass for Scotland with palms. The Leeward Coast road, described as alpine, hangs above the sea, then curves around an enormous valley which belongs to a single family of planters, who raise bananas and beef cattle. A few families still dominate St. Vincent landholdings. "But there isn't any of that bobbing and curtsying anymore," said our driver. He added a comment on one unidentified plantation owner. "His parents left him a lot of land and a lot of cash. He lives high, with a fine house and a big yacht — and he's as ignorant as a bat."

St. Vincent bursts into a climax of vegetation in the Botanical Garden, generally considered the finest in the West Indies. It descends from Government House in a series of broad pleasancess. Captain Bligh fetched breadfruit trees here from Tahiti in 1793, and a sucker grows on the very spot to prove it. The superintendent, Mr. Peters, a brown, grizzled elder, speaks of his trees with love, as if they were his children. He pointed out the Soufrière tree, which grew on the slopes of the volcano until the eruption of 1812. "They haven't grown wild here since," he said, "but a lady from Canada, she sent me some hormones, and I layered this tree and got a new young one." There are flowering red African tulip trees, acacias blooming in bunches the size of wastebaskets, and the utilitarian sour cucumber tree, from which hangs a tiny fruit that makes pickles and laundry bleach.

Aside from Young Island, there are comfortable accommodations on St. Vincent proper at Sugar Mill Inn, which occupies an old sugar estate overlooking the sea some distance away. (Plantation owners built to catch the trade winds.) The main house, formerly the sugar factory, is painted dusty pink and

Sidewalk Orgy

by Richard O'Connell

When I see her walk before me

I am seized

By a desire to assault her all

At once as Zeus zoomed down on naked Leda.

Unfortunately I am not a swan

Nor would she understand my reference.

is covered with deep-red bougainvillea and orange hibiscus. A modern bungalow wing stands in the shade of a banyan tree with a hundred-foot spread. Sugar Mill has a swimming pool and also transports guests to the beach. On Saturday night a bamboo band with homemade instruments turns up for a dance. On Cruise Day the same band plays the same repertoire for visiting ship passengers, who photograph the musicians, a prop policeman in a white topee, and each other holding rum drinks. Manager Gerry Palmer, a British veteran of the Indian Army, is a tolerant host. As he sat on the veranda one day with island friends, a cruise passenger teetered up to inquire, "You're natives?" Palmer smiled and stroked his Guards' mustache. "It's quite all right," he replied. "The natives are friendly."

Another small hotel on a southwest promontory of the island, the Blue Lagoon, is a converted private villa with precipitous lava rock gardens dropping off to the sea. The Rooks, a chatty English couple who own the place and have lived on St. Vincent for twenty years, like to reminisce about the early days when supplies were hard to come by. "I used to comb the beaches for old tennis shoes and cut them up for lavatory washers," says Mr. Rooks. Mrs. Rooks has a showy shell collection gathered around the island. The rooms, all with baths, are simple, the food mostly English, the view from the terrace elaborate, with a 180-degree sweep of mountains, offshore islets, and Bequia to the south.

Bequia itself — pronounced Beckway — is the largest of the Grenadines, a string of some hundred islands and rocks stretching fifty miles from St. Vincent to Grenada. These are favorite cruising waters for charter boats, and we picked up a passage on one bound for a day's

excursion to Bequia. (Interisland schooners also make the nine-mile run two or three days a week, depending on the week.) Our boat was the *Mektoub*, a forty-two-foot Nova Scotia built schooner belonging to Captain Richard Weinman and his wife, Barbara. Weinman, a Frenchman constructed along the lines of the late Charles Atlas, is a graduate of a French naval academy, ex-Greenwich Village sculptor, now a full-time sailor. His wife, a cheerful sun-browned Smith girl, does the cooking on board and manages a Caribbean charter business. "We still visit New York," says Weinman, "but when we see the zombies going into the subway, we come back here."

We sailed early in the morning. Our course was 220 degrees, our speed about five knots on a reach; and the swells rose as soon as we cleared St. Vincent. Bequia Channel is rough; the bottom drops to more than two hundred fathoms, so the waters churn in a trough. To the west, the sea was navy blue; to the east, silver under the morning sun. The rigging sang. Then we lost the wind in the lee of Bequia's high, rocky shore and under power entered the harbor of Port Elizabeth, the capital.

For a promise of adventure, perhaps every Caribbean island should be approached by sea, in a small boat. Port Elizabeth straggles around horseshoe-shaped Admiralty Bay: a white police station, a few waterfront stores, and tin-roofed villas scattered up the hills. Coconut groves border the beach. A canted wooden hulk lies offshore; it was the subject of a lawsuit, I learned, and while the suit ran on, the boat settled.

About five hundred yards from town along the beach stands the Sunny Caribbee, wishfully renamed the Bequia Beach Hotel, but the old name sticks. A guest lay asleep on the dock with a paperback beside

“I have not yet, indeed, thought of a remedy for luxury...”

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

I am not sure that in a great state it is *capable of a remedy*; nor that the evil is in itself always so great as it is represented.

“Suppose we include in the definition of luxury all *unnecessary expense*, and then let us consider whether laws to prevent such expense are possible to be executed in a great country, and whether, if they could be executed, our people generally would be happier, or even richer.

“Is not the hope of being one day able to purchase and enjoy luxuries, a great spur to labour and industry?

“May not luxury, therefore, produce more than it consumes, if, without such a spur, people would be, as they are naturally enough inclined to be, lazy and indolent? *To this purpose I remember a circumstance.*

“The skipper of a shallop, employed between Cape May and Philadelphia, had done us some small service, for which he refused to be paid. My wife, understanding that he had a daughter, sent her a present of a new-fashioned cap.

“*Three years after*, this skipper being at my house with an old farmer of Cape May, his passenger, he mentioned the cap, and how much his daughter had been pleased with it.

“‘But’ (said he) ‘it proved a dear cap to our congregation.’

“How so?”

“‘When my daughter appeared with it at meeting, it was so much admired, that all the girls resolved to get such caps from Philadelphia, and my wife and I computed that the whole could not have cost *less than a hundred pounds.*’

“‘True’, (said the farmer) ‘but you do not tell all the story. I think the cap was nevertheless an advantage to us; for it was the first thing that put our girls upon knitting worsted mittens for sale at Philadelphia, that they might have wherewithal to buy caps and ribbons there; *and you know that the industry has continued*, and is likely to con-



Original wood engraving by Bernard Brussel-Smith.

tinue and increase to a much greater value, and answer better purposes.’

“Upon the whole, I was more reconciled to this little piece of luxury, since not only the girls were made happier by having fine caps, but the Philadelphians by the supply of warm mittens.”

“Poor Richard” put his finger on this simple key to an expanding economy over 200 years ago. So, isn’t it strange to find people—well-meaning people—in this country today who still frown on the luxuries most of us work to enjoy? They want the government to restrict the broad range of products and services in the marketplace. And to cut back on advertising because it makes people want things they don’t need.

Don’t need? Well, of course, no little girl *needs* a bow in her hair. Yet, Mary Murphy will forever top off the apple of her eye with a ribbon. And where would the ribbon factories be without her? And the ribbon clerks?

It is just this very human desire to add the little frills to our living that has created our jobs and our prosperity . . . the ribbon factories and automobile factories and television factories . . . and the most dynamic economy in man’s history. Shouldn’t we be careful about how we tinker with the forces that have created all this? Because the simple, troubling truth is, nobody knows for sure how far you can regulate our economy without damaging it.

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him. When our dinghy bumped the dock he woke up and said, "I've been here a month. It's time I turned over." The hotel is a two-story structure with a wide veranda on two sides, open to the breezes in the island style and surrounded by oleander, almond, and cedar trees. A Bequian of Scottish descent, Sydney McIntosh, built the place for himself in 1942, out of mahogany and greenheart salvaged from a torpedoed ship. These termite-resistant woods account for the hotel's solid condition. He even installed an electric power plant, but he couldn't get parts, so he abandoned it early. There are still bulbs in the sockets; the wires have long since crumbled. "They've been claiming they're going to get electricity on this island as long as I can remember," Mr. McIntosh told me. "I get up with the sun and live my day, so I don't see what this electricity is all about."

The Sunny Caribbee, now under the same ownership as Sugar Mill Inn, manages well enough with oil lamps. Rooms are large, bright, layered with white paint, and have running water but no bathrooms. (A men's bath and ladies' bath lurk at the end of the hall.) Over the beds hang enormous mosquito canopies, which the maids tuck in, cocoonlike, at night. Mike and Phyllis Sprange, a Canadian couple who run the hotel, take food seriously. "The help christened me Mr. Hot Plate," says Sprange, "because I used to stand at the pantry door and feel the temperature of the plates as they were brought out." Among the dishes we sampled during our stay were tania soup, made from a local root vegetable; chicken and corn cooked with coconut milk and served in a coconut shell; shirred lobster tenderized with papaya leaves. Rolls came from an authentic home bakery in Port Elizabeth. The baker is an aged Negress; her backyard oven is a steel oil drum fired with coconut husks and charcoal; she uses hard-wheat flour; her rolls are wonderfully good.

Bequia offers a sample of what the West Indies used to be before jets and super-resorts transformed the region. Its white beaches are deserted: one, next to the Sunny Caribbee, lured yacht-borne Princess Margaret ashore for a swim, so the Bequians promptly named it after her. Primitive roads, negotiable by

jeep or pickup truck, climb through overgrown hills to kelly-green pastures. Across the island lies mile-long Friendship Bay Beach, where a small modern hotel rises on a hillside. For Bequia, the Friendship Bay Hotel is virtually a Hilton, with its own electricity and a bath to each room. Friends who have stayed there recommended it to me.

At Friendship Bay we visited one of Bequia's family shipbuilding enterprises, the island's only industry. In a beachfront coconut grove that serves as a shipyard, Ernie Adams was at work on a seventy-six-foot island schooner, up on ways. A spare, seamed man of about fifty, whose grandfather founded the business, he said it took him close to a year to build a ship this size, working with hand tools and five helpers. The ship's ribs, for example, are hewn out of local white cedar by ax and adz, then fitted with remarkable precision. The schooner was almost ready for launching. An anchor lay on the sand, and about two hundred feet of chain hung festooned between two palms. "You haven't got anchor and chain, you haven't got no boat," observed Mr. Adams.

Before leaving Bequia, I dropped in, with the necessary advance permission, on the hideaway of a former New York and Chicago advertising man, Tom Johnson, who lives at the slender southwest tip of the island. In an arch of volcanic rock called Moonhole he has carved out an open-front cliff dwelling facing the sea. Access is by small boat, and it isn't easy. Not quite content with his own comfortable pueblo, which spreads over at least thirteen levels, he is also constructing rock houses for friends. "He just starts to build a set of steps to somewhere and goes on from there," said Mrs. Johnson, a slim, tanned woman. "I do the gardens." The Johnsons expect to gather a colony of creative companions around them, in an atmosphere that offers few distractions from work. "Don't say Tom escaped," Mrs. Johnson warned. "He's not an escapist."

It seemed a fair statement, considering the logistical problems of building and supplying Moonhole. On the other hand, the winter escapist with no interest in work for a couple of weeks should make a note of St. Vincent and Bequia.



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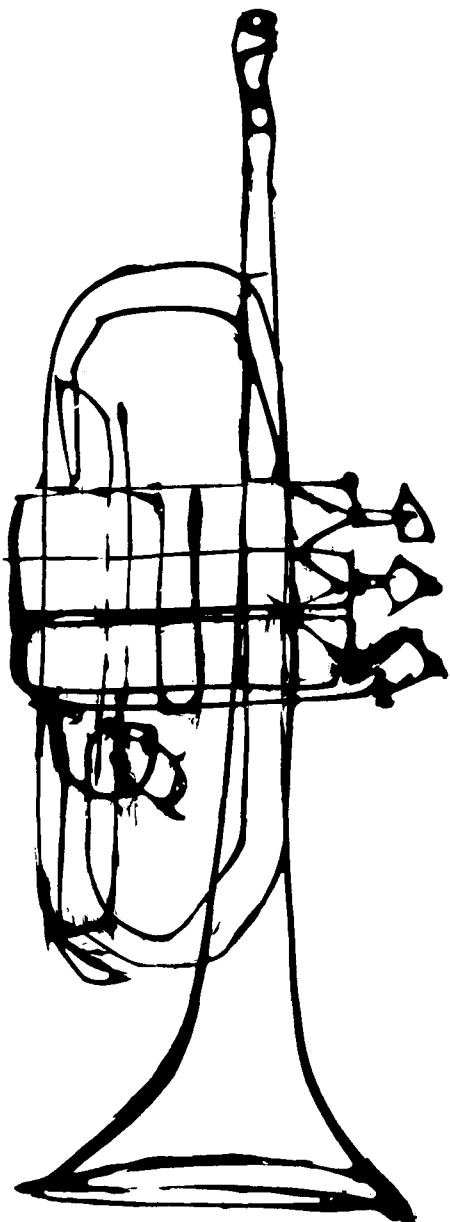
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music

The Many Facets of Benjamin Britten

by Herbert Kupferberg



Benjamin Britten is a long way from having invented the concept of the all-around musician, but he certainly is its most significant embodiment today. In addition to producing a series of musical works generally accounted among this century's most enduring, he is unceasingly active as conductor, pianist, accompanist, and director of a festival which has become one of the world's most individual and important — that at Aldeburgh on the North Sea coast of England.

Britten, a youthful-looking fifty-three, was in New York recently during his first visit to the United States in nineteen years. The purpose was typical, to appear in two song recitals as accompanist for his longtime associate the tenor Peter Pears. Even the choice of concert hall told something of the man, for the recitals were scheduled neither for Philharmonic nor Carnegie Halls but for the smaller and less "commercial" Hunter College auditorium. But artistic dedication, no matter how strong, is no guarantee against the cold bug, and Pears was laid low by a chest cold, necessitating a few days' postponement of one of the concerts, giving Britten an hour free for conversation about his music.

He did not find, he said, that the variety of his musical activities in any way impeded or detracted from his composing — in fact, quite the contrary. "I believe very strongly," he said, "that the composer is a servant to the community, and the closer to the community he is, the better is his work. I believe in keeping contact with the public."

One of the ways in which the public manages to keep contact with Britten is through recordings. Among living composers, his recorded *oeuvre*, as tabulated in the Schwann catalogue, runs second only to Stravinsky's, and his creative span, of course, has been far briefer. Like Stravinsky, he is privileged to record his own works, ranging from his short and amiable *Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra* to such massive compositions as the opera *Peter Grimes* and the *War Requiem*, written for the reconsecration of Coventry Cathedral. Later generations will have the opportunity of knowing not only what Britten wrote, but how he wanted it performed.

They also may be interested in his interpretative views on such masterpieces of other composers as Schu-

bert's song cycle *Winterreise*. The Britten-Pears musical collaboration has produced few results more haunting or beautiful than this. One of their two New York programs was given over to it in its entirety, and they have also made a recording for London (OSA-1261, stereo; A-4261, monaural: two records) which, to me at least, far surpasses in its subtlety and spontaneity the calculated performances of Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, which are customarily regarded as the ultimate in this music.

Britten has also conducted his opera *A Midsummer Night's Dream* for records, with Alfred Deller, Elizabeth Harwood, John Shirley-Quirk, Owen Brannigan, and Pears heading the large cast (London OSA-1385, stereo; A-4385, monaural: three records). Perhaps more than any other composer of our time, Britten is involved in a kind of love affair with the English language; his musical impulses have stemmed from writers as diverse as W. H. Auden, George Crabbe, Henry James, and Wilfred Owen.

For *A Midsummer Night's Dream* Britten himself, in collaboration with Pears, drew the libretto from Shakespeare's play, condensing the events in the "wood near Athens" with such skill that, while half the lines are eliminated, those that remain are intact and unaltered. *A Midsummer Night's Dream* is a play which exists on three levels — the worldly romance of the two pairs of lovers, the supernatural doings of Oberon and his fairy court, the down-to-earth farce of the rustics with their ludicrous performance of that "most lamentable comedy" *Pyramus and Thisbe*. Britten blends the three masterfully in his music so that they overlap and intertwine gracefully, without ever losing their identity. Peter Quince, Nick Bottom, and their crew of bumpkins enliven the opera enormously, just as they do the play; when Quince calls the roll at their first entrance, for instance, they respond "Ay" in the harmonies of a barbershop quartet — a delectable touch.

The whole of the opera is pervaded by a sense of dreaminess and the subconscious. Its instrumental opening is one of the most remarkable in all opera — orchestral glissandi that produce swoops as mysterious and unearthly as any manufactured by an electronic music laboratory. And yet it is only the

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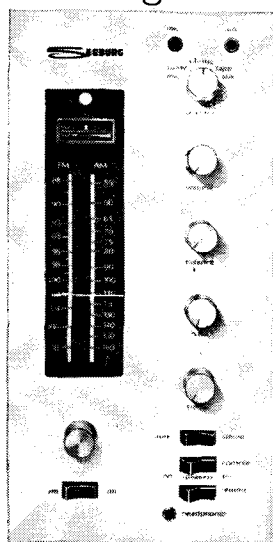
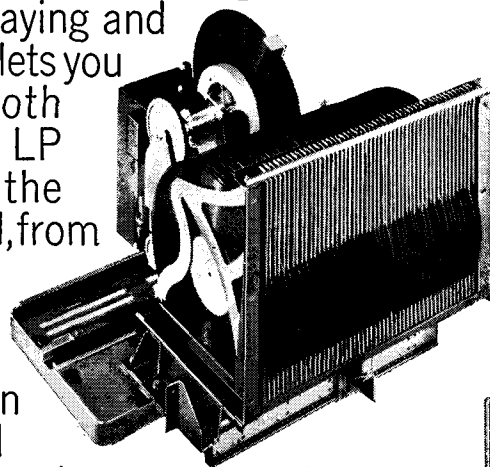
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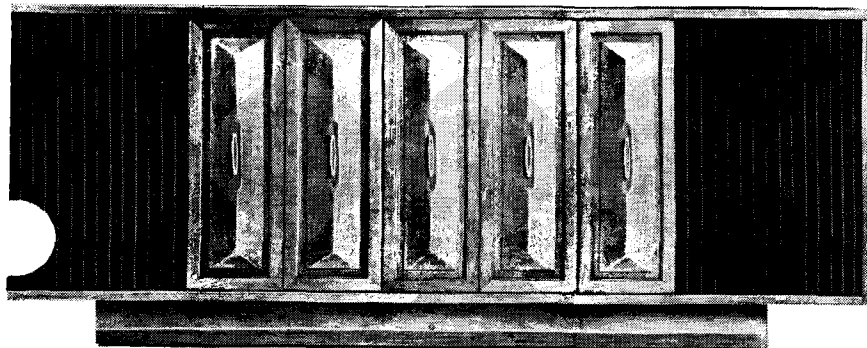
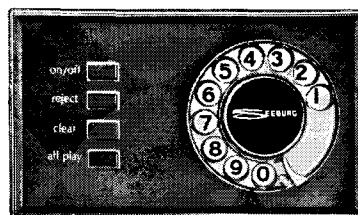
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lower strings of the orchestra at work, first the double basses, then the cellos, finally the violas and violins, all playing muted and divided. The depiction of the fairy kingdom, with trumpet flourishes for Puck and chimelike patterns for Oberon, is similarly striking. And the vocal lines are always clear, fresh, and fanciful, with a particularly folksy quality being reserved for Peter Quince and his fellow players. With its close-woven texture illuminated by many inventive touches, it is an opera that repays attentive listening, and one that is eminently well suited to a recording, especially a recording as skilled and sympathetic as this.

Is there an identifiably "English" quality about *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and other of Britten's works? When the question was put to him, the composer said he wasn't certain himself. "I am not aware of it," he said, "though oddly enough in England I am accused of not having it, and abroad of having it. If it does exist, it must come from this very beautiful language of ours, which must affect and infect the music. Then, too, there is a natural quality in our art which permits us to go easily from tragedy to comedy. The Germans like to think of Shakespeare's plays as either one or the other. But Shakespeare can mix the two, and this can be reflected in music."

A Midsummer Night's Dream, which is a full-length opera demanding a large cast, chorus, and orchestra, was first given at the Aldeburgh Festival in 1960. Since then, Britten has been evolving a smaller, more concise form of stage work, perhaps best represented in his *Curlew River*, based on a Japanese no play, and *The Burning Fiery Furnace*, which is the biblical story of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego.

"I really invented this form of church parable," he said, "and I find there is a great demand for it. I am writing a third work, *The Prodigal Son*, to make a trilogy that can be performed on three successive evenings. I won't give up other styles of writing, but I must say the response of young people in Europe, even in Russia, to this parable form has been very exciting indeed."

Also in Britten's immediate plans is an opera for television. He was reluctant to discuss the subject of the work, which he said had already undergone one change, but indi-

cated that it would be a chamber opera on the scale of his *Turn of the Screw*, and one specifically designed to explore the television medium "thoroughly."

In the meantime, his older works have solidly established themselves as part of the everyday repertory in many countries. *Peter Grimes* last season proved even more of a public favorite at the Metropolitan Opera House than it had in its initial presentation in 1948. *Curlew River* was an immediate success at the Caramoor Festival in New York State. *The Burning Fiery Furnace* recently became the first opera ever given at the London Promenade Concerts, playing before an enthusiastic audience of 6000, most of them young people. *Albert Herring*, a delightful comic opera which inexplicably is seldom given in the United States, has attained popularity throughout Europe. Britten said he recently attended its fiftieth performance in Budapest — translated into Hungarian!

With his activities undiminished and his creative powers at their height, Britten would seem likely to continue producing an unbroken series of major works for years to come. The Aldeburgh Festival, which last summer added a handsome and acoustically admirable 800-seat concert hall to its less formal facilities, will provide a natural site for many of these, substantiating Britten's contention that one form of musical activity actually cross-fertilizes another. Britten the opera composer may well be kept busier than ever by Britten the festival impresario.

Certainly he seems unlikely at any point in his career to lack for literary inspiration. "I read an enormous amount of poetry," he said. "I read poetry more than prose. And what I read I stuff away and store in my subconscious."

For a final question, I asked him, with some trepidation, "Are you conscious of creating masterpieces?"

He seemed genuinely startled. "Good God, no," he said. "I write music as well as I possibly can. I don't ever pretend I'm a hundred percent satisfied with what I've done. But if by chance the music I write is of use to people in later years, I'd certainly be delighted. But I don't write for posterity. I write for my friends — and I hope there are many — of today."

Record Reviews

Mahler: Symphony No. 2 in C Minor ("Resurrection")

Maurice Abravanel conducting U Symphony Orchestra and University Utah Civic Chorale, with Beverly Sills, soprano, and Florence Kopleff, contralto; Vanguard VCS-10003 (stereo): two records

This excellent album helps launch Vanguard's new Cardinal series, priced at \$3.50 a record, released in stereo, and utilizing the Dolby sound system, which virtually suppresses background noise and which many companies are adopting. The sound of this recording is spectacularly good — clearly defined, sonorous, and spacious. The Utah Symphony's strings lack the lushness of, say, the Philadelphia's, but Abravanel builds up some colossal climaxes that well convey the stride and sweep of this massively scaled symphony. And Beverly Sills and Florence Kopleff provide him with two first-rate soloists. By the evidence adduced here, Mahler is flourishing in Utah these days.

Stan Getz & Arthur Fiedler at Tanglewood

Arthur Fiedler conducting Boston Pop Orchestra, with Stan Getz, saxophone; RCA Victor LSC-2925 (stereo) and LM-2925

The adaptability of Arthur Fiedler never ceases to astonish. Here he is, at a Boston Pops Pension Fund concert, amiably making jazz music together with Stan Getz, in pieces written by Eddie Sauter, David Raskin, and Alec Wilder, Sauter's *Tanglewood Concerto* being the most substantial. For all the skill of the writing, none of these jazz works seems likely to shoulder a piece like Gershwin's *Rhapsody in Blue* out of the way. What does give this record its spark is the amazingly agile and expressive saxophone playing by Getz, and Fiedler's aforementioned enthusiastic eclecticism.

Poulenc: Banalités, Chansons Villageoises, and other songs

Ravel: Histoires Naturelles; Three Hebrew Songs

Pierre Bernac, baritone, and Francis Poulenc, pianist; Odyssey 32-26-00 (monaural only): two records

Reissuance of these recordings will be good news to admirers of Poulenc's ironic, elegant, and altogether

original songs. Bernac's performances of them, with the composer at the piano, were one of the vocal adornments of the old Columbia LP catalogue, and now they are available once more, and in a bargain album to boot. Also included are songs by Chabrier, Debussy, and Satie — as fresh and bracing a collection of the modern French *chanson* as exists in the entire record catalogue. Unhappily, the package contains neither texts nor translations, and the brief summaries offered are woefully inadequate.

Yeats: Poems

Read by Chris Curran, Jim Norton, Arthur O'Sullivan, and Sheila Manahan; Argo RG-449 (monaural only)
More than sixty long-playing records will eventually make up the series of "English Poets" being put out by Argo in association with the British Council and Oxford University Press, and this surely will be among the finest. The Yeats poems are read with exemplary clarity and just the touch of brogue necessary to establish their Irish identity. The selection of poems is a varied one — the long and the short, the famous and the obscure. It would be thankless to select a favorite reader among the four, but the bite and defiance Arthur O'Sullivan puts into the first poem on the record, "The Lamentation of the Old Pensioner," establishes an immediate sense of authority and authenticity.

You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown

With Bill Hinnant, Reva Rose, Karen Johnson, Bob Balaban, Skip Hinnant, and Gary Burghoff; MGM STE-9 OC (stereo) and 1E-9 OC
Last April praise was accorded in this space to a record of the same title released on the Leo the Lion label, an MGM subsidiary. That record led to an off-Broadway show called *You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown*, which in turn has produced a second record bearing the identical name. This is the sort of confusion that drives Linus to his blanket, but it should not deter devotees of the "Peanuts" comic strip from investigating the new record. In fact, it's even better than the old one, largely because of the presence of Reva Rose as the mean and saucy Lucy, bane of Charlie Brown's life, and of the addition of some new musical material. Outstanding among this is a latter-day contrapun-

tal exercise called "Book Report," in which four children simultaneously work out the same homework assignment in four diagrammatically opposing ways. Every parent will recognize its truth instantly.

Echoes of Childhood

George Feyer, pianist, with rhythm accompaniment; Decca DL-74907 (stereo) and DL-4907

George Feyer does the same thing over and over again, but he does it so well that each new record is a delight. At the piano keyboard he strings together a sparkling succession of popular tunes, and with the help of a small rhythm band, makes listening to them an enchanting experience. On this record he has put together some forty songs of "childhood," a term broad enough to encompass such diverse items as "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star," "London Bridge," "Alouette," "Waltz of the Flowers," "Who's Afraid of the Big, Bad Wolf," "Rustle of Spring," and the Alla turca from Mozart's Piano Sonata in A, K. 331. Not a very important record, perhaps, but a highly enjoyable one.

Massenet: Werther (complete opera)

Elie Cohen conducting Paris Opéra-Comique Chorus and Orchestra, with Georges Thill, tenor; Ninon Vallin, mezzo-soprano; Germaine Feraldy, soprano; and others; Pathé FCX-PM-35043/45: three records (monaural only)

Some French operas, like some French wines, don't travel well, and Massenet's *Werther* is one of them. Only a Parisian company operating on its home grounds can do it justice, and a better one has never existed than the Thill-Vallin-Feraldy cast here assembled. So the doleful tale of the languishing youth who kills himself for love actually seems plausible for once, and Massenet's music takes on a certain strength to go with its sentimentality. Unfortunately the sound of this reissue, dating from the 1930s, clouds over at times, such as at the climax of the famous tenor aria "Pourquoi me réveiller." Still, this is *Werther* as it should be, and once was, sung.

Sophocles: Antigone

Howard Sackler directing Dorothy Tutin as Antigone, Eileen Atkins as Ismene, Max Adrian as Creon, Geoffrey Dunn as Teiresias, Jeremy Brett as Haimon,

and others; Caedmon TRS-320-S (stereo) and TRS-320: two records

Greek plays in English translation often pick up Shakespearean echoes, and this happens to *Antigone* in the version of Dudley Fitts and Robert Fitzgerald's. There is more of a literary than a dramatic quality to the performance, though the essential character of the moral conflict between Antigone, obedient to her own conscience, and her father, Creon, ruled only by law and tradition, is certainly made clear. The chorus, sometimes the weakest element in modern presentations of Greek plays, here is among the strongest, with its voices, in various combinations, adding a welcome element of excitement and tension.

Gershwin: Porgy and Bess (A Symphonic Picture); An American in Paris
William Steinberg conducting Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra; Command CC-11037-SD (stereo)

William Steinberg is more widely renowned as an exponent of Bruckner than of Gershwin, but the opening notes of the *Porgy and Bess* score, in an orchestral adaptation by Robert Russell Bennett, dispel any doubts about the conductor's affinity for this music, or for *An American in Paris*. Catfish Row and its denizens come to life almost as vividly in this instrumental version as in the original vocal score, and the excellent recorded sound adds another level of excitement. Incidentally, it was the late Fritz Reiner, conductor of the Pittsburgh Symphony, who commissioned Bennett to arrange *Porgy* for orchestra in 1943; to that extent, at least, his successor, Steinberg, comes to the music naturally.

Vienna, City of My Dreams

Richard Tauber, tenor, with orchestral accompaniment; Seraphim 60051 (monaural only)

When Richard Tauber sings the "Merry Widow Waltz" and "*Dein ist mein ganzes Herz*," they sound, simply, like the two greatest songs ever written by mortal man. Seldom has a singer been as perfectly matched to his material as was this remarkable tenor, who died in 1948, to the lilting waltz music of Vienna. These operetta and song recordings were made originally from 1928 to 1935, but as set forth in this splendid reissue, their champagne sparkle retains all of its life and brightness.

books

The Peripatetic Reviewer

by Edward Weeks

John O'Hara was born in Pottsville, Pennsylvania, in 1905, and like most of us, he has a sentimental attachment to his home country. The son of an able, improvident doctor, he was brought up as a Catholic and had passed his entrance examinations for Yale when his father's death cut short this prospect. Working at any job that paid better than the last, he made his way eventually into Manhattan journalism, where he covered movies for the *Morning Telegraph*, sports for the *Herald Tribune*, football for the *New Yorker*, and got his service stripe on *Time*.

O'Hara wrote his first novel in a furnished room in New York using his bed for a desk, and when he had finished the first quarter, sent the manuscript to Harcourt, Brace, who banked him for his board and lodging until he had finished *Appointment in Samarra*. Success came fast thereafter, what with *Butterfield 8* and the Pal Joey sketches, which were converted into one of the most amusing and durable of our musical comedies. His price tag in Hollywood is about as high as they come, his short stories are among the best, and as a novelist he has outgrown and outproduced most of his contemporaries. In his social novels he has Marquand's gift for swift and easy dialogue and for creating characters that are recognizable, but he is apt to indulge in lush, too abundant detail. In his leaner novels about the theater, the gambler, or the night spot, he has an almost obsessive interest in the man who lives on women and in the nymphomaniac girl; they bother him, and he disapproves of them both, for he is at heart a moralist.

Mr. O'Hara's new novel, *THE INSTRUMENT* (Random House, \$5.95), is one of the lean, muscular ones, the story of a playwright on the make, which only a real pro could make so believable. Yank Lucas, a dropout from Spring Valley College in western Pennsylvania, has been washing dishes in New York restaurants so that he can have free time for his writing. He has a good play going, all but the third act, and one night in his crummy flat, working late on the revision, he falls asleep, the water for the coffee boils over, extinguishing the flame, and Yank, well on the way to asphyxiation, is just saved by the ex-convict in the flat above. Yank expresses his gratitude with a five-dollar bill,

but this resurrection, when his head has cleared, is all the clue he needs for Act 3.

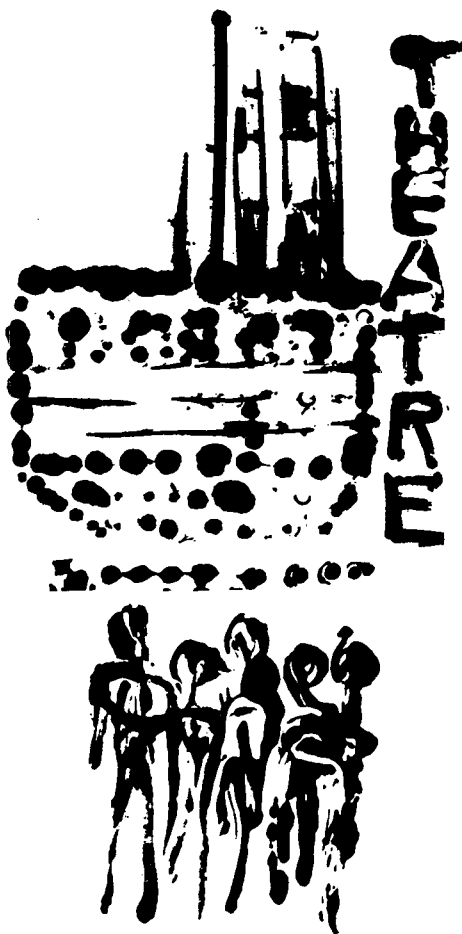
Lucas will convert anything or anybody to his purpose, and on the first reading of his play by the cast he makes an instant captive — Zena Gollum, the star and — temporarily — the wife of his producer; the sultry affair with her complicates the rehearsals, but not the success of the Boston opening. The screwing, financial and otherwise, that goes into the buildup of the smash hit Mr. O'Hara relates in the tough, sexy vocabulary of Broadway, and my only criticism is of Zena herself: she may have been as enticing as Marilyn Monroe, but I wouldn't know; I believe in her craving but never her physical appeal.

When Yank walks out on Zena and his success, he is being true to his only fidelity, his devotion to his writing. The replenishment he finds in East Hammond, Vermont, is provided by a man-eating divorcée, a pert co-ed, and the village postmistress, who might have played in *Peyton Place*, so many sexpots to be used or discarded as figments for the next play. The austerity in Vermont is refreshing after the venality of New York, and Mr. O'Hara draws the comparison skillfully. At the close, Yank's morality is truly assessed by the two most vital women in the book: Anna Phelps, who runs the clean, quiet boardinghouse, and Peg McInerney, his sharp but loyal agent. The story leaves a wry taste, and there is not a dull moment in it.

Beauty and the hogs

A birthright Quaker who wrote her first short stories for the *Atlantic* when she was recovering from tuberculosis, substituting, in her words, "the horizontal for the vertical approach to literature," JESSAMYN WEST early staked out her claim on the Ohio Territory and the deep forests of Indiana as they were a century and a half ago. Here she has placed her new novel, *LEAFY RIVERS* (Harcourt, Brace & World, \$5.95), with the spotlight falling on the Quaker family of Bass Converse. Bass is a testy and repressive man to have about the house, and that makes his children eager to be gone.

Chancellor, the oldest turned twenty-two, has the gift of tongues, and if he can make his peace with





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Venese, whom he has been courting in a leafy bower, he means to be a preacher. The daughter, Mary Pratt, nicknamed "Leafy," is eager for responsibility; she wants a home of her own, and she picks the young marble-browed schoolmaster for her partner (an erratic pick). Howard, whom the family call "Offie," is too fat and too young to run away, but with his white lies and his stubbornness he takes every advantage he can get. Of the three it is Leafy who commands our attention.

The Indians are gone from this woodsy primitive frontier, but the living is still hazardous for a man as high-minded and inept as Leafy's husband, Reno, who would much rather set than act. In no time at all Leafy is wearing the pants of the family, housekeeping and fattening their drove of a hundred hogs, whose market value she hopes will clear the title to their farm. She intends to herd them all the way to Cincinnati.

Miss West begins her story on the day when Leafy is suffering the birth pangs of her first child, and the novelist weaves the yarn back and forth from that point, now turning to Leafy's girlhood and then forward

to those temptations of the flesh which assail her as a young bride who has discovered that her husband will always be a dependent. Childbearing could be a dangerous business in the frontier, especially when, as in this case, the doctor had lost his own wife in childbirth and was to lose his courage midway through Leafy's ordeal.

Leafy's torturous delivery may not be the longest birth in American fiction, but it seems to be, and it certainly leaves me no doubt of the girl's courage and willpower; I am prepared to believe that in her lucid moments her mind would revert to the more lustrous scenes of her marriage. Her two tempters are the sheriff, who nearly seduces her, and Cashie, who does. Cashie at eighteen, the handsome young hog buyer, a master-hand with women and his Conestoga wagon, with its feather bed, oil lamp, and commode, is an invitation which few girls in the settlements can resist. What goes on within the privacy of that wagon I believe absolutely. I like Leafy and her passionate spirit, and making allowance for the piety and childbearing, this is an amiable

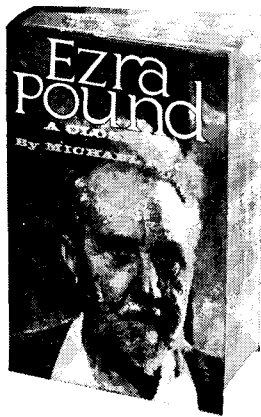
narrative, the dialogue flavored with quaintness and the rustic country vigorously recalled.

The indestructible Bostonian

There has been speculation as to which of Santayana's contemporaries served as models for his novel *The Last Puritan*, and it could be that Godfrey Lowell Cabot was one of them. Mr. Cabot was born in 1861, and his life spanned more than a hundred years. With what his biographer has termed his "whim of iron," his moral rectitude, his audacity in defying corrupt politicians, his acumen in compounding a large fortune in New England, much of it made in Texas, his pride in being Harvard's oldest graduate, he came to be a familiar figure to us whether at Commencement or as he swung aboard the commuters' train to Beverly Farms. He had contempt for the New York millionaires of his era, for J. P. Morgan in particular; Godfrey Lowell Cabot would never have had a yacht named *Corsair*; he had no use for private cars — "palace cars" he called them — so long as he could patronize the subway and the Boston and Maine.

I am an avid reader of biography, and I find that I am drawn more closely to the years when the steel in the character is being tempered. This has been my experience in my reading of *ONLY TO GOD: THE EXTRAORDINARY LIFE OF GODFREY LOWELL CABOT* by LEON HARRIS (Atheneum, \$8.95). Part of my fascination in watching the rearing of this Bostonian comes from Mr. Cabot's Journal, which he kept from 1874 until he was past fifty. There were times during the American Revolution when the Cabots had as many as eleven privateers in Beverly Harbor, and some of that venturesome spirit runs through young Godfrey's Journal, along with the disdain and brusqueness characteristic of his family. "The Cabots," as they enjoy saying of themselves, "are a Massachusetts tribe known to have many customs but no manners."

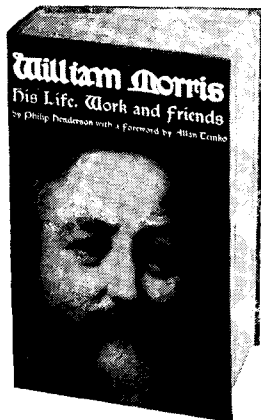
It is hard to think of young Godfrey Cabot as a runt, but he was, a slow starter, underweight, and so bumptious that "sitting on Godfrey" was a favorite pastime of his older brothers and sisters. When at fifteen he had passed his examinations for Harvard, he weighed only



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ninety-four pounds and stood barely five feet. But the exercises, the long walks, the push-ups he did every night, and his propensity to fight anyone built him up physically. He had the tenacity to do what was difficult again and again until he did it well. Here, for instance, is his comment upon himself at dancing school: "I have improved a great deal since I began to go. . . . If I can't dance well with a girl I take her out and dance with her as much as I can till I can dance with her." That toughening process may not have made him overpopular with his partners.

Probably the greatest influence on him at this time, as Mr. Harris says, was his "duty-ridden mother"; her brothers had taken to the bottle, and she used their example to teach him abstinence from both alcohol and tobacco. The Unitarian God did not appeal to him; instead he lived with a Puritan sense of being especially chosen. The books he treasured were the life of his great-grandfather Thomas Handasyd Perkins, whose fleet of merchantmen was larger than that of the U.S. Navy; Tennyson's *Idylls of the King*; and Hans Christian Andersen's *Fairy Tales*. His passionate interest in fairy tales, as Mr. Harris points out, probably grew out of the struggle between the shining good and the darkest evil, and he wrote a long fairy tale of his own, for which he could never find a publisher.

His first job after graduation was making chemical experiments for his older brother Sam, particularly the conversion of crude petroleum into lampblack, or "soot," as Godfrey called it, an experiment that led him to monopolize as far as a man could the cheap gas in Pennsylvania and then in Texas. He could not have foreseen the enormous demand for his carbon black in the automobile age, but his mind was open to changes in technology as it was not to social and moral changes.

After an extended trip to Europe, from which he emerged with a distaste for Europeans and much of what he saw, he applied himself systematically to his courtship, and was rejected three times before he at last found his willing and devoted partner in Minnie Moors. Minnie soon developed a nervous tic over her health, her servants, and her fear of being poor, but Godfrey adored her.

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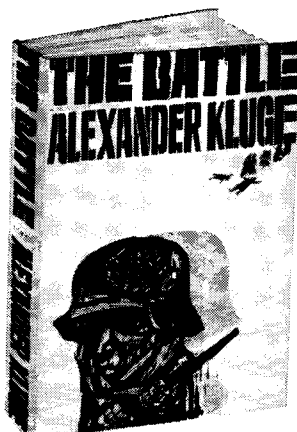
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MARIAN LAWRENCE PEABODY, the daughter of Bishop Lawrence, inherited from her father her tall, dark good looks and a secure place in Boston society. She began keeping her diary when she was twelve and is still at it now in her nineties. For her book, with its lyrical title *TO BE YOUNG WAS VERY HEAVEN* (Houghton Mifflin, \$6.00), Mrs. Peabody has selected those extrovert passages depicting her girlhood in Boston, Cambridge, and Bar Harbor, and the somewhat more colorful travels she made with her father.

As a girl, Marian Lawrence is practical and fastidious; she does not disclose a broad sense of humor, but she can be sharply critical of people who do things differently from what is done in the Hub. The vignettes which I most enjoy are her visit to Richmond, Virginia, and the amusing way she takes off Southern manners; her exasperation with high circles in England; her boredom at having to stand up so long in the presence of the Princesses; and the punishing silence which descended upon her when she ran out of easy talk. Her visit to 10 Downing Street is appreciative, and her reaction to a ball in Cambridge is characteristic: "I don't see *why* English girls go to dances," she writes. "They are most exhausting affairs . . . you have to pass exactly so much time with each partner . . . and everyone must have just the same number, unless they are a *hopeless* pill."

A book in diary form is necessarily stop-and-go reading, and I am not one who likes to dwell for long in juvenilia. The author doesn't really begin to grow until the last quarter, and the book ends with her marriage. I think it will mean more to the girls than to men, more to the ins than the outs.

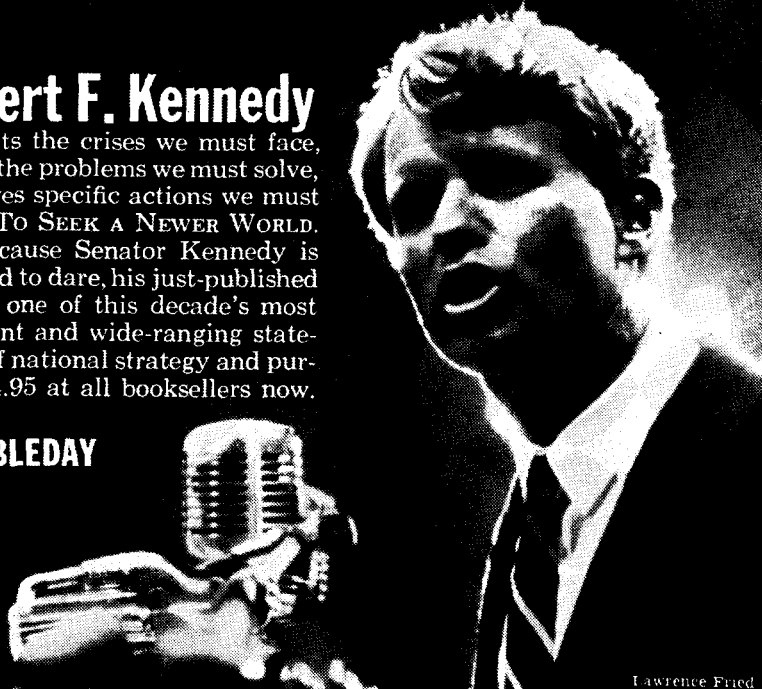
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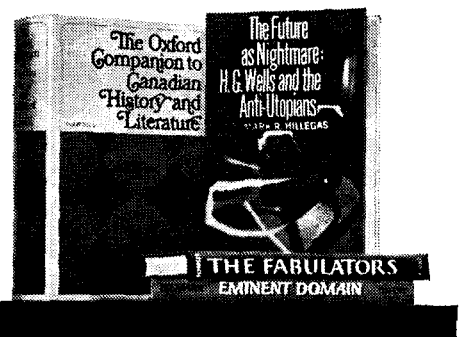
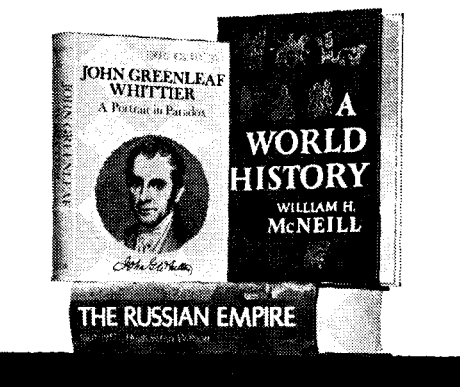
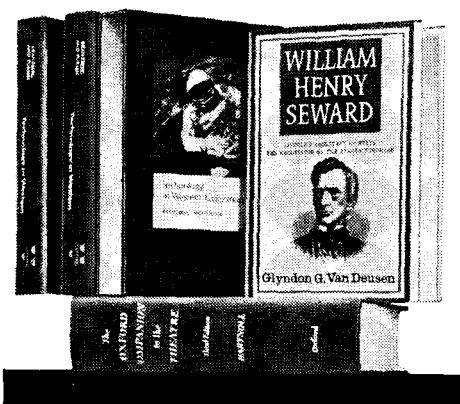
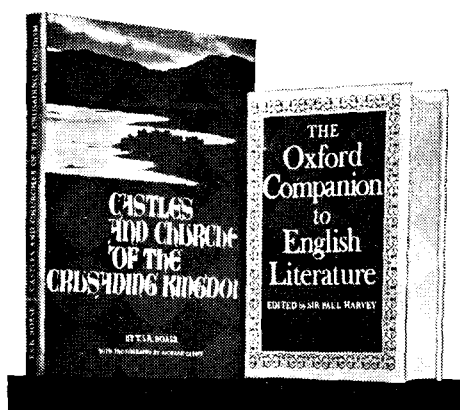
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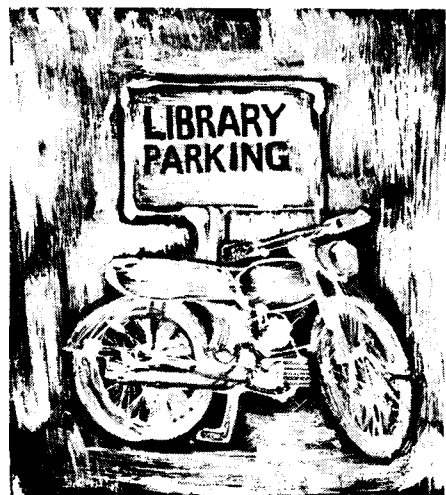
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Fiction for Teen-agers

by Nat Hentoff



While I was working on my first novel for teen-agers, *Jazz Country*, several writer friends tried to dissuade me from the project. Writing for small children, I was instructed, can be an art. Consider Maurice Sendak. But to try deliberately to reach an audience from twelve to sixteen is at best a craft, and a craft of a distinctly low order. No *serious* writer would expend creative energy on such a self-limiting assignment. Any teen-ager really involved with literature as pleasure has reached into the adult shelves. What were *you* reading when you were in your teens? Thinking back to that far distant country, I remembered enthusiasms for Arthur Koestler, Dostoevsky, Thomas Wolfe, and *A Portrait of the Artist As a Young Man*. See? Go write a novel, period, and if it's worth their time, young readers will get to it too.

I was persuaded they were right, but I went ahead anyway. I had not tried fiction before, and I thought this might be a trial run for a novel for grown-ups to follow. One such, *Call the Keeper*, did follow, and another will be published next year. But I am also involved in a second novel for teen-agers, and now my serious writer friends are even more scornful than before. OK, now you know you can write adult fiction, or at least you know you can get it published. So why waste more time on child craft?

I had admitted to them that *Jazz Country* had indeed been diluted because of my preconceptions of what ought to be left out of books for 12 + (as the dust jackets identify their

putative range). In the book, I'd explored some of the fierce ambiguities in current relations — or rather, widening distances — between blacks and whites; but the language of the novel would not have offended the most zealous inheritors of Anthony Comstock's mission. Nor did the book deal with sex or drugs or anything else, except black nationalism, that might have alarmed the more insulated librarians.

Yet, diluted as it was, the book did reach what seemed to me a surprisingly large number of the young. Some wrote to me, and I met more in schools — ghetto, and white "advantaged." My visits to those schools were hardly unqualified triumphs. Criticisms were sharp and frequent, both of me and of other writers of books for 12 +. There were many more hang-ups in being young, I was told repeatedly, than were even intimated in most of the books they'd seen.

I began to read what other writers in the field were doing and agreed with the young critics that little of relevance is being written about what it is to be young now. There are occasional works of fiction about the past, about other countries, about the riddling truths in fantasy which do attract and hold some young readers; but the challenge is to make contact with the sizable number of the young who seldom read anything for pleasure because they are not in it.

For the past two years, in addition to these school visits, I have been asking others of the young what they read and what they would like to see in books. I start at home, where there are two teen-agers who know, it sometimes seems, hundreds more. And during the research for various articles I do on education, I also bring up in conversations with adolescents the subject of reading. I have no statistics to bear out what has become an increasingly strong impression, but it seems to me that this generation of the young reads much less often outside school than mine did.

Granted that Marshall McLuhan is given to stating his "probes," as he calls his theories, in hyperbolic terms, but my casual research does bear out his contention that "television has created a huge gap between generations, between those who learned to read and write before TV, and those who came to TV

first." The TV generation, he asserts, wants "depth and involvement" because it is attuned to an outer environment "charged with messages." Substantial sections of it are therefore in rebellion against the print-oriented ways of acquiring knowledge and pleasure. Or, if you like, pleasure through knowledge.

Of course there are exceptions, but most of the young I meet are more stimulated by television and by the pounding gestalt of tribal lyrics and electronics in the rock groups whose records they buy than they are by books. In ghetto classrooms, children who have been turned off reading — by teachers who have turned themselves off from the children — are bottomless repositories of radio commercials and song lyrics. The middle-class youngsters I see do their homework more or less, but once *those* books are shut, they generally prefer the record player and television set as ways of involvement.

Is it possible, then, to reach these children of McLuhan in that old-time medium, the novel? I believe it is, because their primary concerns are only partially explored in the messages they get from their music and are diverted rather than probed on television. If a book is relevant to those concerns, not didactically, but in creating textures of experience which teen-agers can recognize as germane to their own, it can merit their attention.

One such book, written by a seventeen-year-old girl from Tulsa, is SUSAN HINTON'S *THE OUTSIDERS* (Viking, \$3.95). Any teen-ager, no matter what some of his textbooks say, knows that this is decidedly not a classless society, and *The Outsiders* examines the social and physical warfare between a group of slum youngsters, "the greasers," and the progeny of the upper middle class in Tulsa, "the Socs." Miss Hinton, with an astute ear and a lively sense of the restless rhythms of the young, also explores the tenacious loyalties on both sides of the class divide. Her plot is factitious at times, but the book has been widely read among heterogeneous sections of the young because it stimulates their own feelings and questionings about class and differing life-styles.

Another book which will, I think, have a long active life in libraries in diverse neighborhoods is PAUL FOX'S *HOW MANY MILES TO BABYLON?* (David White, \$3.95). This one is

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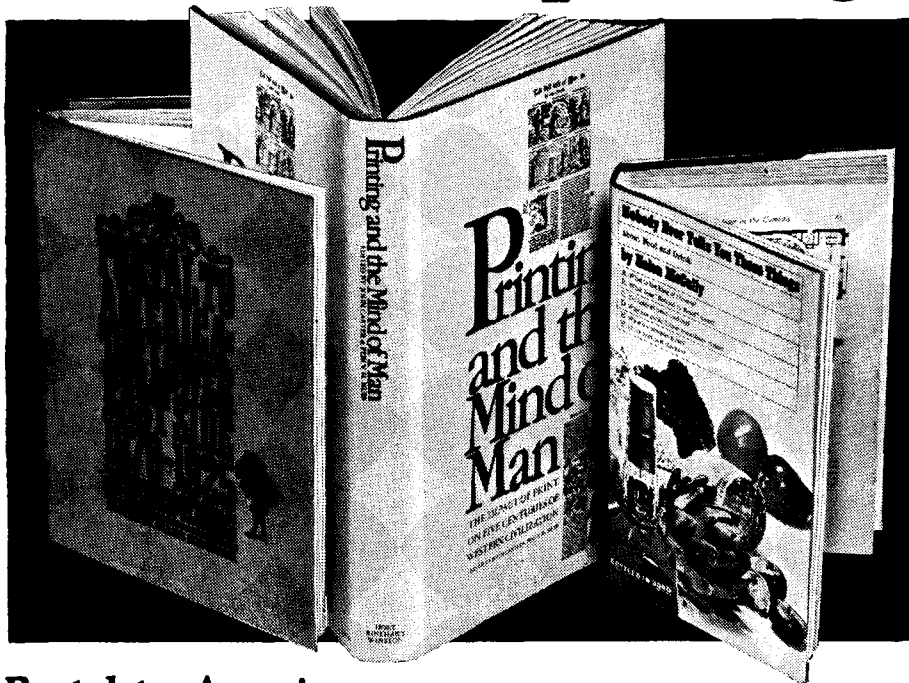
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marked 10 +, but it transcends any such confines. Miss Fox is an authentic novelist who can project herself into the mind of a ten-year-old black boy in Brooklyn with an un-sentimental but deeply affecting understanding of what it is to be alone though loved, frightened though reasonably brave. Unlike most fiction for the young which is set in the ghetto, the book is not in the least homiletic. The boy, James, is himself, not a précis of sociological studies. And the ghetto is seen through him:

He walked quickly. He was afraid of this street — the old brown houses were all shut up, boards nailed across the doors, windows all broken and nothing to see behind the windows except the dark rooms that always looked like night. There were piles of things on the street in front of the houses but each day there was a little less. The baby carriage he had seen last Friday was gone. The old stove was still there. Too big to carry, he guessed. Where had the people gone? One day he had seen a man up on one of the stoops kicking at the boarded-up door. "My things, my things . . ." he had cried.

I mention only two books because this is not intended as a survey of actuality writing for children. So much is not being written about that I prefer to focus on what is missing. To many children, for one example, school is a place of fear. In a sophomore class in a New York high school which is not known to be rigidly academic, a boy bites his lip to keep from crying because he has received a 67 in a math test. Will he be able to get into a "good" college if this keeps up? And if he doesn't, what will become of him? Is he already a failure?

A high school girl writes to the *New York Times* Sunday magazine:

I'm wasting these years of preparation. I'm not learning what I want to learn. . . . I don't care about the feudal system. I want to know about life. I want to think and read. . . .

My life is a whirlpool. I'm caught up in it, but I'm not conscious of it. I'm what *you* call living, but somehow I can't find life. Days go by in an instant. I feel nothing accomplished in that instant. So maybe I got an A on that composition I worked on for three hours, but when I get it back I find it means nothing. It's a letter *you* use to keep me going.

Every day I come in well prepared. Yet I dread every class; my stomach tightens and I sit tense. I drink

coffee morning, noon and night. At night, after my homework, I lie in bed and wonder if I've really done it all. Is there something I've forgotten? . . . I wonder what I'm doing here. I feel phony. . . . You wonder about juvenile delinquents. If I ever become one, I'll tell you why it will be. I feel cramped. I feel like I'm locked in a coffin and can't move or breathe. There's no air or light. All I see is blackness and I've got to burst. Sometimes I feel maybe something will come along. Something has to or I'm not worth anything. My life is worth nothing. It's enclosed in a few buildings. . . . It goes no further.

And yet this far from uncommon sense of suffocation throughout the long years in which the young are "prepared" is muted, if it is present at all, in fiction about school life.

Outside school, there are anxieties and moral conundrums endemic to today's youth which are only glancingly acknowledged in books about them. For a young man near draft age, what is courage in America in 1967? Does the state have the right to make him kill, and be killed, in a distant war which many in this country, including perhaps his parents, oppose? Is it cowardly of him to stay in college as long as he can? Is it cowardly or courageous to resist the draft or to apply for exemption as a conscientious objector? Is it the war he's against or the possibility of his death in it? These are central, agonizing questions and should quicken and complicate the imaginations of those who write fiction for the young. But so far as I know, no novel about this dilemma exists.

There are the complex temptations and fears about sex in a time of an alleged sexual revolution. Increasingly, virginity has to be justified, but stubbornly it is by far more girls than the rhetoric of the young would indicate. Where is the line between love and being used? If sex is so natural an act, why do so many doubts and guilts persist? What of the small but growing number of parents who are advising adolescent daughters on the most effective ways of avoiding pregnancy? Do I wish my parents were like that, and if I don't, what is it I'm afraid of? Them or me? And for young males, "making out" in sex is becoming as insistent a pressure as keeping grades high. And if you don't "make out," what's wrong with you? Are you already a failure in *that* too?

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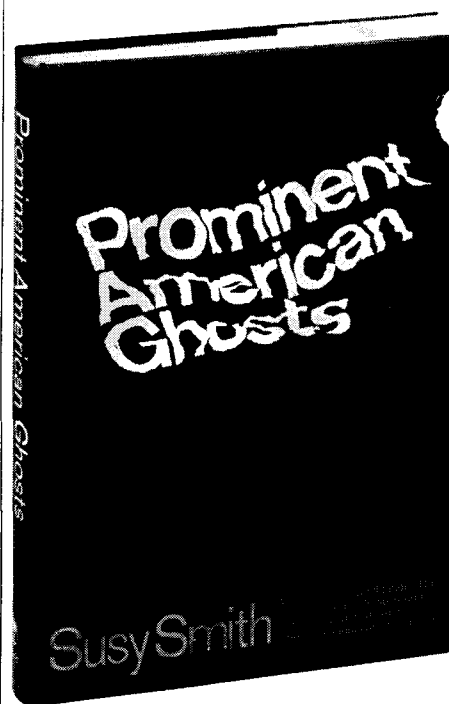
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What of the failures of adults? Remarkably absent from most fiction for the young is any real density of perception of the ways in which they look at and react to the adults with whom they live. The corroded marriages; the chronic, dreary lies; the business "deals" and income-tax inventions; the squabbles about money; the smallness of "grown-up" satisfactions. I know of no fiction for the young that convincingly digs into the effects of the high incidence of divorce on shifting families; that perpetual stranger in the house, the stepfather; the varieties of ambivalent obligations to the real but outside father; the half brothers and half sisters who have to be coped with. Contemporary American family life is full of broken and loose ends, but where are the books about it in which teen-agers can recognize mazes similar to their own?

The list of missed opportunities to involve the young in fiction about them also includes the microcosm of the hippie. Hippies not only are increasing in numbers, but their methods of encapsulation fascinate more and more of those who do not make the leap into inner space. At least not yet. What are those islands like? There are perils as well as arcane adventures in these enclaves as traffic in pot and drugs becomes big business not to be left entirely to amateur free-enterprisers. What happens to some of the ingenuous runaways to these Casbahs of the flower people? What is there to do between inner trips? How organic are the extended communities? What are the frictions inside them? The Haight-Ashbury hippies held a "funeral of the Hippies," heralding the "birth of the Free People." But what does that mean? Are they now, as they say, really free of concern about the future? How free can you be? And what are their relations with the smoldering unfree blacks and Puerto Ricans in the neighborhoods in which they camp?

And as for books for and about young blacks and Puerto Ricans themselves, so far nonfiction has been far more resonant of where they're at than most novels concerning the underclass. *Go Tell It on the Mountain* and *Invisible Man* will last as literature; but the ghettos have changed, and there is nothing yet in fiction, for teen-agers or adults, that gets to the molten core of the rising pride in blackness



Traveling from coast to coast to search out details on the famous ghosts of our country, the author has compiled the most complete "Who's Who of Ghostdom" ever published. Actual sightings at the White House, for instance, include the apparitions of Abigail Adams, Dolly Madison and the brooding ghost of Abraham Lincoln seen by, among others, Mrs. Calvin Coolidge. The author does not try to authenticate the existence of these ghosts, but her spine-tingling accounts are sure to absorb and mystify even the skeptic. And the author? All she can say is, "Whatever they are — ghosts are real."

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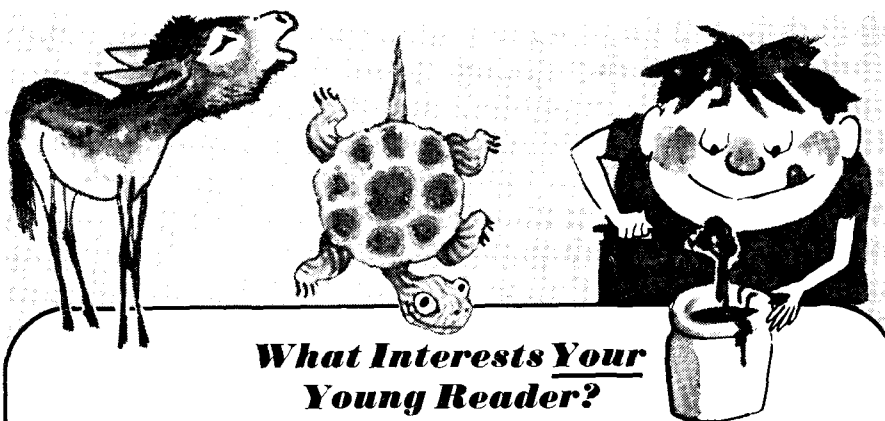
among ghetto youth, the new directions of *machismo*, the thrust to build new nations within this nation, and the splintering frustrations which are baleful corollaries of that

po I wl be se; it has hi ce to su n r c v l j l r t l v i t e if he has indeed written period. For if he has, it st adult readers too and published as part of the de list. Adolescents will tne book if it speaks to them. one junior high school I vis- a librarian took me into her once and cautioned me not to be "too free and outspoken" with the youngsters I was about to meet. "They can absorb only so much," she said. "They have to grow into what life is all about. And I should tell you, they're not very sophisticated. They don't read much, or well." For the next two hours, I was hit with a barrage of questions, opinions, and counterarguments about sex, pot, race, capitalism, Vietnam, religion, violence, non-violence, revolution, black power. I've rarely been involved in so sustainedly intense an exchange of views, and at the end I was exhausted because they had forced me to look much harder at the consistency of some of my own convictions than I had for some time.

The librarian was unhappy at a number of turns the conversation had taken, and after a peremptory good-bye, she stalked off. "Hey," of the younger children said started to leave, "have you dug this?" He pulled from his pocket a beat-up paperback copy of *The Autobiography of Malcolm X*.

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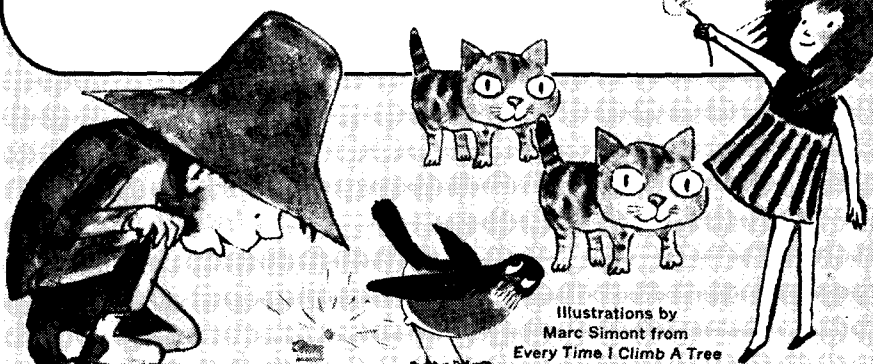
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Reader's Choice

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The longing for perfection often turns men against the world as it is. Almost always, those who glimpse the possibility of sainthood determine to enter at once upon a state of complete love, harmony, and peace. They become impatient with the imperfections of the living men and women about them. In some societies the aspirants for holiness escape into total isolation; the anchorites and hermits seek a refuge in uninhabited places and bother no one. But in our crowded times, the wilderness has ceased to be a refuge and no flight is possible from the company of men. The insistence on being perfect more often than not has tragic consequences.

These reflections emerge from a reading of HENRI TROYAT'S *TOLSTOY* (Doubleday, \$7.95), a monumental biography worthy of its subject. Troyat is a distinguished French student of Russian literature and himself a sensitive novelist. He has mastered the details of Tolstoy's long and complex life and has written a fascinating account both of the man and of his work.

Tolstoy was born in 1828, the fourth son of a noble family. Russia was just emerging into modernity; and the combination of influences from the West and the traditional heritage of an old regime supplied the context in which he matured. Most of his early life passed in the usual round of aristocratic pursuits on his great estate at Yas-

naya Polyana. The pleasures of the chase, war, the presence of hordes of serfs, and violence without the veneer of polite manners were as familiar to him as the drawing rooms of his relatives in St. Petersburg. Orphaned at the age of nine, he bore the weight of many self-doubts and yearned for love and approbation. As a young man he sought to satisfy the need for *savoir faire*, for the skill to behave *comme il faut*, in sex and gambling as did others of his class. Although he did not marry until late in life, he remained a passionate man until his death at eighty-two.

Yet Tolstoy also felt the romantic stirrings of a desire for cultural achievement. Slowly he discovered his vocation as a writer, and the support of Turgenev quickly won him recognition. *War and Peace*, *Anna Karenina*, *The Kreutzer Sonata*, *Resurrection*, and a torrent of other books and stories securely established his place in world literature.

Troyat is particularly successful in demonstrating the connection between Tolstoy's life and his work. The circle of friends and acquaintances supplied the raw materials for the characters of the novels. Again and again the incidents and people of fiction correspond to the events and the men and women of Tolstoy's career. The interplay between experience and writing was basic to his success as a novelist. He was not learned in an academic sense, nor was he a fluent stylist. He worked and reworked his pages in the laborious effort to get down just how his characters should act and feel. And the knowledge of how this multitude should act and feel he derived from observation, from the shrewd and sympathetic perception of the life about him. Hence, more than in the case of most writers, the understanding of his personal experience illuminates his works. There is, for instance, a lucid explanation of how the conceptions of the men and women in *Anna Karenina* evolved as the events of Tolstoy's own life deepened his insight.

In reconstructing Tolstoy's career, Troyat was fortunate to have available not only the autobiographical elements in the novels but also the diaries and the correspondence, in which Tolstoy spoke with utter frankness and candor. He was given to introspection and to constant self-examination, so that these documents form an immense repository

of the man's expressed thoughts and emotions; and Troyat has used them with remarkable skill.

Few love stories in fiction, for instance, can match the beauty, the pathos, and the ultimate horror Tolstoy's relationship to the young girl who became his wife. That he was a conscious artist immensely complicated the love that unfolded between them. To the virginal bashfulness of women of her class was added the offense to wifely dignity offered by the sensuality of the descriptions of love in his books. Sonya blushed as she read these passages, which seemed like an obscene exhibition in front of a crowd. At first married life seemed tolerable to her only because the inconvenience of being mauled about now and then was a small price to pay for the satisfaction of dominating such a great man.

In time, Sonya became involved in her husband's work, copying the tortured pages as he revised them; *War and Peace* she transcribed seven times. And as he and she followed the lives of the fictional characters, the couple achieved total understanding. Their relationship deepened. "We face each other with equanimity," Tolstoy wrote. "We have no secrets and no shame."

So long as writing occupied him, he was sensitive to the human he loved of his wife and of others. When he became a prophet in the 1880s, his porous abstractions obscured his perceptions of real people. Turgenev at once saw the danger. When a self-educated man like Tolstoy sets out to philosophize, the older novelist pointed out, he invariably "invents some universal system that seems to provide a solution to every problem." The devotion to absolute ideals prevented Tolstoy from being a husband and father. In 1900, when his daughter was having her skull trepanned, he was arguing that hospitals were evil because they saved only a few while thousands died because they could not afford treatment.

The gospel Tolstoy elaborated demanded total perfection. Always subject to surges of vague though intense piety, he nevertheless refused to submit to the Church, and was attracted by the natural freedom of thought Rousseau expounded. His search for moral perfection led him, finally to a faith, derived from primitive Christianity, the cardinal ele-

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ments of which were complete non-violence and poverty. Alas, Sonya remained in the real world, incapable of following into his ethereal realm. His wish to divest himself of all his property was hardly persuasive to a mother who thought of the welfare of her numerous children.

The tension intruded into their most intimate relationships. Overwhelmed with the horror of the human condition, he rejected "this loathsome flesh" and preached the necessity of total conjugal abstinence. "Let everyone try not to marry," he wrote, "and if he be married, to live with his wife as brother and sister" — harsh words for a wife whom he had just gotten with child for the thirteenth time.

The climax comes with the heartbreaking events that led to his death. Contemplating the inconsistencies of his life, the old man reels in horror. "He preached universal love — and made his wife miserable; poverty — and lived in luxury; forgetfulness of self — and recorded his every twinge; fusion with God — and wasted his life in domestic bickering." He flees with the aid of fanatical disciples and perishes miserably among strangers, while Sonya, grief-stricken, is barred from his room.

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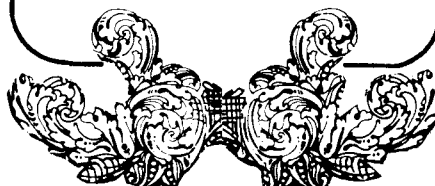
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Considered from a purely historical point of view, the most significant revelation is the continued importance of the Crown. Contemporaries were all too ready to believe that parliamentary supremacy had reduced the monarch to a mere ceremonial figure, particularly after the reign of Edward VII. Yet George V played a substantial role in government and exerted considerable, if hidden, influence on public affairs. Churchill was certainly aware of the fact, and he

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did his utmost to capitalize on it.

More important, the book reveals the working of a vibrant personality whose active mind was acutely sensitive to the realities of power. Churchill's self-confidence and his family connections were invaluable. He could afford to propose to Ethel Barrymore, knowing that marriage to an actress would not damage his future, yet not fearing the rebuff of a rejection. Impatient with the little he had achieved by the age of thirty-two, he consoled himself with the thought that he was nevertheless "younger than anyone else who counts." He accepted the fact that "we are all worms, but I do believe that I am a glow-worm."

Often Churchill gave the appearance of being dogmatic. He was a free-trader. Therefore the theory of protection was simply wrong. No two ways about it. In practice, however, he showed a singular malleability, a willingness to shift his position as information became available and as the balance of conflicting interests changed. That is, he adapted himself to the necessities of a situation. He entered Parliament as a Tory backbencher. Then he made his career in the Liberal Party and later would shift still again. On such questions as Irish home rule, his attitude seemed ambivalent and erratic. Yet it represented a shrewd, tactful effort to manipulate others while accommodating himself to the demands of changing conditions.

Churchill was a master of tactics and did not hesitate to use any means that came to hand. In exasperation a critic wrote that he had "never known the time when sympathy was not asked for Winston on grounds of health" — a remarkable achievement for a man of robust physical powers.

Churchill's interests were coming to focus on foreign policy. But he had also glimpsed the poverty of the great cities and in the Cabinet had to think of ways to do something about it. In 1906 he was shocked to observe a Manchester slum. "Fancy," he said, "living in one of these streets — never seeing anything beautiful — never eating anything savoury — *never saying anything clever!*" He was still a Liberal. But dealing "with petty and even squalid details, full of hopeless and insoluble difficulties" in the Home Office, he gradually began to perceive the out-



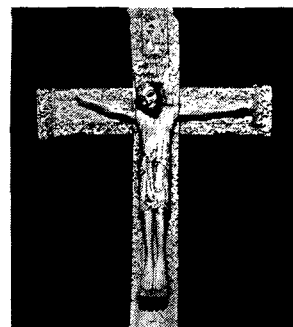
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lines of a policy. He came to argue for a minimum standard at which it was the obligation of government to provide some security to the population. To set up a system of labor exchanges, Churchill called on William Beveridge, an Oxford don, whose recommendations took Britain on its first steps toward the modern welfare state.

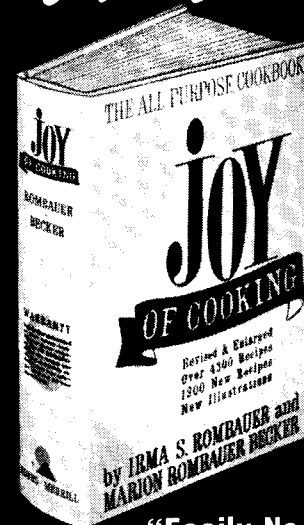
Churchill carried the faith in experts into the Admiralty; under his leadership a naval war staff was first created. On the other hand, he was canny enough to know that experts were to be used, not trusted, and he learned to recognize when the admirals were procuring false information to frighten the civilian leaders. In 1914, as the volume ends, Britain is on the verge of the fateful events that will transform it. Churchill, whose great achievements still lay before him, had already left his mark on British history.

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Kennan always conceived of himself as an intellectual, and even before his withdrawal to an academic career, devoted much thought to the general problems of international relations. This book sums up his views, drawing copiously upon his diaries and the thoughtful political reports he wrote from his various stations. There are interesting vignettes of people and places; but Kennan, though modest, was always an introspective man, and the value

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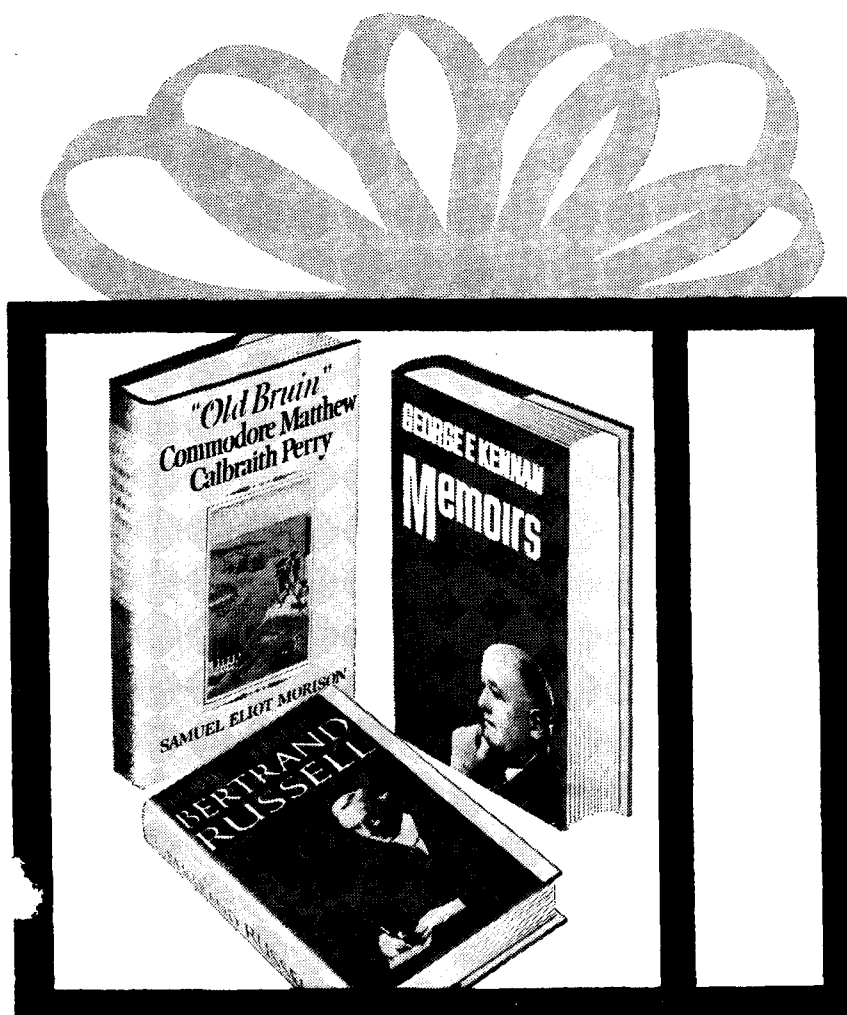
ANGEL PAVEMENT

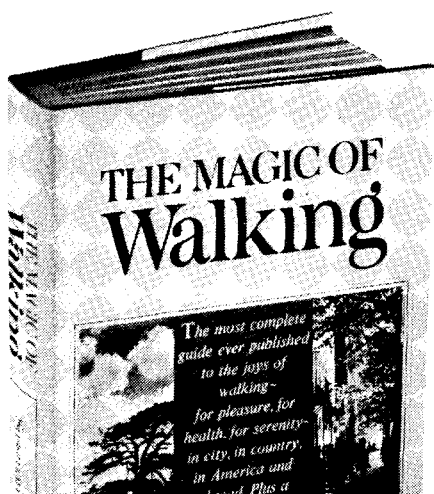
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of these memoirs lies in his reflections on the guiding principles of American foreign policy.

Kennan goes to some length to dispel the myth that he was the author in 1947 of the doctrine of containment. His article "The Sources of Soviet Conduct" in *Foreign Affairs* that year was taken as a call for the vigilant application of counterforce at a series of constantly shifting points in order to offset the persistent tendencies of Soviet policy toward aggression. Kennan now rejects the meaning then given his essay. Yet the reader of that article twenty years later will still find that it says what its author does not wish it to say.

The discrepancy does not arise simply from the fact that Kennan now shies away from the application of the containment idea to Vietnam. Nor is it the product of the "careless and indiscriminate language" with which he now charges himself. The discrepancy results from a much more complex issue: the difficulty of fitting the expert into the process of formulating foreign policy in the United States.

Kennan's underlying assumption is the desirability of a diplomacy dedicated to the maintenance of peace and the furtherance of the national interest, and administered dispassionately by men unentangled in politics and capable of dealing as a scientist does with the hard facts of life. Those facts in his view are primarily geopolitical, established by the position of the nation and its economic and military resources. He therefore places no weight at all on the influence of ideology. Thus, stationed though he was in Central Europe before 1941, he could not believe that the Germans were consumed with enthusiasm for the ruin and enslavement of the rest of Europe. Ideologies come and go, but states can behave only in accordance with the dictates of their situation. Pre-Munich Czechoslovakia, for instance, was tragically slow in adjusting itself to its role.

Hence, Kennan insists, we are Americans, not defenders of freedom. We deal with Germans not Nazis, with Russians not Communists. Of his personal abhorrence of totalitarianism in any form there is no doubt. From his Presbyterian upbringing and from his college studies he carried away a stern moral code which, indeed, enabled him to see,



Photo: Michael Wallace

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literary biographical
essays by

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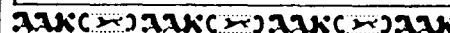
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Christian Science Monitor

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5. Location of the headquarters or general business offices
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8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass. 02116

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Editor: Robert Manning
2 Highland Street, Cambridge, Mass. 02138

Managing Editor: Emily P. Flint
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1. Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors and counter sales	45,808	44,000
2. Mail subscriptions	249,719	245,104
C. Total paid circulation	295,527	289,104
D. Free distribution (including samples) by mail, carrier or other means	17,276	12,771
E. Total distribution (sum of C and D)	312,803	301,875
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as others did not, the hypocrisy of
welcoming Russia as an associate in
the defense of democracy in 1941.
But moral judgments of any sort, he
argues, ought to be clinically sep-
arated from the formulation of
policy. As a result he cannot under-
stand politicians like FDR or Tru-
man whose acts "often placed on
American statesmanship the stamp
of a certain histrionic futility . . .
allowing it to degenerate into a mere
striking of attitudes before the mirror
of domestic political opinion." Ulti-
mately Kennan's impatience with
such leadership led to his resigna-
tion.

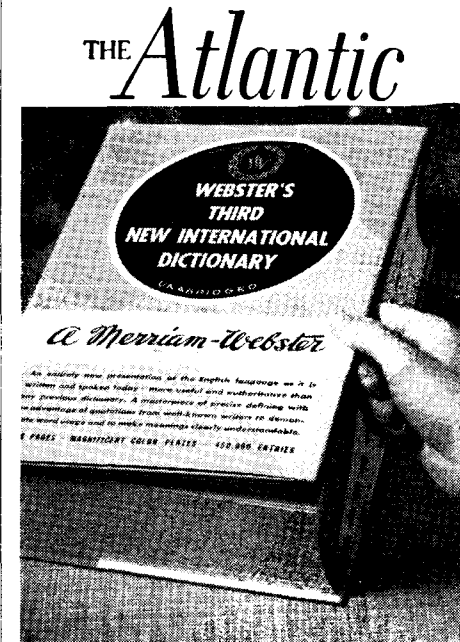
Yet the expert's knowledge is but
one of the factors that play upon
policy decisions. Diplomacy is not
the exclusive province of the De-
partment of State. The Treasury,
the Bureau of the Budget, and the
armed services influence and are in-
fluenced by foreign affairs; and each
has its own corps of experts whose
views do not always coincide. In
dealing with the wartime use of
Portuguese bases or occupation pol-
icy for Germany, Kennan had his
own grounds for criticizing the ex-
pertise of others.

Moreover, the dictates of science
must sometimes yield to less precise
imperatives. Viewing the ruins of
Hamburg, he concluded that no
military advantage could have justi-
fied the stupendous destruction.
Mankind "had to learn to fight its
wars morally as well as militarily."
The same injunction applies to the
diplomat as well as to the general.
Neither foreign affairs nor war can
be conducted according to purely
technical considerations. Both in-
volve such estimates of attitudes
and purpose as Roosevelt and Tru-
man were compelled to make.

Containment was the idea enun-
ciated twenty years ago in *Foreign
Affairs*, whether Kennan really
wished it to be or not. The article
was written and read in the context
of the Truman Doctrine and the
Marshall Plan; and the texture of
the argument was established not
by the author's private thoughts
alone but also by the anticipated
reaction in the State and Navy De-
partments, in the White House, and
among the public.

The professional diplomat often
finds it difficult to understand his
position in a democracy where the
ultimate decision lies in the hands
of an unskilled amateur swayed by

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the gusts of an inchoate public opinion. The Foreign Service Officer is particularly vulnerable because he spends much of his life abroad. Coming back from a summer's visit to the United States in the 1930s, Kennan became "aware that I was no longer a part of what I had once been a part of — no longer, in fact, a part of anything at all. It was not just that I had left the world of my boyhood . . . it was also that this world had left me. It had left everyone else, for that matter; but . . . those who remained had . . . adjusted in varying degrees to the change. I, like all other expatriates, simply had been left behind."

That isolation is part of the price the best of professional diplomats pay in serving their country. The rest of the price is acquiescence in a political process that sometimes uses their expertise, but at other times subordinates it to considerations they cannot wholly understand.

Potpourri

by Phoebe Adams

ARROW OF GOD (John Day, \$5.50), **CHINUA ACHEBE**'s latest novel, as usual concerns his native Nigeria. It is the fourth book in what begins to look like a sociological history of the place in fictional form, and the more volumes Mr. Achebe adds to the series, the better, for he has an extraordinary ability to speak for his country in the voice of a sophisticated European, while avoiding both chauvinism and condescension. *Arrow of God* is set in the early 1920s and describes the disintegration of the old order of village life under the impact of British colonial authority. The specific authority is a district administrator, a Kiplingesque old hand, honest, conscientious, and sincerely trying to do his duty beneficially. He is also totally and contemptuously ignorant of the language, laws, and customs of the Ibo villagers he has been sent to manage. Almost the same description could apply, in reverse, to the Ibo chief priest, who differs from the Englishman not one atom in conscientious bigotry. He is, however, wary enough of British cannon to send one of his innumerable boys to the Christian mission with orders to learn the language of the enemy and find out what they are up to, for it is altogether mysterious to the Ibo

that they should be set upon by strangers whom they have never injured and whose purpose is neither looting nor slave trading. The boy's little learning, combined with the intricate religious-political intrigues characteristic of the six villages, leads to general disaster and collapse of the social structure. Colonial authority remains unaware of what is happening. The book is not comfortable reading, nor is it easy to keep track of three dozen minor characters with names like Ofuedu and Amoge, but *Arrow of God* is worth the effort. It is enormously informative. It crackles with ironic contrasts and the sour comedy of reciprocal misunderstanding. Old Ezeulu and his unreliable sons are vividly living people whose unfamiliar principles gradually become comprehensible and worthy of respect. One even grows fond of their proverbs.

WILD FLOWERS OF THE UNITED STATES: THE SOUTHEASTERN STATES (McGraw-Hill, \$44.50) is officially volume two of a monumental survey of the whole wild flower population of the forty-eight continental states. I mean monumental. Volume two consists of two large, fat books, boxed, containing around 1900 good clear color photographs, a description of each flower, a simplified introduction to botany for the ignorant like myself, and everything indexed under both Latin and vernacular title. No field guide unless one owns a pack mule, it is a splendid resource for checking finds at leisure. It is also a pleasure to read. The author, **HAROLD WILLIAM RICKETT** of the New York Botanical Garden, writes gracefully, avoids technical terms as far as possible, and does not hesitate to throw in odd and amusing bits of nonbotanical information. He also confesses that the book is not truly comprehensive. It includes the seventy known species of goldenrod but ignores "a number of unattractive weeds with small greenish flowers which are not likely to excite the interest of the amateur."

AN ALPHABESTIARY (Lippincott, \$5.95) is a book of verses, by **JOHN CIARDI**, about animals and people. The two are not always readily distinguishable because Mr. Ciardi believes that if you "watch any animal . . . it will let you know something about mankind. It works the other way, too. . . ." Some of the verses ramble into more philosophy than wit, but the best of

them are rewardingly disrespectful. The industry of the ant is briskly debunked, and as for the gnu, a sort of antelope with a rump like a horse and a head like an ox, Mr. Ciardi advises,

. . . write to your Senator
for further information.

Who is more likely
to know how an ox-like mind may move
with the speed of an antelope leaving
to final view the rear end of a horse.

ENID STARKIE'S FLAUBERT: THE MAKING OF THE MASTER (Atheneum, \$8.50) is more than a biography. It combines the events of Flaubert's life, which were hardly exciting, with an explanation of his aesthetic theories and considers how both formed his work. The book is livelier than this summary suggests, for Dr. Starkie is an indefatigable detective, capable of digging up facts that have eluded every previous investigator, and a gingery critic of other people's inaccuracies, sentimentalities, and unproved assumptions.

THE POSTERS OF TOULOUSE-LAUTREC (Boston Book and Art Shop, \$25.00) contains superbly accurate reproductions of Lautrec's thirty-one lithographed posters (some of them looking quite different from the familiar coarse copies) and an introduction by Edouard Julien, former curator of the Albi Museum. Since the posters, subtle, violent, original, always supremely eye-riveting, speak for themselves, the introduction concentrates on a summary history of lithography and poster-making and a description of Lautrec's habits of work. He demanded mere perfection and was, consequently, a ferocious battler with stone, time, and ink. As a boy, Lautrec was addicted to sketching running horses and sailors doing the hornpipe. By the time he got around to posters, he could set down all the action on a cabaret stage with five or six wily blocks of color. There had never been anything like those posters. Nobody has bettered them since.



Drawing by Toulouse-Lautrec at the age of fourteen. Courtesy Boston Book and Art Shop.

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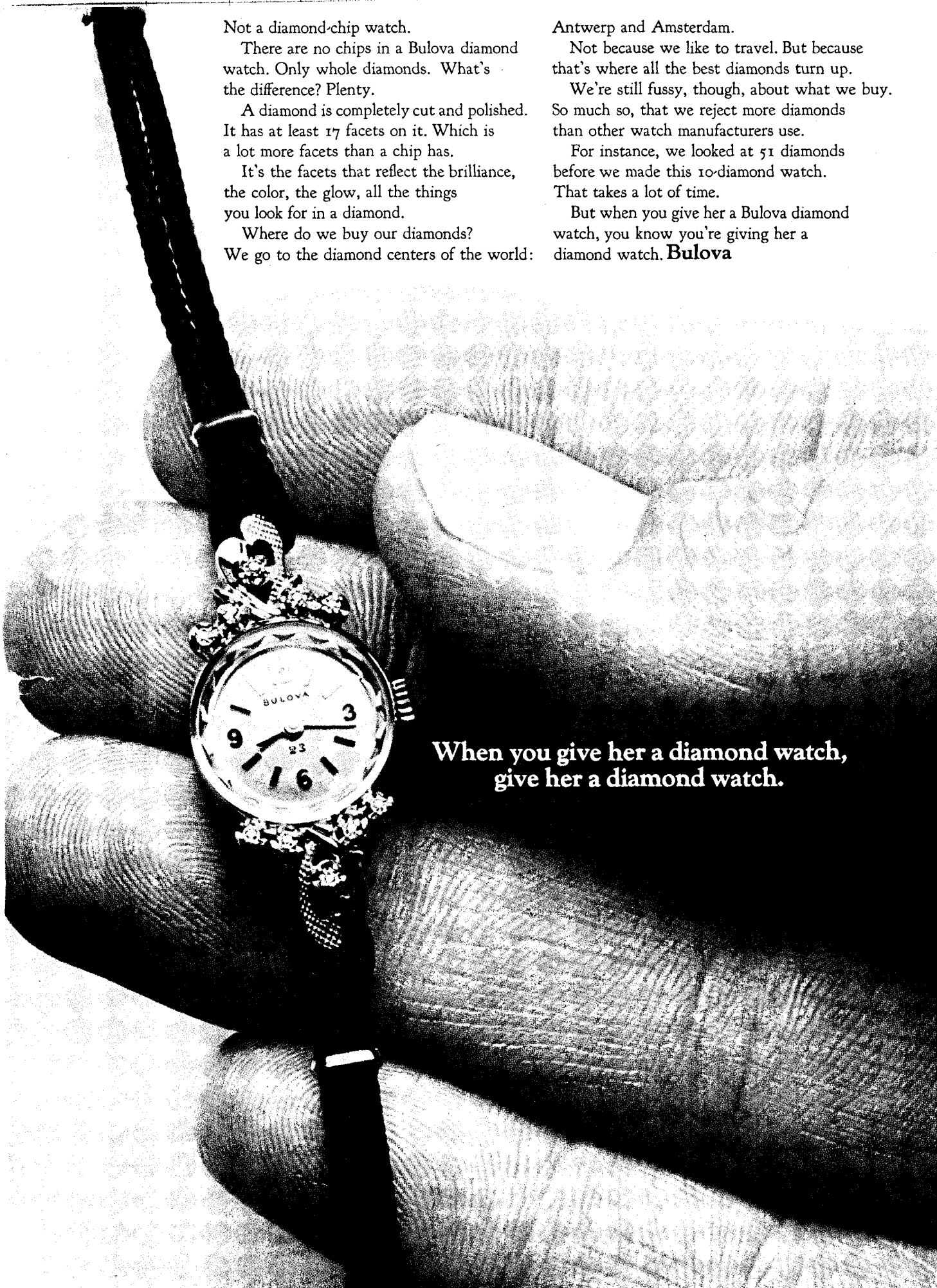
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